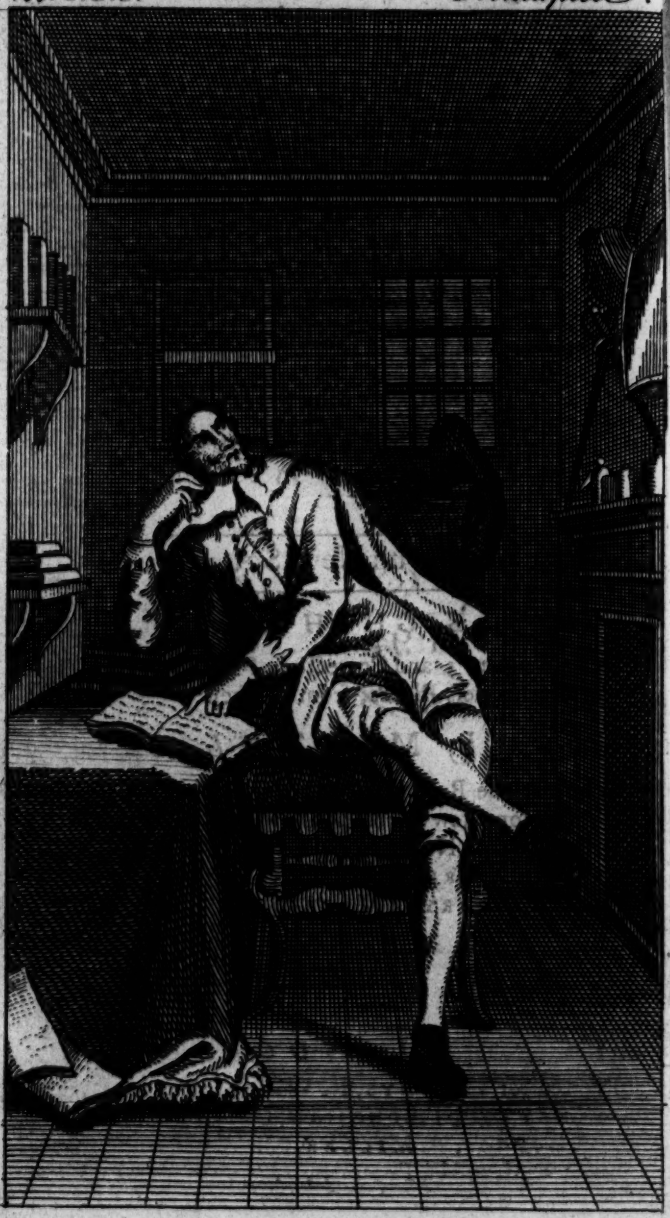

THE HISTORY
Of the RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE De la MANCHA.

Written in SPANISH by

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

TRANSLATED by Several HANDS:

And PUBLISHED by

The late Mr. *MOTTEUX.*

Adorn'd with New SCULPTURES.

The EIGHTH EDITION,

Revis'd a-new; and Corrected, Rectify'd and Fill'd up, in Numberless Places, from the best *Spanish* Edition;

By Mr. *OZELL:*

Who, at the Bottom of the Pages, has likewise added (after some few Corrections of his own, as will appear) Explanatory Notes, from JARVIS, OUDIN, SOBRINO, PINEDA, GREGORIO, and the ROYAL ACADEMY DICTIONARY of MADRID.

VOL. I.

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MDCCXLIX.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

IF ever any writer deſerv'd to have his memory preſerv'd entire to future ages, 'tis certainly *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*; ſince none has diverted, I had almoſt ſaid inſtructed, poſterity more than he has done by his works: yet, either out of envy or ingratitude, he has been ſo

far from meeting with that justice from the historians his cotemporaries, that they make not the least mention of the place of his nativity. Some say that it was at Seville, and that is only conjectur'd from a passage in one of his prefaces, where he says, that when he was a youth he had seen several Plays of Lopez de Rueda, a famous writer of Comedies in that city. In opposition to which one Signior Tomajos affirms, that he was a native of Esquivias, a town near Toledo: but this is undoubted, that he was a gentleman, and, not unlikely, descended from the noble family of the Cervantes of Seville.

In this uncertainty we leave the account of his birth, and come to speak something of his person, which we are the better enabled to do, from a particular description that he gives of himself in the preface to his Novels. The occasion is upon his expressing his aversion to the writing of Prefaces, which makes him agreeably enough wish, since some of his had not had the good fortune to please, that, to save him the trouble for

for the future, ſome one of thoſe friends, whom his circumſtances (as he's pleas'd to ſay) more than his wit, had gain'd him, would get his picture engrav'd, to be plac'd in the frontiſpiece of his book, with the following account of the author, to ſatisfy the curioſity of thoſe readers that had a mind to know what kind of man he was.

He tells us, that he was ſharp-viſag'd; his hair brown; his forehead, in ſpite of age, free from wrinkles; his eyes briſk; his noſe ſomewhat riſing, but not ill-ſiz'd; his beard grey, and his muſtachios large; his mouth little, his teeth ill-rang'd, and not above ſix in number; his complexion lively, rather fair than ſwarthy; his body neither too fat nor too lean; ſomewhat thick in the ſhoulders, and not very light of foot.

He adds, " That he had been many " years a ſoldier, five a captive, and from " thence had learnt to bear afflictions " patiently; that at the battle of Le-

" panto

" panto he loſt his left hand by the ſhot
" of a harquebus; a maim, which how
" unſightly ſoever it might appear to
" others, yet was look'd on by him as
" the greateſt grace and ornament, ſince
" got in the nobleſt and moſt memorable
" action that ever paſs'd ages had ſeen,
" or future e'er could hope to ſee;
" fighting under the victorious banners
" of the ſon of that thunderbolt of
" war, Charles the fifth of happy me-
" mory."

For the other paſſages of his life, we are only given to underſtand, that he was for ſome time ſecretary to the duke of Alva, and that afterwards he retir'd to Madrid; where, for his maintenance, he apply'd himſelf to writing, and then compos'd moſt of thoſe admirable pieces which we now enjoy, being principally favour'd and ſupported by the generoſity of the Conde de Lemos, and the archbiſhop of Toledo; to the firſt of which great men he has addreſs'd moſt of his labours.

Since

Since therefore, for want of further memoirs, we can give no larger history of the fortunes and actions of Cervantes, we must be oblig'd, in what remains, to consider him only as an author, and so to give what account we can of his works.

The first book then which we find that he publish'd, was his Galatea, a kind of pastoral romance, mix'd with a great deal of poetry, upon which we shall only pass the same judgment that his friend the Barber does on his finding it in the library of Don Quixote: "That there is something in it that "shews a happy invention, something "propos'd, but nothing concluded; the "second part being wanting to make it "compleat."

The next is, the first part of his incomparable Don Quixote, which is too well known to need any character. The principal design of which is to ridicule, by the finest satyr in the world, the humour

humour of knight-errantry, and the romantick notions of love and honour, which at that time reign'd in the Spanish nation. How well he has succeeded, all Europe is agreed, since every nation has taken care to make it their own by their translations.

Some are of the opinion, that upon our author's being neglectfully treated by the duke of Lerma, first minister to king Philip the third, a strange imperious haughty man, and one who had no value for men of learning, he, in revenge, made this satyr; which, as they pretend, chiefly aim'd at that minister: which thing cannot be true, if, as according to others, he wrote it in Barbary, to while away some of the melancholy hours of his captivity; besides, that the humour which is there laugh'd at, was then so general in Spain, that 'tis probable no particular person is intended. This, however, is certain, that that noble Duke, and his management, are reflected on in those verses which are ascrib'd to Urganda de la Desconocida;

da; where, though he leaves out the last syllable of every concluding word in every line, yet it is no hard matter to guess who is meant in that short poem; which from thence you may judge to be altogether unfit to be either imitated or translated.

The first edition of this part was in 1605; and while he was very gravely and leisurely meditating and preparing the Continuation, which was impatiently expected, there comes out at Teragona, in 1614, a Second Part of the History of Don Quixote, by Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda of Tordesillas. Our author was extremely concern'd at this proceeding, and the more so, because this writer was not content to invade his design, and rob him, as 'tis said, of some of his copy, but miserably abuses poor Cervantes in his preface; which our author, upon publishing the year after the genuine continuation of Don Quixote, complains of, and up and down in that book gives him some reprehensions; which, how-

however unhandſome they are, are but too gentle for ſo great an injury: but it muſt be confeſs'd indeed, that having to do with a prieſt, and one that belong'd to the inquiſition, as that Plagiary did, it might not be ſafe for him to carry his reſentment higher.

Between the publiſhing of the two parts of his Don Quixote, he printed his Novelas Exemplares. The reaſon of his calling theſe Novels ſo, is, as he acquaints us, becauſe his other novels had been tax'd as more ſatyrical than exemplary; which fault reſolving to amend, he has in every one of theſe propos'd ſome virtue or other for imitation. Of theſe it muſt be juſtly ſaid, that in the original they do not diſgrace the author of Don Quixote; with this further commendation, which Cervantes himſelf gives them, that they were entirely his own invention, not borrow'd, imitated, or tranſlated from other languages, as all thoſe were that his countrymen had publiſh'd before him.

In

In 1615, he printed a collection or Comedies and Interludes, eight of each, being ſuch as he choſe to make publick out of a greater number. Before theſe, is a very good account of the riſe and progreſs of the Spaniſh Drama to his own time; to the advancement of which (not without a great deal of juſtice) he makes no ſcruple to pretend that he had contributed, by the plays that he had written, which were not fewer than thirty at leaſt.

The laſt of all his works, that we have, is the Hiſtory of the Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda; to which he had but juſt put his laſt hand, and in a very affectionate and grateful addreſs dedicated it to his great patron the Conde de Lemos, upon his departing this world, or, to uſe his own expreſſion, ſetting his foot in the ſtirrup on his journey to another, being then old, and with the fate of moſt of the wittieſt men that ever liv'd, very poor. There are two other pieces of his,

which he informs us he had written; the one call'd El Viage del Parnaſo, in imitation of a poem of that title of Cæſar Caporali, being a ſatyr on the Spaniſh, as Caporali's is on the Italian poets. This is printed, but not arriv'd to us; but for the other, which he calls La Semanas del Jardin, and the ſecond part of the Galatea, 'tis probable they were never perfectly finiſh'd; ſince but a few days before our author's death, in the Epiſtle Dedicatory of his Perſiles, he promiſes his patron, that if Heaven would grant him a little longer time to live, he ſhould ſee them both: but, alas! he was then on the point of expiring; and, 'tis likely, not able to be as good as his word, dying ſoon after at Madrid, in the year 1616.

It may be expected, that to conclude, we ſhould give our author's character; but we chuſe rather to let his works do that, ſince they will, more effectually than any thing we can ſay, convince all that read them, that he was

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a maſter of all thoſe great and rare qualities which are requir'd in an accomplish'd writer, a perfect gentleman, and a truly good man.

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE TO THE READER.

YOU may depend upon my bare word, Reader, without any farther ſecurity, that I could wiſh this offſpring of my brain were as ingenious, ſprightly, and accompliſh'd as yourſelf could deſire; but the miſchief on't is, nature will have its courſe: every production muſt reſemble its author, and my barren and unpoliſh'd underſtanding can produce nothing but what is

very dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond imagination. You may suppose it the child of disturbance, engendered in some dismal prison *, *where wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation. Rest and ease, a convenient place, pleasant fields and groves, murmuring springs, and a sweet repose of mind, are helps that raise the fancy, and impregnate even the most barren muses with conceptions that fill the world with admiration and delight. Some parents are so blinded by a fatherly fondness, that they mistake the very imperfections of their children for so many beauties; and the folly and impertinence of the brave boy, must pass upon their friends and acquaintance for wit and sense. But I, who am only a step-father, disavow the authority of this modern and prevalent custom; nor will I earnestly beseech you, with tears in my eyes, which is many a poor author's case, dear reader, to pardon or dissemble my child's faults; for what favour can I expect from you, who are neither his friend nor relation? You have a soul of your own, and*

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* The Author is said to have wrote this satyrical romance in a prison.

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the privilege of free-will, whoever you be, as well as the proudest He that struts in a gaudy outside: you are a king by your own fire-side, as much as any monarch in his throne: you have liberty and property, which set you above favour or affection, and may therefore freely like or dislike this history, according to your humour.

I had a great mind to have expos'd it as naked as it was born, without the addition of a preface, or the numberless trumpery of commendatory sonnets, epigrams, and other poems that usually usher in the conceptions of authors: for I dare boldly say, that tho' I bestow'd some time in writing the book, yet it cost me not half so much labour as this very preface. I very often took up my pen, and as often laid it down, and could not for my life think of any thing to the purpose. Sitting once in a very studious posture, with my paper before me, my pen in my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, considering how I should begin; a certain friend of mine, an ingenious gentleman, and of a merry disposition, came in and surpriz'd me. He ask'd me what I was so very intent and thoughtful upon? I was so free with him as not to mince the matter, but told him plainly I had been puzzling my brain for a preface to Don Quixote, and had made myself so

uneasy

uneasy about it, that I was now resolv'd to trouble my head no further either with preface or book, and even to let the atchievements of that noble knight remain unpublish'd: for, continued I, why shou'd I expose myself to the lash of the old legislator, the vulgar? They will say I have spent my youthful days very finely, to have nothing to recommend my grey hairs to the world, but a dry, insipid legend, not worth a rush, wanting good language as well as invention, barren of conceits or pointed Wit, and without either quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, which other books, tho' never so fabulous and profane, have to set 'em off. Other authors can pass upon the publick, by stuffing their books from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole company of ancient philosophers; thus amusing their readers into a great opinion of their prodigious reading. Plutarch and Cicero are slurr'd on the publick for as orthodox doctors as St Thomas, or any of the fathers. And then the method of these moderns is so wonderfully agreeable and full of variety, that they cannot fail to please. In one line, they will describe you a whining amorous coxcomb, and the next shall be some dry scrap of a homily, with such ingenious turns as cannot chuse but ravish the reader. Now I want

all

all these embellishments and graces: I have neither marginal notes nor critical remarks; I do not so much as know what authors I follow, and consequently can have no formal index, as 'tis the fashion now, methodically strung on the letters of the alphabet, beginning with Aristotle, and ending with Xenophon, or Zoilus, or Zeuxis; which last two are commonly cramm'd into the same piece, tho' one of them was a famous painter, and t'other a saucy critick. I shall want also the pompous preliminaries of commendatory verses sent to me by the right honourable my Lord such a one, by the honourable the Lady such a one, or the most ingenious Mr. such a one; tho' I know I might have them at an easy rate from two or three brothers of the quill of my acquaintance, and better, I'm sure, than the best quality in Spain can compose.

In short, my friend, said I, the great Don Quixote may lie buried in the musty records of La Mancha, 'till providence has order'd some better hand to fit him out as he ought to be; for I must own myself altogether uncapable of the task; besides, I am naturally lazy, and love my ease too well to take the pains of turning over authors for those things which I can express as well without it. And these are the considerations that made me so thoughtful when

you

you came in. The gentleman, after a long and loud fit of laughing, rubbing his forehead; O' my conscience, friend, said he, your discourse has freed me from a mistake that has a great while impos'd upon me: I always took you for a man of sense, but now I am sufficiently convinc'd to the contrary. What! puzzled at so inconsiderable a trifle! a business of so little difficulty confound a man of such deep sense and searching thought as once you seem'd to be!

I am sorry, Sir, that your lazy humour and poor understanding should need the advice I am about to give you, which will presently solve all your objections and fears concerning the publishing of the renown'd Don Quixote, the luminary and mirrour of all knight-errantry. Pray, Sir, said I, be pleas'd to instruct me in whatever you think may remove my fears, or solve my doubts. The first thing you object, reply'd he, is your want of commendatory copies from persons of figure and quality: there is nothing sooner help'd; 'tis but taking a little pains in writing them yourself, and clapping whose name you please to 'em, you may father 'em on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trapizonde, whom I know to be most celebrated poets: but suppose they were not, and that some presuming pedantick criticks might

snarl,

*snarl, and deny this notorious truth, value it not two farthings; and tho' they should convict you of forgery, you are in no danger of losing the hand with which you wrote * them.*

As to marginal notes and quotations from authors for your history, 'tis but dropping here and there some scatter'd Latin sentences that you have already by rote, or may have with little or no pains. For example, in treating of liberty and slavery, clap me in, non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro; *and, at the same time, make Horace, or some other author, vouch it in the margin. If you treat of the power of death, come round with this close* †, pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, regumque turres. *If of loving our enemies, as heaven enjoins, you may, if you have the least curiosity, presently turn to the divine precept, and say,* ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros; *or if you discourse of bad thoughts, bring in this*

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* He lost his left hand (*ixquierda*) in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

† This quotation from Horace, and the following from scripture, are omitted in Shelton's translation; as is also this and another ingenious preface of the author's in that of Stevens, many of whose notes indeed I have made use of.

passage,

passage, de corde exeunt cogitationes malæ. *If the uncertainty of friendship be your theme, Cato offers you his old couplet with all his heart*; donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos: tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. *And so proceed. These scraps of Latin will at least gain you the credit of a great grammarian, which, I'll assure you, is no small accomplishment in this age. As to annotations or remarks at the end of your book, you may safely take this course. If you have occasion for a giant in your piece, be sure you bring in Goliah, and on this very Goliah (who will not cost you one farthing) you may spin out a swingeing annotation. You may say,* The Giant *Goliah*, or *Goliat*, was a *Philistine*, whom *David* the shepherd slew with the thundering stroke of a pebble in the valley of *Terebinthus: vide* Kings, *in such a chapter, and such a verse, where you may find it written. If not satisfy'd with this, you would appear a great humanist, and would shew your knowledge in geography, take some occasion to draw the river Tagus into your discourse, out of which you may fish a most notable remark.* The river Tagus, *say you*, was so call'd from a certain king of Spain. It takes its rise from such a place, and buries its waters in the ocean, kissing first the walls of the famous

the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no need to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages out of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints. Do but take care to express yourself in a plain, easy manner, in well-chosen, significant, and decent terms, and to give an harmonious and pleasing turn to your periods: study to explain your thoughts, and set them in the truest light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave 'em dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible: let your diverting stories be express'd in diverting terms, to kindle mirth in the melancholick, and heighten it in the gay: let mirth and humour be your superficial design, tho' laid on a solid foundation, to challenge attention from the ignorant, and admiration from the judicious; to secure your work from the contempt of the graver sort, and deserve the praises of men of sense; keeping your eye still fix'd on the principal end of your project, the fall and destruction of that monstrous heap of ill-contriv'd romances, which, tho' abhorr'd by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater part of mankind. Mind this, and your business is done.

I listen'd very attentively to my friend's discourse, and found it so reasonable and convincing, that

that without any reply, I took his advice, and have told you the story by way of preface; wherein you may see, gentlemen, how happy I am in so ingenious a friend, to whose seasonable counsel you are all oblig'd for the omission of all this pedantick garniture in the history of the renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose character among all the neighbours about Montiel is, that he was the most chaste lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been known in those parts these many years. I will not urge the service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a knight's acquaintance, but only beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for recommending you to the familiarity of the famous Sancho Pança his squire, in whom in my opinion, you will find united and describ'd all the squire-like graces which are scatter'd up and down in the whole bead-roll of books of chivalry. And now I take my leave, intreating you not to forget your humble servant.

THE

famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion that the sands of this river are gold, &c. *If you have occasion to talk of robbers, I can presently give you the history of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you would discant upon whores or women of the town, there is the * bishop of Mondonedo, who can furnish you with Lamia, Lais and Flora, courtesans, whose acquaintance will be very much to your reputation. Ovid's Medea can afford you a good example of cruelty. Calypso from Homer, and Circe out of Virgil, are famous instances of witchcraft or inchantment. Would you treat of valiant commanders? Julius Cæsar has writ his commentaries on purpose; and Plutarch can furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you would mention love, and have but three grains of Italian, you may find Leon the Jew ready to serve you most abundantly. But if you would keep nearer home, 'tis but examining Fonseca of divine love, which you have here in your study; and you need go no farther for all that can be said on that copious subject. In short, 'tis but quoting these authors in your book, and let me alone to make large annotations; I'll engage to croud your margin sufficiently, and scribble you four or five sheets to*

* Guevara.

boot at the end of your book. And for the citation of so many authors, 'tis the easiest thing in Nature. Find out one of these books with an alphabetical index, and without any farther ceremony, remove it verbatim *into your own: and tho' the world won't believe you have occasion for such lumber, yet there are fools enough to be thus drawn into an opinion of the work; at least, such a flourishing train of attendants will give your book a fashionable air, and recommend it to sale; for few chapmen will stand to examine it, and compare the authorities upon the compter, since they can expect nothing but their labour for their pains. But, after all, Sir, if I know any thing of the matter, you have no occasion for any of these things; for your subject being a satyr on knight-errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St. Basil, nor Cicero ever dreamt or heard of it. Those fabulous extravagancies have nothing to do with the impartial punctuality of true history; nor do I find any business you can have either with astrology, geometry, or logick, and I hope you are too good a man to mix sacred things with profane. Nothing but pure nature is your business; her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate, your picture is the better. And since this writing of your's aims at no more than to destroy the*

THE Life *and* Atchievements

Of the renown'd

Don QUIXOTE de la MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The quality and way of living of the renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha.

AT a certain village in La Mancha *, which I ſhall not name, there liv'd not long ago one of thoſe old-faſhion'd gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horſe, and a greyhound. His diet confiſted more of † beef than mutton; and with minc'd meat on

* *A ſmall territory partly in the kingdom of Arragon, and partly in Caſtile; it is a liberty within itſelf, diſtinct from all the country about.*

† *Beef being cheaper in Spain than mutton.*

 moſt

moſt nights, lentils on Fridays, eggs and * bacon on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he conſumed three quarters of his revenue: The reſt was laid out in a pluſh-coat, velvet breeches, with ſlippers of the ſame, for holidays; and a ſuit of the very beſt home-ſpun cloth, which he beſtowed on himſelf for working-days. His whole family was a houſe-keeper ſomething turn'd of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that ſerv'd him in the houſe and in the field, and could ſaddle a horſe, and handle the pruning-hook. The maſter himſelf was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and ſtrong complexion, lean-body'd, and thin-fac'd, an early riſer, and a lover of hunting. Some ſay his ſirname was Quixada, or Queſada (for authors differ in this particular): However, we may

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* *Strictly, ſorrow for his ſops, on Saturdays.* Duelos y Quebrantos; *in Engliſh, gruntings and groanings. He that can tell what ſort of edible the author means by thoſe words,* Erit mihi magnus Apollo. Cæſar Oudin, *the famous French traveller, negotiator, tranſlator and dictionary-maker, will have it to be eggs and bacon, as above. Our tranſlator and dictionary-maker, Stevens, has it, eggs and collops, (I ſuppoſe he means Scotch-collops) but that's too good a diſh to mortify withal. Signor Sobrino's Spaniſh dictionary ſays,* Duelos y Quebrantos *is peaſe-ſoup. Mr. Jervis tranſlates it an amlet* (Aumulette *in French) which Boyer ſays is a pancake made of eggs, tho' I always underſtood* Aumulette *to be a bacon-froiſe (or rather bacon-fryze, from its being fry'd, from* frit *in French). Some will have it to mean brains fry'd with eggs, which, we are told by Mr. Jervis, the church allows in poor countries in defect of fiſh. Others have gueſt it to mean ſome windy kind of diet, as peaſe, herbs,* &c. *which are apt to occaſion cholicks, as if one ſhould ſay,* Greens and gripes on Saturdays. *To conclude, the forecited author of the new tranſlation (if a tranſlator may be call'd an author) abſolutely ſays,* Duelos y Quebrantos *is a cant-phraſe for ſome faſting-day-diſh in uſe in La Mancha. After all theſe learned diſquiſitions, who knows but the author means a diſh of* Nichils!

reaſonably

reasonably conjecture he was call'd Quixada (*i. e.* lanthorn-jaws) tho' this concerns us but little, provided we keep strictly to the truth in every point of this history.

You must know then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round) he pass'd his time in reading books of knight-errantry; which he did with that application and delight, that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country-sports, and even the care of his estate; nay, he grew so strangely besotted with those amusements, that he sold many acres of arable-land to purchase books of that kind; by which means he collected as many of them as were to be had: But among them all, none pleas'd him like the works of the famous Feliciano de Sylva; for the clearness of his prose, and those intricate expressions with which 'tis interlac'd, seem'd to him so many pearls of eloquence, especially when he came to read the challenges, and the amorous addresses, many of them in this extraordinary stile. "The reason "of your unreasonable usage of my reason, does so en-"feeble my reason, that I have reason to expostulate "with your beauty:" And this, "The sublime hea-"vens, which with your divinity divinely fortify you "with the stars, and fix you the deserver of the desert "that is deserv'd by your grandeur." These, and such like expressions, strangely puzzled the poor gentleman's understanding, while he was breaking his brain to unravel their meaning, which Aristotle himself could never have found, though he should have been rais'd from the dead for that very purpose.

He did not so well like those dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he considered that all the art of surgery could never secure his face and body from being strangely disfigured with scars. However, he highly commended the author for concluding his book with a promise to finish that unfinishable adventure; and many times he had a desire to put pen to paper, and faithfully and literally finish it himself: which he had certainly done, and doubtless with good success, had not his thoughts been wholly engrossed in much more important designs.

He would often dispute with the * curate of the parish, a man of learning, that had taken his degrees at † Ciguinza, who was the better knight ‖ Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul? But master Nicholas, the ‡ barber of he same town, would say, that none of 'em could compare with the Knight of the Sun; and that if any one came near him, 'twas certainly Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was a man of a most commodious temper, neither was he so finical, nor such a puling whining lover as his brother; and as for courage, he was not a jot behind him.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that a-nights he would pore on 'till 'twas day, and a-days he would read on 'till 'twas night: and thus by sleeping little, and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree, that at last he lost the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, pick'd out of his books, crowded into his imagination; and now his head was full of nothing but inchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, amours, torments, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities; insomuch, that all the fables and fantastical tales which he read, seem'd to him now as true as the most authen-

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* *In Spain the curate is the head priest in the parish, and he that has the cure of souls: Thus* el cura *means the Rector, or, as the vulgar has it, the Parson; but the first not being commonly used, and the last seeming too gross, I chuse to make it Curate, those who have read the former translations being us'd to the word.*

† *An university in Spain.*

‖ *England seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry; for besides this Palmerin, we find Don Florando of England, and some others, not to mention Amadis's mistress, the princess Oriana of England.*

‡ *The barber in country towns in Spain is also the surgeon.*

tick

ick histories. He would say, that the * Cid Ruydiaz was a very brave knight, but not worthy to stand in competition with the knight of the Burning-sword, who with a single back-stroke had cut in sunder two fierce and mighty giants. He liked yet better Bernardo del Carpio, who at Roncesvalles depriv'd of life the inchanted Orlando, having lifted him from the ground, and choak'd him in the air, as Hercules did Antæus the son of the earth.

As for the giant Morgante, he always spoke very civil things of him: for though he was one of that monstrous brood, who ever were intolerably proud and brutish, he still behav'd himself like a civil and well-bred person.

But of all men in the world he admir'd Rinaldo of Montalban, and particularly his sallying out of his castle to rob all he met; and then again when † abroad he carried away the idol of Mahomet, which was all massy gold, as the history says: But he so hated that traitor || Galalon, that for the pleasure of kicking him handsomely, he would have given up his house-keeper; nay, and his niece into the bargain.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entred into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honour, as the service of the publick, to turn knight-errant, and roam through the whole world arm'd cap-a-pee, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures; that thus imitating those knight-errants of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprizes, he might purchase everlasting honour and renown. Transported

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* *Cid Ruydiaz a famous Spanish commander, of whom many fables are written.*

† *In Barbary, Oudin says.*

|| *Galalon, the Spaniards say, betray'd the French army at Roncesvalles.*

ported with these agreeable delusions, the poor gentleman already grasp'd in imagination the imperial sceptre of Trapizonde, and, hurry'd away by his mighty expectations, he prepares with all expedition to take the field.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armour that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelesly rusting in a corner: But when he had clean'd and repair'd it as well as he could, he perceiv'd there was a material piece wanting; for instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single head-piece: However, his industry supply'd that defect, for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which being fitted to the head-piece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a doing. He did not like its being broke with so much ease, and therefore to secure it from the like accident, he made it a-new, and fenc'd it with thin plates of iron, which he fix'd on the inside of it so artificially, that at last he had reason to be satisfy'd with the solidity of the work; and so, without any farther experiment, he resolv'd it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next moment he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish Real, being a worse jade than Gonela's, *qui tantum pellis & ossa fuit*; however, his master thought, that neither Alexander's Bucephalus, nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argu'd with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguish'd by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner chang'd his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignify'd with another; a good big word, such a

one

one as ſhould fill the mouth, and ſeem conſonant with the quality and profeſſion of his maſter. And thus after many names which he devis'd, rejected, chang'd, lik'd, diſlik'd, and pitch'd upon again, he concluded to call him * Rozinante; a name, in his opinion, lofty, ſounding, and ſignificant of what he had been before, and alſo of what he was now; in a word, a horſe before or above all the vulgar breed of horſes in the world.

When he had thus given his horſe a name ſo much to his ſatisfaction, he thought of chuſing one for himſelf; and having ſeriouſly ponder'd on the matter eight whole days more, at laſt he determin'd to call himſelf Don Quixote. Whence the author of this moſt authentick hiſtory draws this inference, That his right name was Quixada, and not Queſada, as others obſtinately pretend. And obſerving, that the valiant Amadis, not ſatisfy'd with the bare appellation of Amadis, added to it the name of his country, that it might grow more famous by his exploits, and ſo ſtil'd himſelf Amadis de Gaul; ſo he, like a true lover of his native ſoil, reſolv'd to call himſelf Don Quixote de la Mancha; which addition, to his thinking, denoted very plainly his parentage and country, and conſequently would fix a laſting honour on that part of the world.

And now his armour being ſcour'd, his head-piece improv'd to a helmet, his horſe and himſelf new nam'd, he perceiv'd he wanted nothing but a lady, on whom he might beſtow the empire of his heart; for he was ſenſible that a knight-errant without a miſtreſs, was a tree without either fruit or leaves, and a body without a ſoul. Should I, ſaid he to himſelf, by good or ill fortune chance to encounter ſome giant, as 'tis common in knight-errantry, and happen to lay him proſtrate on the ground, trans-

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* Rozin *commonly means an* ordinary horſe; Ante *ſignifies* before *and* formerly. *Thus the word* Rozinante *may imply, that he was formerly an ordinary horſe, and alſo, that he is now an horſe that claims the precedence from all other ordinary horſes.*

fix'd

fix'd with my lance, or cleft in two, or, in ſhort, overcome him, and have him at my mercy, would it not be proper to have ſome lady, to whom I may ſend him as a trophy of my valour? Then when he comes into her preſence, throwing himſelf at her feet, he may thus make his humble ſubmiſſion: "Lady, I am the giant Caracu-"liambro, lord of the iſland of Malindrania, vanquiſh'd "in ſingle combat by that never-deſervedly-enough-ex-"toll'd knight-errant Don Quixote de la Mancha, who "has commanded me to caſt myſelf moſt humbly at your "feet, that it may pleaſe your honour to diſpoſe of me "according to your will." Oh! how elevated was the knight with the conceit of this imaginary ſubmiſſion of the giant; eſpecially having withal bethought himſelf of a perſon, on whom he might confer the title of his miſtreſs! Which, 'tis believ'd, happen'd thus: Near the place where he lived, dwelt a good likely country laſs, for whom he had formerly had a ſort of an inclination, though 'tis believ'd, ſhe never heard of it, not regarded it in the leaſt. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and this was ſhe whom he thought he might entitle to the ſovereignty of his heart: Upon which he ſtudied to find her out a new name, that might have ſome affinity with her old one, and yet at the ſame time ſound ſomewhat like that of a princeſs, or lady of quality: ſo at laſt he reſolved to call her Dulcinea, with the addition of del Toboſo, from the place where ſhe was born; a name, in his opinion, ſweet, harmonious, extraordinary, and no leſs ſignificative than the others which he had devis'd.

CHAP. II.

Of Don Quixote's *firſt ſally.*

THESE preparations being made, he found his deſigns ripe for action, and thought it now a crime to deny himſelf any longer to the injur'd world, that wanted ſuch a deliverer; the more when he conſider'd what grievances

Don Quixote sets out equipt as a Knight Errant.

ances he was to redreſs, what wrongs and injuries to remove, what abuſes to correct, and what duties to diſcharge. So one morning before day, in the greateſt heat of July, without acquainting any one with his deſign, with all the ſecrecy imaginable, he arm'd himſelf cap-a-pee, lac'd on his ill-contriv'd helmet, brac'd on his target, graſp'd his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back-yard ſally'd out into the fields, wonderfully pleas'd to ſee with how much eaſe he had ſucceeded in the beginning of his enterprize. But he had not gone far e'er a terrible thought alarm'd him, a thought that had like to have made him renounce his great undertaking; for now it came into his mind, that the honour of knighthood had not yet been conferr'd upon him, and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought to appear in arms againſt any profeſs'd knight: nay, he alſo conſider'd, that tho' he were already knighted, it would become him to wear white armour, and not to adorn his ſhield with any device, till he had deſerved one by ſome extraordinary demonſtration of his valour.

Theſe thoughts ſtagger'd his reſolution; but his folly prevailing more than any reaſon, he reſolv'd to be dubb'd a knight by the firſt he ſhould meet, after the example of ſeveral others, who, as his diſtracting romances inform'd him, had formerly done the like. As for the other difficulty about wearing white armour, he propos'd to overcome it, by ſcouring his own at leiſure 'till it ſhould look whiter than ermin. And having thus diſmiſs'd theſe buſy ſcruples, he very calmly rode on, leaving it to his horſe's diſcretion to go which way he pleas'd; firmly believing, that in this conſiſted the very being of adventures. And as he thus went on, I cannot but believe, ſaid he to himſelf, that when the hiſtory of my famous atchievements ſhall be given to the world, the learned author will begin it in this very manner, when he comes to give an account of this my early ſetting out: "Scarce had the ruddy-"colour'd Phæbus begun to ſpread the golden treſſes of "his lovely hair over the vaſt ſurface of the earthly globe, "and ſcarce had thoſe feather'd poets of the grove, the

"pretty

" pretty painted birds, tun'd their little pipes, to sing " their early welcomes in soft melodious strains to the " beautiful Aurora, who having left her jealous husband's " bed, display'd her rosy graces to mortal eyes from the " gates and balconies of the Manchegan Horizon, when " the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, dis- " daining soft repose, forsook the voluptuous down, and " mounting his famous steed Rozinante, enter'd the an- " cient and celebrated plains of * Montiel." This was indeed the very road he took; and then proceeding, " O " happy age! O fortunate times! cry'd he, decreed to " usher into the world my famous atchievements; at- " chievements worthy to be engraven on brass, carv'd in " marble, and delineated in some master-piece of paint- " ing, as monuments of my glory, and examples for pos- " terity! And thou venerable sage, wise enchanter, what- " ever be thy name; thou whom fate has ordained to be " the compiler of this rare history, forget not, I beseech " thee, my trusty Rozinante, the eternal companion of " all my adventures." After this, as if he had been really in love; " O princess Dulcinea, cry'd he, lady of this " captive heart, much sorrow and woe you have doom'd " me to in banishing me thus, and imposing on me your " rigorous commands, never to appear before your beau- " teous face! Remember, lady, that loyal heart your " slave, who for your love submits to so many miseries." To these extravagant conceits, he added a world of others, all in imitation, and in the very stile of those, which the reading of romances had furnish'd him with; and all this while he rode so softly, and the sun's heat increas'd so fast, and was so violent, that it would have been sufficient to have melted his brains had he had any left.

He travell'd almost all that day without meeting any adventure worth the trouble of relating; which put him

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* *Montiel, a proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which* Henry the bastard *slew his legitimate brother Don Pedro, whom our brave black prince Edward had set upon the throne of Spain.*

into

into a kind of despair; for he desir'd nothing more than to encounter immediately some person on whom he might try the vigour of his arm.

Some authors say, that his first adventure was that of the pass called Puerto Lapice; others, that of the windmills; but all that I could discover of certainty in this matter, and that I meet with in the annals of La Mancha, is, that he travelled all that day; and towards the evening, he and his horse being heartily tir'd, and almost famish'd, Don Quixote looking about him, in hopes to discover some castle, or at least some shepherd's cottage, there to repose and refresh himself, at last near the road which he kept, he espy'd an inn, as welcome a sight to his longing eyes as if he had discover'd a star directing him to the gate, nay, to the palace of his redemption. Thereupon hast'ning towards the inn with all the speed he could, he got thither just at the close of the evening. There stood by chance at the inn-door two young female adventurers, alias common wenches, who were going to Sevile with some carriers, that happen'd to take up their lodging there that very evening: and, as whatever our knight-errant saw, thought, or imagin'd, was all of a romantick cast, and appear'd to him altogether after the manner of the books that had perverted his imagination, he no sooner saw the inn, but he fancy'd it to be a castle fenc'd with four towers, and lofty pinnacles glittering with silver, together with a deep moat, draw-bridge, and all those other appurtenances peculiar to such kind of places.

Therefore when he came near it, he stopp'd a while at a distance from the gate, expecting that some dwarf wou'd appear on the battlements, and sound his trumpet to give notice of the arrival of a knight; but finding that no body came, and that Rozinante was for making the best of his way to the stable, he advanc'd to the inn-door, where spying the two young doxies, they seem'd to him two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, taking the benefit of the fresh air at the gate of the castle. It happen'd also at the very moment, that a swine-herd getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are

call'd

call'd *) from the ſtubble-field, winded his horn; and Don Quixote preſently imagin'd this was the wiſh'd for ſignal, which ſome dwarf gave to notify his approach; therefore with the greateſt joy in the world he rode up to the inn. The wenches, affrighted at the approach of a man cas'd in iron, and arm'd with a lance and target, were for running into their lodging; but Don Quixote perceiving their fear by their flight, lifted up the paſte-board beaver of his helmet, and diſcovering his wither'd duſty face, with comely grace and grave delivery accoſted them in this manner: "I beſeech ye, ladies, do not fly, "nor fear the leaſt offence: the order of knighthood, "which I profeſs, does not permit me to countenance or "offer injuries to any one in the univerſe, and leaſt of "all to virgins of ſuch high rank as your preſence de-"notes." The wenches look'd earneſtly upon him, endeavouring to get a glimpſe of his face, which his ill-contriv'd beaver partly hid; but when they heard themſelves ſtiled virgins, a thing ſo out of the way of their profeſſion, that they could not forbear laughing outright; which Don Quixote reſented as a great affront. "Give "me leave to tell ye, ladies, cry'd he, that modeſty "and civility are very becoming in the fair ſex; whereas "laughter without ground is the higheſt piece of indiſ-"cretion: However, added he, I do not preſume to ſay "this to offend you, or incur your diſpleaſure; no, "ladies, I aſſure you I have no other deſign but to do "you ſervice." This uncommon way of expreſſion, join'd to the knight's ſcurvy figure, increas'd their mirth; which incens'd him to that degree, that this might have

* *In the original* (que ſin perdon aſſi ſe llaman) *This parentheſis relating to hogs, is left out by Stevens, and other tranſlators, but judiciouſly retain'd by Jarvis, who obſerves, that our author thereby ridicules the affected delicacy of the Spaniards and Italians, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word* hog *or* ſwine, *as too groſs an image. The reader will find the like excuſe repeated at every mention of the word* hog.

carry'd

carry'd things to an extremity, had not the inn-keeper luckily appear'd at that juncture. He was a man whose burden of fat inclin'd him to peace and quietness, yet when he had observ'd such a strange disguise of human shape in his odd armour and equipage, he could hardly forbear keeping the wenches company in their laughter; but having the fear of such a warlike appearance before his eyes, he resolv'd to give him good words, and therefore accosted him civilly: Sir knight, said he, if your worship be dispos'd to alight, you will fail of nothing here but of a bed; as for all other accommodations, you may be supply'd to your mind. Don Quixote observing the humility of the governor of the castle, (for such the inn-keeper and inn seem'd to him) Senior Castellano, said he, the least thing in the world suffices me; for arms are the only things I value, and combat is my bed of repose. The inn-keeper thought he had call'd him * Castellano, as taking him to be one of the true Castilians, whereas he was indeed of Andalusia, nay, of the neighbourhood of St. Lucar, no less thievish than Cacus, or less mischievous than a truant-scholar, or court-page, and therefore he made him this reply; "At this rate, Sir knight, your "bed might be a pavement, and your rest to be still "awake; you may then safely alight, and I dare assure "you, you can hardly miss being kept awake all the "year long in this house, much less one single night." With that he went and held Don Quixote's stirrup, who having not broke his fast that day, dismounted with no small trouble or difficulty. He immediately desir'd the governor (that is, the inn-keeper) to have special care of his steed, assuring him, that there was not a better in the universe; upon which the inn-keeper view'd him narrowly, but could not think him to be half so good as Don Quixote said: However, having set him up in the stable, he came back to the knight to see what he wanted, and found him pulling off his armour by the help of the good-

* *Castellano signifies both a constable or governor of a castle, and an inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile in Spain.*

natur'd wenches, who had already reconcil'd themselves to him; but though they had eas'd him of his corslet and back-plate, they could by no means undo his gorget, nor take off his ill contriv'd beaver, which he had ty'd so fast with green ribbons, that 'twas impossible to get it off without cutting them; now he would by no means permit that, and so was forc'd to keep on his helmet all night, which was one of the most pleasant sights in the world: And while his armour was taking off by the two kind lasses, imagining them to be persons of quality, and ladies of that castle, he very gratefully made them the following compliment, [in imitation of an old romance.]

There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he, Don Quixote hight,
When first he left his village dear:
Damsels t' undress him ran with speed,
And princesses to dress his steed.

O Rozinante! for that is my horse's name, ladies, and mine Don Quixote de la Mancha; I never thought to have discover'd it, 'till some feats of arms atchiev'd by me in your service, had made me better known to your ladyships; but necessity forcing me to apply to present purpose that passage of the ancient romance of Sir Lancelot, which I now repeat, has extorted the secret from me before its time; yet a day will come, when you shall command, and I obey, and then the valour of my arm shall evince the reality of my zeal to serve your ladyships.

The two females, who were not used to such rhetorical speeches, could make no answer to this; they only ask'd him whether he would eat any thing? That I will with all my heart, cry'd Don Quixote, whatever it be, for I am of opinion nothing can come to me more seasonably. Now, as ill-luck would have it, it happen'd to be Friday, and there was nothing to be had at the inn but some pieces of fish, which is called Abadexo in Castile, Bacallao in Andalusia, Curadillo in some places, and in others Truchuela or Little Trout, though after all 'tis but Poor

Jack

Jack: So they ask'd him whether he could eat any of that Truchuela, because they had no other fish to give him. Don Quixote imagining they meant a small trout, told them, that provided there were more than one, 'twas the same thing to him, they would serve him as well as a great one; for, continued he, 'tis all one to me whether I am paid a piece of eight in one single piece, or in eight small reals, which are worth as much: Besides, 'tis probable these small trouts may be like veal, which is finer meat than beef; or like the kid, which is better than the goat. In short, let it be what it will, so it comes quickly, for the weight of armour and the fatigue of travel are not to be supported without recruiting food. Thereupon they laid the cloth at the inn-door, for the benefit of the fresh air, and the landlord brought him a piece of that salt fish, but ill-water'd, and as ill-dress'd; and as for the bread, 'twas as mouldy and brown as the knight's armour: But 'twould have made one laugh to have seen him eat; for having his helmet on, with his beaver lifted up, 'twas impossible for him to feed himself without help, so that one of those ladies had that office; but there was no giving him drink that way, and he must have gone without it, had not the inn-keeper bored a cane, and setting one end of it to his mouth, pour'd the wine in at the other; all which the knight suffer'd patiently, because he would not cut the ribbons that fasten'd his helmet.

While he was at supper, a sow-gelder happen'd to sound his cane-trumpet, or whistle of reeds, four or five times as he came near the inn; which made Don Quixote the more positive of his being in a famous castle, where he was entertain'd with musick at supper, that the poor Jack was young Trout, the bread of the finest flour, the wenches great ladies, and the inn-keeper the governor of the castle; which made him applaud himself for his resolution, and his setting out on such an account. The only thing that vex'd him was, that he was not yet dubb'd a knight; for he fancy'd he could not lawfully undertake any adventure till he had receiv'd the order of knighthood.

CHAP. III.

An account of the pleasant method taken by Don Quixote *to be dubb'd a knight.*

DON Quixote's mind being disturb'd with that thought, he abridg'd even his short supper: And as soon as he had done, he call'd his host, then shut him and himself up in the stable, and falling at his feet, I will never rise from this place, cry'd he, most valorous knight, till you have graciously vouchsafed to grant me a boon, which I will now beg of you, and which will redound to your honour and the good of mankind. The inn-keeper, strangely at a loss to find his guest at his feet, and talking at this rate, endeavour'd to make him rise, but all in vain, till he had promis'd to grant him what he ask'd. I expected no less from your great magnificence, noble Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, and therefore I make bold to tell you, that the boon which I beg, and you generously condescend to grant me, is, that to-morrow you will be pleased to bestow the honour of knighthood upon me. This night I will watch my armour in the chapel of your castle, and then in the morning you shall gratify me, as I passionately desire, that I may be duly qualify'd to seek out adventures in every corner of the universe, to relieve the distress'd, according to the laws of chivalry, and the inclinations of knight-errants like my self. The inn-keeper, who, as I said, was a sharp fellow, and had already a shrewd suspicion of the disorder in his guest's understanding, was fully convinc'd of it when he heard him talk after this manner; and, to make sport that night, resolv'd to humour him in his desires, telling him he was highly to be commended for his choice of such an employment, which was altogether worthy a knight of the first order, such as his gallant deportment discover'd him to be: that he himself had in his youth follow'd that honourable profession, ranging through many parts of the world in search of adventures, without so much as forget-

ting

ting to visit the * Percheles of Malaga, the isles of Riotan, the compass of Sevil, the quickfilver-house of Segovia, the olive field of Valencia, the circle of Granada, the wharf of St. Lucar, the potro of Cordova †, the hedge-taverns of Toledo, and divers other places, where he had exercised the nimbleness of his feet, and the subtility of his hands, doing wrongs in abundance, soliciting many widows, undoing some damsels, bubbling young heirs ‡, and in a word, making himself famous in most of the courts of judicature in Spain, till at length he retired to this castle, where he liv'd on his own estate and those of others, entertaining all knights-errant of what quality or condition soever, purely for the great affection he bore them, and to partake of what they got in recompence of his good-will. He added, that his castle at present had no chapel where the knight might keep the vigil of his arms, it being pull'd down in order to be new-built; but that he knew they might lawfully be watch'd in any other place in a case of necessity, and therefore he might do it that night in the court-yard of the castle; and in the morning (God willing) all the necessary cere-

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* *These are all places noted for rogueries and disorderly doings.*

† *A square in the city of Cordova, where a fountain gushes out from the mouth of a horse, near which is also a whipping-post. The Spanish word* Potro *signifies a colt or young horse.*

‡ *Pieces of roguery not unlike some of these, are to be met with in Don Belianis of Greece, and not disapprov'd of by the hero of that romance. In allusion to this, Don Quixote's host brags of divers wonders he had perform'd this way; and this was a strong precedent, nor could our knight object to any example fetch'd from his favourite Don Belianis's approv'd history. So that this passage in Cervantes, which has been thought very faulty, as being too gross and open, appears from hence to be not only excusable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of exposing those authors, and their numberless absurdities.*

monies ſhould be perform'd, ſo that he might aſſure himſelf he ſhould be dubb'd a knight, nay, as much a knight as any one in the world could be. He then aſk'd Don Quixote whether he had any money? Not a croſs, reply'd the knight, for I never read in any hiſtory of chivalry that any knight-errant ever carry'd money about him. You are miſtaken, cry'd the inn-keeper; for admit the hiſtories are ſilent in this matter, the authors thinking it needleſs to mention things ſo evidently neceſſary as money and clean ſhirts, yet there is no reaſon to believe the knights went without either; and you may reſt aſſur'd, that all the knights-errant, of whom ſo many hiſtories are full, had their purſes well lin'd to ſupply themſelves with neceſſaries, and carry'd alſo with them ſome ſhirts, and a ſmall box of ſalves to heal their wounds; for they had not the conveniency of ſurgeons to cure 'em every time they fought in fields and deſarts, unleſs they were ſo happy as to have ſome ſage or magician for their friend give them preſent aſſiſtance, ſending them ſome damſel or dwarf through the air in a cloud, with a ſmall bottle of water of ſo great a virtue, that they no ſooner taſted a drop of it, but their wounds were as perfectly cured as if they had never receiv'd any. But when they wanted ſuch a friend in former ages, the knights thought themſelves oblig'd to take care, that their ſquires ſhould be provided with money and other neceſſaries, as lint and ſalves to dreſs their wounds; and if thoſe knights ever happen'd to have no ſquires, which was but very ſeldom, then they carry'd thoſe things behind them in a little bag *, as if it had been ſomething of greater value, and ſo neatly fitted to their ſaddle, that it was hardly ſeen; for had it not been upon ſuch an account, the carrying of wallets was not much allow'd among knights-errant. I muſt therefore adviſe you, continu'd he, nay, I might even charge and command you, as you are ſhortly to be my ſon in chivalry, never from this time forwards to ride

* *Of ſtriped ſtuff, which every one carries, in Spain, when they are travelling.*

without

without money, nor without the other neceſſaries of which I ſpoke to you, which you will find very beneficial when you leaſt expect it. Don Quixote promis'd to perform very punctually all his injunctions; and ſo they diſpos'd every thing in order to his watching his arms in a great yard that adjoin'd to the inn. To which purpoſe the knight, having got them all together, laid them in a horſe-trough cloſe by a well in that yard; then bracing his target, and graſping his lance, juſt as it drew dark, he began to walk about by the horſe-trough with a graceful deportment. In the mean while the inn-keeper acquainted all thoſe that were in the houſe with the extravagancies of his gueſt, his watching his arms, and his hopes of being made a knight. They all admir'd very much at ſo ſtrange a kind of folly, and went on to obſerve him at a diſtance; where they ſaw him ſometimes walk about with a great deal of gravity, and ſometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fix'd upon his arms. 'Twas now undoubted night, but yet the moon did ſhine with ſuch a brightneſs, as might almoſt have vy'd with that of the planet which lent it her; ſo that the knight was wholly expos'd to the ſpectators view. While he was thus employ'd, one of the carriers who lodg'd in the inn came out to water his mules, which he could not do without removing the arms out of the trough. With that Don Quixote, who ſaw him make towards him, cry'd out to him aloud, O thou, whoe'er thou art, raſh knight, that prepares to lay thy hands on the arms of the moſt valorous knight-errant that ever wore a ſword, take heed; do not audaciouſly attempt to profane them with a touch, leſt inſtant death be the too ſure reward of thy temerity. But the carrier never regarded theſe dreadful threats; and laying hold on the armour by the ſtraps, without any more ado threw it a good way from him; though it had been better for him to have let it alone; for Don Quixote no ſooner ſaw this, but lifting up his eyes to heaven, and addreſſing his thoughts, as it ſeem'd, to his lady Dulcinea, Aſſiſt me, lady, cry'd he, in the firſt opportunity that offers it ſelf to your faithful ſlave; nor let your favour and protection be deny'd me in this firſt trial of my valour!

Repeating

Repeating ſuch-like ejaculations, he let ſlip his target, and lifting up his lance with both his hands, he gave the carrier ſuch a terrible knock on his inconſiderate head with his lance, that he laid him at his feet in a woful condition; and had he back'd that blow with another, the fellow would certainly have had no need of a ſurgeon. This done, Don Quixote took up his armour, laid it again in the horſe-trough, and then walk'd on backwards and forwards with as great unconcern as he did at firſt.

Soon after another carrier, not knowing what had happen'd, came alſo to water his mules, while the firſt yet lay on the ground in a trance; but as he offer'd to clear the trough of the armour, Don Quixote, without ſpeaking a word, or imploring any one's aſſiſtance, once more dropp'd his target, lifted up his lance, and then let it fall ſo heavily on the fellow's pate, that without damaging his lance, he broke the carrier's head in three or four places. His outcry ſoon alarm'd and brought thither all the people in the inn, and the landlord among the reſt; which Don Quixote perceiving, Thou queen of beauty (cry'd he, bracing on his ſhield, and drawing his ſword) thou courage and vigour of my weaken'd heart, now is the time when thou muſt enliven thy adventurous ſlave with the beams of thy greatneſs, while this moment he is engaging in ſo terrible an adventure! With this, in his opinion, he found himſelf ſupply'd with ſuch an addition of courage, that had all the carriers in the world at once attack'd him, he would undoubtedly have fac'd them all. On the other ſide, the carriers, enrag'd to ſee their comrades thus us'd, though they were afraid to come near, gave the knight ſuch a volley of ſtones, that he was forc'd to ſhelter himſelf as well as he could under the covert of his target, without daring to go far from the horſe-trough, leſt he ſhould ſeem to abandon his arms. The inn-keeper call'd to the carriers as loud as he could to let him alone; that he had told them already he was mad, and conſequently the law would acquit him, though he ſhould kill 'em. Don Quixote alſo made yet more noiſe, calling 'em falſe and treacherous villains, and the lord of the caſtle baſe and unhoſpitable, and a diſcourteous knight,

for ſuffering a knight-errant to be ſo abus'd. I would make thee know (cry'd he) what a perfidious wretch thou art, had I but receiv'd the order of knighthood; but for you, baſe, ignominious rabble! fling on, do your worſt; come on, draw nearer if you dare, and receive the reward of your indiſcretion and inſolence. This he ſpoke with ſo much ſpirit and undauntedneſs, that he ſtruck a terror into all his aſſailants; ſo that partly through fear, and partly through the inn-keeper's perſwaſions, they gave over flinging ſtones at him; and he, on his ſide, permitted the enemy to carry off their wounded, and then return'd to the guard of his arms as calm and compos'd as before.

The inn-keeper, who began ſomewhat to diſreliſh theſe mad tricks of his gueſt, reſolv'd to diſpatch him forthwith, and beſtow on him that unlucky knighthood, to prevent farther miſchief: ſo coming to him, he excus'd himſelf for the inſolence of thoſe baſe ſcoundrels, as being done without his privity or conſent; but their audaciouſneſs, he ſaid, was ſufficiently puniſhed. He added, that he had already told him there was no chapel in his caſtle; and that indeed there was no need of one to finiſh the reſt of the ceremony of knighthood, which conſiſted only in the application of the ſword to the neck and ſhoulders, as he had read in the regiſter of the ceremonies of the order; and that this might be perform'd as well in a field as any where elſe: That he had already fulfill'd the obligation of watching his arms, which requir'd no more than two hours watch, whereas he had been four hours upon the guard. Don Quixote, who eaſily believ'd him, told him he was ready to obey him, and deſir'd him to make an end of the buſineſs as ſoon as poſſible, for if he were but knighted, and ſhould ſee himſelf once attack'd, he believ'd he ſhould not leave a man alive in the caſtle, except thoſe whom he ſhould deſire him to ſpare for his ſake.

Upon this the inn-keeper, leſt the knight ſhould proceed to ſuch extremities, fetch'd the book in which he us'd to ſet down the carriers accounts for ſtraw and barley; and having brought with him the two kind females, already mentioned, and a boy that held a piece of lighted candle in his hand, he order'd Don Quixote

to

to kneel: Then reading in his manual, as if he had been repeating ſome pious oration, in the midſt of his devotion he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and then a gentle ſlap on the back with the flat of his ſword, ſtill mumbling ſome words between his teeth in the tone of a prayer. After this he ordered one of the wenches to gird the ſword about the knight's waiſt; which ſhe did with much ſolemnity, and, I may add, diſcretion, conſidering how hard a thing it was to forbearing laughing at every circumſtance of the ceremony: 'Tis true, the thoughts of the knight's late proweſs, did not a little contribute to the ſuppreſſion of her mirth. As ſhe girded on his ſword, Heav'n, cry'd the kind lady, make your worſhip a lucky knight, and proſper you wherever you go. Don Quixote deſir'd to know her name, that he might underſtand to whom he was indebted for the favour ſhe had beſtow'd upon him, and alſo make her partaker of the honour he was to acquire by the ſtrength of his arm. To which the lady anſwer'd with all humility, that her name was Toloſa, a cobler's daughter, that kept a ſtall among the little ſhops of Sanchobinaya at Toledo; and that whenever he pleas'd to command her, ſhe would be his humble ſervant. Don Quixote begg'd of her to do him the favour to add hereafter the title of lady to her name, and for his ſake to be call'd from that time the lady Toloſa; which ſhe promis'd to do. Her companion having buckl'd on his ſpurs, occaſion'd the like conference between them; and when he had aſked her name, ſhe told him ſhe went by the name of Miller, being the daughter of an honeſt miller of Antequera. Our new knight intreated her alſo to ſtile herſelf the lady Miller, making her new offers of ſervice. Theſe extraordinary ceremonies (the like never ſeen before) being thus hurried over in a kind of poſt-haſte, Don Quixote could not reſt till he had taken the field in queſt of adventures; therefore having immediately ſaddled his Rozinante, and being mounted, he embrac'd the inn-keeper, and return'd him ſo many thanks at ſo extravagant a rate, for the obligation he had laid upon him in dubbing him a knight, that 'tis impoſſible to give a true relation

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Don Quixote knighted at the Inn.

relation of 'em all: To which the inn-keeper, in haſte to get rid of him, return'd as rhetorical, though ſhorter, anſwers; and, without ſtooping his horſe for the reckoning, was glad with all his heart to ſee him go.

CHAP. IV.

What befel the knight after he had left the inn.

AURORA began to uſher in the morn, when Don Quixote ſally'd out of the inn, ſo well pleas'd, ſo gay and ſo overjoy'd to find himſelf knighted, that he infus'd the ſame ſatisfaction into his horſe, who ſeem'd ready to burſt his girths for joy. But calling to mind the admonitions which the inn-keeper had given him, concerning the proviſion of neceſſary accommodations in his travels, particularly money and clean ſhirts, he reſolv'd to return home to furniſh himſelf with them, and likewiſe get him a ſquire, deſigning to entertain as ſuch a labouring man, his neighbour, who was poor and had a charge of children, but yet very fit for the office. With this reſolution he took the road which led to his own village; and Rozinante, that ſeem'd to know his will by inſtinct, began to carry him a round trot ſo briſkly, that his heels ſeem ſcarcely to touch the ground. The knight had not travell'd far, when he fancy'd he heard an effeminate voice complaining in a thicket on his right hand. "I thank "heaven (ſaid he when he heard the cries) for favouring "me ſo ſoon with an opportunity to perform the duty of "my profeſſion, and reap the fruit of my deſires! For "theſe complaints are certainly the moans of ſome diſtreſ-"ſed creature who wants my preſent help." Then turning to that ſide with all the ſpeed which Rozinante could make, he no ſooner came into the wood but he found a mare ty'd to an oak, and to another a young lad about fifteen years of age, naked from the waiſt upwards. This

was

was he who made ſuch a lamentable outcry; and not without cauſe, for a luſty country-fellow was ſtrapping him ſoundly with a girdle, at every ſtripe putting him in mind of a proverb, *Keep your mouth ſhut, and your eyes open, ſirrah.* Good maſter, cry'd the boy, I'll do ſo no more; as I hope to be ſav'd, I'll never do ſo again! Indeed, maſter, hereafter I'll take more care of your goods. Don Quixote ſeeing this, cry'd, in an angry tone, "Diſ-"courteous knight, 'tis an unworthy act to ſtrike a per-"ſon who is not able to defend himſelf: Come, beſtride "thy ſteed, and take thy lance," (for the farmer had ſomething that look'd like one leaning to the ſame tree to which his mare was ty'd) "then I'll make thee know "thou haſt acted the part of a coward." The country-fellow, who gave himſelf for loſt at the ſight of an apparition in armour brandiſhing his lance at his face, anſwer'd him in mild and ſubmiſſive words: "Sir knight, "cry'd he, this boy, whom I am chaſtiſing, is my "ſervant, employ'd by me to look after a flock of "ſheep, which I have not far off; but he is ſo heedleſs, "that I loſe ſome of 'em every day. Now, becauſe I "correct him for his careleſneſs or his knavery, he ſays "I do it out of covetouſneſs, to defraud him of his "wages; but, upon my life and ſoul, he belies me." "What! the lie in my preſence, you ſaucy clown "(cry'd Don Quixote); by the ſun that ſhines I have a "good mind to run thee through the body with my "lance. Pay the boy this inſtant, without any more "words, or, by the power that rules us all, I'll im-"mediately diſpatch, and annihilate thee: Come, un-"bind him this moment." The country-man hung down his head, and without any further reply unbound the boy; who being aſk'd by Don Quixote what his maſter ow'd him? told him 'twas nine months wages, at ſeven reals a month. The knight having caſt it up, found it came to ſixty-three reals in all; which he order'd the farmer to pay the fellow immediately, unleſs he intended to loſe his life that very moment. The poor country-man trembling for fear, told him, that, as he

was

was on the brink of death, by the oath he had ſworn (by the by he had not ſworn at all) he did not owe the lad ſo much; for there was to be deducted for three pair of ſhoes which he had bought him, and a real for his being let blood twice when he was ſick. That may be, reply'd Don Quixote; but ſet the price of the ſhoes and the bleeding againſt the ſtripes which you have given him without cauſe: for if he has us'd the ſhoe-leather which you paid for, you have in return miſus'd and impair'd his ſkin ſufficiently; and if the ſurgeon let him blood when he was ſick, you have drawn blood from him now he is in health; ſo that he owes you nothing on that account. The worſt is, Sir knight, cry'd the farmer, that I have no money about me; but let Andrew go home with me, and I'll pay him every piece out of hand. What! I go home with him, cry'd the youngſter, the devil a-bid, Sir! not I, truly, I know better things; for he'd no ſooner have me by himſelf, but he'd flea me alive like another St. Bartholomew. He will never dare to do it, reply'd Don Quixote; I command him, and that's ſufficient to reſtrain him: therefore provided he will ſwear by the order of knighthood which has been conferr'd upon him, that he will duly obſerve this regulation, I will freely let him go, and then thou art ſecure of thy money. Good Sir, take heed what you ſay, cry'd the boy; for my maſter is no knight, nor ever was of any order in his life: He's John Haldudo, the rich farmer of Quintinar. This ſignifies little, anſwer'd Don Quixote, for there may be knights among the Haldudo's; beſides, the brave man carves out his fortune, and every man is the ſon of his own works. That's true, Sir, quoth Andrew; but of what works can this maſter of mine be the ſon, who denies me my wages, which I have earn'd with the ſweat of my brows? I do not deny to pay thee thy wages, honeſt Andrew, cry'd the maſter; be but ſo kind as to go along with me, and by all the orders of knighthood in the world, I ſwear, I'll pay thee every piece, as I ſaid, nay and per-

fum'd to boot *. "You may ſpare your perfume, ſaid "Don Quixote; do but pay him in reals, and I am ſatis- "fied; but be ſure you perform your oath; for if you "fail, I myſelf ſwear by the ſame oath to return and "find you out, and puniſh you, though you ſhould hide "yourſelf as cloſe as a lizard. And if you would be in- "form'd who 'tis that lays theſe injunctions on you, that "you may underſtand how highly it concerns you to ob- "ſerve 'em, know, I am the valorous Don Quixote de "la Mancha, the righter of wrongs, the revenger and "redreſſer of grievances; and ſo farewel: But remember "what you have promis'd and ſworn, as you will anſwer "the contrary at your peril." This ſaid, he clapp'd ſpurs to Rozinante, and quickly left the maſter and the man a good way behind him.

The country-man, who follow'd him with both his eyes, no ſooner perceived that he was paſs'd the woods, and quite out of ſight, but he went back to his boy Andrew. Come, child, ſaid he, I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that righter of wrongs, and redreſſer of grievances has ordered me. Ay, quoth Andrew, on my word, you'll do well to fulfil the commands of that good knight, whom heaven grant long to live; for he is ſo brave a man, and ſo juſt a judge, that adad if you don't pay me he'll come back and make his words good. I dare ſwear as much, anſwer'd the maſter; and to ſhew thee how much I love thee, I am willing to increaſe the debt, that I may enlarge the payment. With that he caught the youngſter by the arm, and ty'd him again to the tree; where he handled him ſo unmercifully, that ſcarce any ſigns of life were left in him. Now call your righter

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* *To pay or return a thing perfum'd, is a Spaniſh expreſſion, ſignifying it ſhall be done to content or with advantage to the receiver. Jarvis ſays it is uſed here as a ſatire on the effeminate cuſtom of wearing every thing perfum'd, inſomuch that the very money in their pockets was ſcented.*

of wrongs, Mr. Andrew, cry'd the farmer, and you ſhall ſee he'll ne'er be able to undo what I have done: though I think 'tis but a part of what I ought to do, for I have a good mind to flea you alive, as you ſaid I would, you raſcal. However, he unty'd him at laſt, and gave him leave to go and ſeek out his judge, in order to have his decree put in execution. Andrew went his ways not very well pleas'd you may be ſure, yet fully resolv'd to find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and give him an exact account of the whole tranſaction, that he might pay the abuſe with ſeven fold uſury: In ſhort, he crept off ſobbing and weeping, while his maſter ſtaid behind laughing. And in this manner was this wrong redreſſed by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In the mean time, being highly pleaſed with himſelf and what had happen'd, imagining he had given a moſt fortunate and noble beginning to his feats of arms, as he went on towards his village, "O moſt beautiful of "beauties," ſaid he with a low voice, "Dulcinea "del Toboſo! well may'ſt thou deem thyſelf moſt "happy, ſince 'twas thy good fortune to captivate and "hold a willing ſlave to thy pleaſure ſo valorous and re-"nowned a knight as is, and ever ſhall be, Don Quixote "de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, had the "honour of knighthood beſtowed on him but yeſterday, "and this day redreſſed the greateſt wrong and grievance "that ever injuſtice could deſign, or cruelty commit: "This day has he wreſted the ſcourge out of the hands "of that tormentor, who ſo unmercifully treated a tender "infant, without the leaſt occaſion given." Juſt as he had ſaid this, he found himſelf at a place where four roads met; and this made him preſently bethink of thoſe croſs-ways which often us'd to put knights-errant to a ſtand, to conſult with themſelves which way they ſhould take: And that he might follow their example, he ſtopp'd a-while, and after he had ſeriouſly reflected on the matter, gave Rozinante the reins, ſubjecting his own will to that of his horſe, who purſuing his firſt intent, took the way that led to his own ſtable.

Don Quixote had not gone above two miles, but he discover'd a company of people riding towards him, who prov'd to be merchants of Toledo, that were going to buy silks in Murcia. They were six in all, every one screen'd with an umbrella, besides four servants on horse-back, and three muleteers * on foot. The knight no sooner perceiv'd 'em, but he imagined this to be some new adventure; and because he was resolv'd to imitate as much as possible the passages which he had read in his books, he was pleas'd to represent this to himself as such a particular adventure as he had a singular desire to meet with; and so, with a dreadful grace and assurance, fixing himself in his stirrups, couching his lance, and covering his breast with his target, he posted himself in the middle of the road, expecting the coming up of the supposed knights-errant. As soon as they came within hearing, with a loud voice and haughty tone, "Hold, cry'd he, let all "mankind stand, nor hope to pass on further, unless all "mankind acknowledge and confess, that there is not "in the universe a more beautiful damsel than the em-"press of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." At those words the merchants made a halt, to view the unaccountable figure of their opponent; and easily conjecturing, both by his expression and disguise, that the poor gentleman had lost his senses, they were willing to understand the meaning of that strange confession which he would force from them; and therefore one of the company, who lov'd and understood rallery, having discretion to manage it, undertook to talk to him. "Signor "cavalier, cry'd he, we do not know this worthy lady "you talk of; but be pleased to let us see her, and then "if we find her possess'd of those matchless charms, of "which you assert her to be the mistress, we will freely, "and without the least compulsion, own the truth "which you would extort from us." "Had I once

* *Mule-boys, who conduct travellers through Spain, and bring back the mules, and take care of 'em all the way.*

"shewed

" ſhewed you that beauty, reply'd Don Quixote, What
" wonder would it be to acknowledge ſo notorious a
" truth? The importance of the thing lies in obliging
" you to believe it, confeſs it, affirm it, ſwear it, and
" maintain it, without ſeeing her; and therefore make
" this acknowledgment this very moment, or know,
" 'tis with me you muſt join in battle, ye proud and un-
" reaſonable mortals. Come one by one, as the laws of
" chivalry require, or all at once, according to the diſ-
" honourable practice of men of your ſtamp; here I
" expect you all my ſingle ſelf, and will ſtand the en-
" counter, confiding in the juſtice of my cauſe." " Sir
" knight *, reply'd the merchant, I beſeech you, in
" the name of all the princes here preſent, that for the
" diſcharge of our conſciences, which will not permit us
" affirm a thing we never heard or ſaw, and which,
" beſides, tends ſo much to the diſhonour of the em-
" preſſes and queens of Alcaria and Eſtremadura, your
" worſhip will vouchſafe to let us ſee ſome portraiture
" of that lady, though 'twere no bigger than a grain
" of wheat; for by a ſmall ſample we may judge of
" the whole piece, and by that means reſt ſecure and
" ſatisfy'd, and you contented and appeas'd. Nay, I
" verily believe, that we all find ourſelves already ſo in-
" clinable to comply with you, that though her picture
" ſhould repreſent her to be blind of one eye, and diſtilling
" vermillion and brimſtone at the other, yet to oblige
" you, we ſhould be ready to ſay in her favour what-
" ever your worſhip deſires." " Diſtil, ye infamous
" ſcoundrels, reply'd Don Quixote, in a burning rage!
" diſtil, ſay you? Know, that nothing diſtils from her
" but amber and civet: neither is ſhe defective in her
" make or ſhape, but more ſtreight than a Guadaramian

* *Now the merchant finds him to be a knight-errant, he calls him Sir Knight: Before, it was only Signor Cavalier.*

" ſpindle *. But you ſhall all ſeverely pay for the hor-
" rid blaſphemy which thou haſt utter'd againſt the
" tranſcendent beauty of my incomparable lady." Saying this, with his lance couch'd, he ran ſo furiouſly at the merchant who thus provok'd him, that had not good fortune ſo order'd it, that Rozinante ſhould ſtumble and fall in the midſt of his career, the audacious trifler had paid dear for his rallery: But as Rozinante fell, he threw down his maſter, who roll'd and tumbled a good way on the ground, without being able to get upon his legs, though he us'd all his ſkill and ſtrength to effect it, ſo encumber'd he was with his lance, target, ſpurs, helmet, and the weight of his ruſty armour. However, in this helpleſs condition he play'd the heroe with his tongue; " Stay, cry'd he, cowards, raſcals, do not fly! 'tis not
" through my fault that I lie here, but through that of
" my horſe, ye poltroons!"

One of the grooms, who was none of the beſt-natur'd creatures, hearing the overthrown knight thus inſolently treat his maſter, could not bear it without returning him an anſwer on his ribs; and therefore coming up to him, as he lay wallowing, he ſnatch'd his lance, and having broke it to pieces, he ſo belabour'd Don Quixote's ſides with one of them, that, in ſpite of his arms, he thraſh'd him like a wheat-ſheaf. His maſter indeed call'd to him not to lay him on ſo vigorouſly, and to let him alone; but the fellow, whoſe hand was in, would not give over rib-roaſting the knight, till he had tir'd out his paſſion and himſelf; and therefore running to the other pieces of the broken lance, he fell to it again without ceaſing, 'till he had ſplinter'd them all on the knight's iron inclo-

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* *As ſtreight as a ſpindle, is a Spaniſh ſimile, and Guadarama is a noted place for making them, ſays Stevens. Guadarama is a ſmall town nine leagues from Madrid, ſeated at the foot of the mountain: Near it ſtands the Eſcurial. Jarvis ſays, the rocks of this hill are ſo ſtreight, and perpendicular, that they are called the ſpindles.*

ſure.

ſure. He, on his ſide, notwithſtanding all this ſtorm of baſtinadoes, lay all the while bellowing, threatning heaven and earth, and thoſe villainous ruffians, as he took them to be. At laſt the mule-driver was tir'd, and the merchants purſu'd their journey, ſufficiently furniſh'd with matter of diſcourſe at the poor knight's expence. When he found himſelf alone, he try'd once more to get on his feet; but if he cou'd not do it when he had the uſe of his limbs, how ſhould he do it now, bruis'd and batter'd as he was? But yet for all this, he eſteem'd himſelf a happy man, being ſtill perſuaded, that his misfortune was one of thoſe accidents common in knight-errantry, and ſuch a one as he cou'd wholly attribute to the falling of his horſe; nor could he poſſibly get up, ſo ſore and mortify'd as his body was all over.

CHAP. V.

A further account of our knight's misfortunes.

DON Quixote perceiving that he was not able to ſtir, reſolv'd to have recourſe to his uſual remedy, which was to bethink himſelf what paſſage in his books might afford him ſome comfort: And preſently his folly brought to his remembrance the ſtory of Baldwin and the marquis of Mantua, when Charlot left the former wounded on the mountain; a ſtory learn'd and known by little children, not unknown to young men and women, celebrated, and even believ'd, by the old, and yet not a jot more authentick than the miracles of Mahomet. This ſeem'd to him as if made on purpoſe for his preſent circumſtances, and therefore he fell a rolling and tumbling up and down, expreſſing the greateſt pain and reſentment, and breathing out, with a languiſhing voice, the ſame complaints which the wounded knight of the wood is ſaid to have made:

Alas!

" Alas! where are you, lady dear,
" That for my woe you do not moan?
" You little know what ails me here,
" Or are to me disloyal grown!"

Thus he went on with the lamentations in that romance, till he came to these verses:

" O thou, my uncle and my prince,
" Marquis of Mantua, noble lord!——

When kind fortune so order'd it, that a ploughman, who liv'd in the same village, and near his house, happen'd to pass by, as he came from the mill with a sack of wheat. The fellow seeing a man lie at his full length on the ground, ask'd him who he was, and why he made such a sad complaint? Don Quixote, whose distemper'd brain presently represented to him the country-man for the marquis of Mantua, his imaginary uncle, made him no answer, but went on with the romance, giving him an account of his misfortunes, and of the loves of his wife, and the emperor's son, just as the book relates 'em. The fellow star'd, much amaz'd to hear a man talk such unaccountable stuff; and taking off the vizor of his helmet, broken all to pieces with blows bestow'd upon't by the mule-driver, he wip'd off the dust that cover'd his face, and presently knew the gentleman. Master Quixada! cry'd he, (for so he was properly call'd when he had the right use of his senses, and had not yet from a sober gentleman transform'd himself into a wand'ring knight) how came you in this condition? But the other continu'd his romance, and made no answers to all the questions the country-man put to him, but what follow'd in course in the book: Which the good man perceiving, he took off the batter'd adventurer's armour, as well as he could, and fell a searching for his wounds; but finding no sign of blood, or any other hurt, he endeavour'd to set him upon his legs; and at last with a great deal of trouble, he heav'd him upon his own ass, as being the more easy and

gentle carriage: He alſo got all the knight's arms together, not leaving behind ſo much as the ſplinters of his lance; and having ty'd 'em up, and laid 'em on Rozinante, which he took by the bridle, and his aſs by the halter, he led 'em all towards the village, and trudg'd afoot himſelf very penſive, while he reflected on the extravagancies which he heard Don Quixote utter. Nor was Don Quixote himſelf leſs melancholy, for he felt himſelf ſo bruis'd and mortify'd, that he could hardly ſit on the aſs; and now and then he breath'd ſuch grievous ſighs, as ſeem'd to pierce the very ſkies, which mov'd his compaſſionate neighbour once more to intreat him to declare to him the cauſe of his grief: But one would have imagin'd the devil prompted him with ſtories, that had ſome reſemblance of his circumſtances; for in that inſtant, wholly forgetting Baldwin, he bethought himſelf of the moor Abindarez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcayde of Antequera, took and carried priſoner to his caſtle; ſo that when the huſband-man aſk'd him how he did, and what ail'd him? he anſwered word for word as the priſoner Abindarez reply'd to Rodrigo de Narvaez, in the Diana of George de Monte-mayor, where that adventure is related; applying it ſo properly to his purpoſe, that the countryman wiſh'd himſelf at the devil rather than within the hearing of ſuch ſtrange nonſenſe; and being now fully convinc'd, that his neighbour's brains were turn'd, he made all the haſte he could to the village, to be rid of his troubleſome impertinencies. Don Quixote in the mean time thus went on: You muſt know, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this beautiful Xerifa, of whom I gave you an account, is at preſent the moſt lovely Dulcinea del Toboſo, for whoſe ſake I have done, ſtill do, and will atchieve the moſt famous deeds of chivalry that ever were, are, or ever ſhall be ſeen in the univerſe. Good ſir, reply'd the huſband-man, as I'm a ſinner, I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonſo by name, your worſhip's neighbour; nor are you Baldwin, nor Abindarraez, but only that worthy gentleman Senior Quixada. I know very well who I am, anſwer'd Don Quixote; and what's more, I know, that

I may

I may not only be the persons I have named, but also the twelve peers of France, nay, and the nine worthies all in one; since my atchievements will out-rival not only the famous exploits which made any of 'em singly illustrious, but all their mighty deeds accumulated together.

Thus discoursing, they at last got near their village about sun-set; but the country-man staid at some distance till 'twas dark, that the distressed gentleman might not be seen so scurvily mounted, and then he led him home to his own house, which he found in great confusion. The curate and the barber of the village, both of 'em Don Quixote's intimate acquaintance, happen'd to be there at that juncture, as also the house-keeper, who was arguing with 'em: What do you think, pray good doctor Perez, said she, (for this was the curate's name) what do you think of my master's mischance? neither he, nor his horse, nor his target, lance, nor armour have been seen these six days. What shall I do, wretch that I am! I dare lay my life, and 'tis as sure as I am a living creature, that those cursed books of errantry, which he us'd to be always poring upon, have set him besides his senses; for now I remember, I have heard him often mutter to himself, that he had a mind to turn knight-errant, and jaunt up and down the world to find out adventures. May Satan and Barabbas e'en take all such books that have thus crackt the best head-piece in all La Mancha! His niece said as much, addressing herself to the barber: You must know, Mr. Nicholas, quoth she, (for that was his name) that many times my uncle would read you those unconscionable books of disventures for eight and forty hours together; then away he'd throw you his book, and drawing his sword, he'd fall a fencing against the walls; and when he had tir'd himself with cutting and slashing, he would cry, he had kill'd four giants as big as any steeples; and the sweat which he put himself into, he would say, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight; then would he swallow you a huge jug of cold water, and presently he'd be as quiet and as well as e'er he was in his life; and he said, that this same water was a sort of precious drink

brought

brought him by the ſage * Eſquife a great magician, and his ſpecial friend. Now 'tis I who am the cauſe of all this miſchief, for not giving you timely notice of my uncle's raving, that you might have put a ſtop to it, ere 'twas too late, and have burnt all theſe excommunicated books; for there are I don't know how many of them that deſerve as much to be burn'd as thoſe of the rankeſt hereticks. I am of your mind, ſaid the curate; and verily to morrow ſhall not paſs over before I have fairly brought 'em to a trial, and condemn'd 'em to the flames, that they may not miniſter occaſion to ſuch as would read 'em, to be perverted after the example of my good friend. The country-man, who with Don Quixote ſtood without, liſtning to all this diſcourſe, now perfectly underſtood by this the cauſe of his neighbour's diſorder; and therefore, without any more ado, he call'd out aloud, Here! houſe! open the gates there, for the lord Baldwin, and the lord marquis of Mantua, who is coming ſadly wounded; and for the mooriſh lord Abindaraez, whom the valorous Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, Alcayde of Antequera, brings priſoner. At which words they all got out of doors; and the one finding it to be her uncle, and the other to be her maſter, and the reſt their friend, who had not yet alighted from the aſs, becauſe indeed he was not able, they all ran to embrace him: to whom Don Quixote; Forbear, ſaid he, for I am ſorely hurt, by reaſon that my horſe fail'd me; carry me to bed, and if it be poſſible let the enchantreſs Urganda be ſent for to cure my wounds. Now, in the name of miſchief, quoth the houſe-keeper, ſee whether I did not gueſs right, on which foot my maſter halted? come, get you to bed, I beſeech you; and, my life for your's, we'll take care to cure you without ſending for that ſame Urganda. A hearty curſe, and the curſe of curſes, I ſay it again and again a hundred times, light upon thoſe books of chivalry that have put you in this

* *She means Alquife, a famous enchanter in Amadis de Gaul and Don Belianis of Greece, huſband to the no leſs famous Urganda the ſorcereſs.*

pickle,

pickle. Thereupon they carry'd him up to his bed, and ſearch'd for his wounds, but could find none; and then he told them he was only bruis'd, having had a dreadful fall from his horſe Rozinante while he was fighting ten giants, the moſt outragious and audacious that ever could be found upon the face of the earth. How! cry'd the curate, have we giants too in the dance*? nay then, by the holy ſign of the croſs, I'll burn 'em all by to-morrow-night. Then did they aſk the Don a thouſand queſtions; but to every one he made no other anſwer, but that they ſhould give him ſomething to eat, and then leave him to his repoſe, a thing which was to him of the greateſt importance. They comply'd with his deſires; and then the curate inform'd himſelf at large in what condition the country-man had found him; and having had a full account of every particular, as alſo of the knight's extravagant talk, both when the fellow found him, and as he brought him home, this increas'd the curate's deſire of effecting what he had reſolv'd to do the next morning: at which time he call'd upon his friend, Mr. Nicholas the barber, and went with him to Don Quixote's houſe.

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleaſant and curious ſcrutiny which the curate and the barber made of the library of our ingenious gentleman.

THE knight was yet aſleep, when the curate came attended by the barber, and deſir'd his niece to let him have the key of the room where her uncle kept his books, the author of his woes: She readily conſented; and ſo in they went, and the houſe-keeper with 'em. There they found above an hundred large volumes neatly

* *Alluding to a paſſage in Amadis, where ſeveral giants are mix'd with ladies and knights at Conſtantinople in a dance.*

bound, and a good number of ſmall ones: As ſoon as the houſe-keeper had ſpy'd 'em out, ſhe ran out of the ſtudy, and return'd immediately with a holy-water pot and a ſprinkler: Here doctor, cry'd ſhe, pray ſprinkle every creek and corner in the room, leſt there ſhould lurk in it ſome one of the many ſorcerers theſe books ſwarm with, who might chance to bewitch us, for the ill-will we bear 'em, in going about to ſend 'em out of the world. The curate could not forbear ſmiling at the good woman's ſimplicity; and deſir'd the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might peruſe the title-pages, for perhaps they might find ſome among 'em, that might not deſerve to be committed to the flames. Oh, by no means, cry'd the niece, ſpare none of them, they all help ſome how or other to crack my uncle's brain. I fancy we had beſt throw 'em all out at the window in the yard, and lay 'em together in a heap, and then ſet 'em o'fire, or elſe carry 'em into the back-yard, and there make a pile of 'em, and burn 'em, and ſo the ſmoak will offend no body: the houſe-keeper join'd with her, ſo eagerly bent they were both upon the deſtruction of thoſe poor innocents; but the curate would not condeſcend to thoſe irregular proceedings, and reſolv'd firſt to read at leaſt the title-page of every book.

The firſt that Mr. Nicholas put into his hands was Amadis de Gaul, in four volumes *. There ſeems to me ſome myſtery in this book's being the firſt taken down (cry'd the curate, as ſoon as he had look'd upon't) for I have heard 'tis the firſt book of knight-errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the model of all the reſt; and therefore I am of opinion, that, as the firſt teacher and author of ſo pernicious a ſect, it ought to be condemn'd to the fire without mercy. I beg a reprieve for him, cry'd the barber, for I have been told 'tis the beſt

* *Hence it appears, that only the firſt four books of Amadis were thought genuine by Cervantes. The ſubſequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemn'd hereby as ſpurious.*

book that has been written in that kind; and therefore, as the only good thing of that ſort, it may deſerve a pardon. Well then, reply'd the curate, for this time let him have it. Let's ſee that other, which lies next to him. Theſe, ſaid the barber, are the exploits of Eſplandian, the lawful begotten ſon of Amadis de Gaul. Verily, ſaid the curate, the father's goodneſs ſhall not excuſe the want of it in the ſon: here, good miſtreſs houſe-keeper, open that window, and throw it into the yard, and let it ſerve as a foundation to that pile we are to ſet a blazing preſently. She was not ſlack in her obedience; and thus poor Don Eſplandian was ſent headlong into the yard, there patiently to wait the time of his fiery trial. To the next, cry'd the curate. This, ſaid the barber, is Amadis of Greece; and I'm of opinion, that all thoſe that ſtand on this ſide are of the ſame family. Then let 'em all be ſent packing into the yard, reply'd the curate; for rather than loſe the pleaſure of burning queen * Pintiquinieſtra, and the ſhepherd † Darinel with his eclogues, and the confounded unintelligible diſcourſes of the author, I think I ſhould burn my own father along with 'em, if I met him in the diſguiſe of a knight-errant. I am of your mind, cry'd the barber; and I too, ſaid the niece: nay, then, quoth the old female, let 'em come, and down with 'em all into the yard. They were deliver'd to her accordingly, and many they were; ſo that to ſave herſelf the labour of carrying 'em down ſtairs, ſhe fairly ſent them flying out at the window.

What overgrown piece of lumber ‡ have we here? cry'd the curate. Olivante de Laura, return'd the barber. The ſame author wrote The garden of flowers; and, to deal ingenuouſly with you, I cannot well tell which of the two books has moſt truth in it, or, to ſpeak more

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* *A terrible fighting gianteſs in Amadis de Gaul, and one of the moſt ridiculous characters imaginable.*

† *A ridiculous buffoon, in love with an empreſs,* ibid.

‡ *What* Tun *of an author,* &c. Quien es eſſe *tonel, &c. in the original?*

properly,

properly, leſs lies: but this I know for certain, that he ſhall march into the backyard like a nonſenſical arrogant block-head as he is.

The next, cry'd the barber, is Floriſmart of Hyrcania. How! my lord Floriſmart, is he here? reply'd the curate: nay then truly he ſhall e'en follow the reſt to the yard, in ſpite of his wonderful birth and incredible adventures; for his rough, dull, and inſipid ſtile deſerves no better uſage. Come, toſs him into the yard, and this other too, good miſtreſs. With all my heart, quoth the governeſs; and ſtrait ſhe was as good as her word.

Here's the noble Don Platir, cry'd the barber. 'Tis an old book, replied the curate, and I can think of nothing in him that deſerves a grain of pity: away with him, without any more words; and down he went accordingly.

Another book was open'd, and it prov'd to be The knight of the croſs. The holy title, cry'd the curate, might in ſome meaſure atone for the badneſs of the book; but then, as the ſaying is, *The devil lurks behind the croſs!* To the flames with him.

Then the barber taking down another book, cry'd, Here's The mirrour of knighthood. Oh! I have the honour to know him, reply'd the curate. There you will find the lord Rinalde of Montalban, with his friends and companions, all of them greater thieves than Cacus, together with the twelve peers of France, and that faithful hiſtorian Turpin. Truly, I muſt needs ſay, I am only for condemning them to perpetual baniſhment, at leaſt becauſe their ſtory contains ſomething of the famous * Boyardo's invention, out of which the Chriſtian poet Arioſto alſo ſpun his web: yet, if I happen to meet with him in this bad company, and ſpeaking in any other language than his own, I'll ſhew him no manner of favour; but if he talks in his own native tongue, I'll treat him with

* *A famous Italian poet, author of ſeveral cantos of Orlando Inamorato, from whom Arioſto borrow'd a great part of his Orlando Furioſo.*

all the respect imaginable *. I have him at home in Italian, said the barber, but I cannot understand him. Neither is it any great matter, whether you do or not †, reply'd the curate; and I could willingly have excus'd the good captain who translated it that trouble of attempting to make him speak Spanish, for he has depriv'd him of a great deal of his primitive graces; a misfortune incident to all those who presume to translate verses, since their utmost wit and industry can never enable 'em to preserve the native beauties and genius that shine in the original. For this reason I am for having not only this book, but likewise all those which we shall find here, treating of French affairs ‡, laid up and deposited in some dry vault, till we have maturely determined what ought to be done with 'em; yet give me leave to except one Barnardo del Carpio, that must be somewhere here among the rest, and another, call'd Roncesvalles; for whenever I meet with 'em I will certainly deliver 'em up into the hands of the house-keeper, who shall toss them into the fire. The barber gave his approbation to every particular, well knowing that the curate was so good a Christian, and so great a lover of truth, that he would not have utter'd a falsity for all the world. Then opening another volume, he found it to be Palmerin de Oliva, and the next to that Palmerin of England. Ha! have I found you! cry'd the curate. Here, take that Oliva, let him be torn to pieces, then burnt, and his ashes scatter'd in the air; but let Palmerin of England be preserved as a singular relique of antiquity; and let such a costly box be made for him as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, which he devoted to inclose Homer's works: for I must tell you, neighbour, that book deserves particular respect

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* *I will put him upon my head, in the original: a mark of honour and respect.*

† *It is plain from hence, that Cervantes did not relish Ariosto's extravagances.*

‡ *Meaning the common subject of romances, the scene of which lay in France, under Charlemayne and the Paladins.*

for

for two things; first for its own excellencies; and, secondly, for the sake of its author, who is said to have been a learned king of Portugal: then all the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are well and artfully manag'd, the dialogue very courtly and clear, and the decorum strictly observed in equal character, with equal propriety and judgment. Therefore, Mr. Nicholas, coontinu'd he, with submission to your better advice, this and Amadis de Gaul shall be exempted from the fire; and let all the rest be condemn'd without any further enquiry or examination. By no means, I beseech you, return'd the barber, for this which I have in my hands is the famous Don Bellianis. Truly, cry'd the curate, he, with his second, third, and fourth parts, had need of a dose of Rhubarb to purge his excessive choler: besides, his castle of fame should be demolish'd, and a heap of other rubbish remov'd; in order to which I give my vote to grant 'em the benefit of a reprieve; and as they shew signs of amendment, so shall mercy or justice be us'd towards 'em: in the mean time, neighbour, take 'em into custody, and keep them safe at home; but let none be permitted to converse with them. Content, cry'd the barber; and to save himself the labour of looking on any more books of that kind, he bid the house-keeper take all the great volumes, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web *: So that laying hold on no less than eight volumes at once, she presently made 'em leap towards the place of execution: but as she went too eagerly to work, taking more books than she could conveniently carry, she happen'd to drop one at the barber's feet, which he took up out of curiosity to see what it was, and found it to be the history of the famous knight Tirante the White. Good-lack-a-day, cry'd the curate, is Tirante the White here? Oh! pray, good neighbour, give it me by all

* *A conceal'd piece of satire on the laziness and want of good housewifery of the Spanish women.*

means, for I promise myself to find in it a treasure of delight, and a mine of recreation. There we have that valorous knight * Don Kyrie-Eleison of Montalban, with his brother Thomas of Montalban, and the knight Fonseca; the combat between the valorous Detriante and Alano; the dainty and witty conceits of the damsel Plazerdemivida, with the loves and guiles of the widow Reposada; together with the lady empress, that was in love with Hippolito her gentleman-usher. I vow and protest to you, neighbour, continu'd he, that in its way there is not a better book in the world: why here you knights eat and drink, sleep and die natural deaths in their beds, nay, and make their last wills and testaments; with a world of other things, of which all the rest of these sort of books don't say one syllable. Yet after all, I must tell you, that for wilfully taking the pains to write so many foolish things, the worthy author fairly deserves to be sent to the galleys for all the days of his life. Take it home with you and read it, and then tell me whither I have told you the truth or no. I believe you, reply'd the barber; but what shall we do with all these smaller books that are left? Certainly, reply'd the curate, these cannot be books of knight-errantry, they are too small; you'll find they are only poets: and so opening one, it happen'd to be the Diana of Montemayor; which made him say (believing all the rest to be of that stamp) these do not deserve to be punish'd like the others, for they neither have done, nor can do that mischief which those stories of chivalry have done, being generally ingenious books, that can do no body any prejudice. Oh! good Sir, cry'd the niece, burn 'em with the rest, I beseech you; for should my uncle get cur'd of his knight-errant frenzy, and betake himself to the reading of these books, we should have him turn shepherd, and so wander thro' the woods and fields;

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* *Most of these names are significative, and are qualities personify'd: as* Kyrie-Eleison, *Greek for* Lord have mercy upon us; Alano *is a mastiff-dog*; Plazerdemivida, *pleasure of my life*; Reposada, *sedate and staid.*

nay,

nay, and what would be worſe yet, turn poet, which they ſay is a catching and an uncurable diſeaſe. The gentlewoman is in the right, ſaid the curate, and it will not be amiſs to remove that ſtumbling-block out of our friend's way; and ſince we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not to burn it, but only take out that part of it which treats of the magician Felicia, and the inchanted water, as alſo all the longer poems; and let the work eſcape with its proſe, and the honour of being the firſt of that kind. Here's another Diana, quoth the barber, the ſecond of that name, by Salmantino; (of Salamanca) nay, and a third too, by Gil Polo. Pray, ſaid the curate, let Salmantino increaſe the number of the criminals in the yard; but as for that Gil Polo, preſerve it as charily as if Apollo himſelf had wrote it; and go on as faſt as you can, I beſeech you, good neighbour, for it grows late. Here, quoth the barber, I've a book called the Ten books of the fortunes of love, by Anthony de Loſraco, a Sardinian poet. Now, by my holy orders, cry'd the curate, I do not think ſince Apollo was Apollo, the muſes muſes, and the poets poets, there was ever a more comical, more whimſical book. Of all the works of the kind commend me to this, for in its way 'tis certainly the beſt and moſt ſingular that ever was publiſh'd, and he that never read it, may ſafely think he never in his life read any thing that was pleaſant. Give it me, neighbour, continu'd he, for I am more glad to have found it, than if any one had given me a caſſock of the beſt Florence ſerge. With that he laid it aſide with extraordinary ſatisfaction, and the barber went on: Theſe that follow, cry'd he, are The ſhepherd of Iberia, The Nymphs of Enares, and The cure of jealouſy. Take 'em jaylor, quoth the curate, and never aſk me why, for then we ſhall ne'er have done. The next, ſaid the barber, is The ſhepherd of Filida. He's no ſhepherd, return'd the curate, but a very diſcreet courtier; keep him as a precious jewel. Here's a bigger, cry'd the barber, call'd, The treaſure of divers poems. Had there been fewer of 'em, ſaid the curate, they would have been more eſteem'd. 'Tis fit the book ſhould be prun'd and

clear'd

clear'd of ſeveral trifles that diſgrace the reſt: keep it however, becauſe the author is my friend, and for the ſake of his other more heroick and lofty productions. Here's a book of ſongs by Lopez Maldonardo, cry'd the barber. He's alſo my particular friend, ſaid the curate: his verſes are very well lik'd when he reads them himſelf; and his voice is ſo excellent, that they charm us whenever he ſings 'em. He ſeems indeed to be ſomewhat too long in his eclogues; but can we ever have too much of a good thing? Let him be preſerv'd among the beſt. What's the next book? The Galatea of Miguel de Cervantes, reply'd the barber. That Cervantes has been my intimate acquaintance theſe many years, cry'd the curate; and I know he has been more converſant with misfortunes than with poetry. His book indeed has I don't know what that looks like a good deſign; he aims at ſomething, but concludes nothing: therefore we muſt ſtay for the ſecond part, which he has promis'd us *; perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full pardon, which is denied him for the preſent; till that time keep him cloſe priſoner at your houſe. I will, quoth the barber: but ſee, I have here three more for you, The Araucana of Don Alonſo de Ercilla, The Auſtirada of Juan Ruffo, a magiſtrate of Cordoua, and the Monſerrato of Chriſtopher de Virves, a Valencian poet. Theſe, cry'd the curate, are the beſt heroick poems we have in Spaniſh, and may vie with the moſt celebrated of Italy: reſerve him as the moſt valuable performance which Spain has to boaſt of in poetry.

At laſt the curate grew ſo tir'd with prying into ſo many volumes, that he ordered all the reſt to be burnt at a venture †. But the barber ſhew'd him one which he had open'd by chance ere the dreadful ſentence was paſs'd. Truly, ſaid the curate, who ſaw by the title 'twas The tears of Angelica, I ſhould have wept myſelf, had I

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* *Cervantes never perform'd this promiſe.*

† *In the original,* à Carga Cerrada *(Inſide and contents unknown) a mercantile phraſe uſed in their bills of lading.*

caus'd

caus'd ſuch a book to ſhare the condemnation of the reſt; for the author was not only one of the beſt poets in Spain, but in the whole world, and tranſlated ſome of Ovid's fables with extraordinary ſucceſs.

CHAP. VII.

Don Quixote's *ſecond ſally in queſt of adventures.*

WHILE they were thus employed, Don Quixote in a raving fit began to talk aloud to himſelf: Here, here, valorous knights, cry'd he, now's the time that you muſt exert the ſtrength of your mighty arms; for lo, the courtiers bear away the honour of the tournament. This amazing outcry call'd away the inquiſitors from any further examination of the library; and therefore the houſe-keeper and the niece being left to their own diſcretion, 'tis thought the Carolea, and Leo of Spain, with the deeds of the emperor, written by Don Lewis d' Avila, which to be ſure were part of the collection, were committed to the flames unſeen and unheard, without any legal trial; a fate which perhaps they might have eſcap'd, had the curate been there to have weigh'd what might have been urg'd in their defence.

When they came into Don Quixote's chamber, they found him riſen out of his bed as mad as ever he was, tearing his throat, and making a heavy buſtle, laying about him with his ſword back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke, as broad awake as if he had never ſlept. They ran in upon him, caught him in their arms, and carry'd him to bed again by main force; where, after he was ſomewhat quiet and ſettled, turning himſelf to the curate, Certainly, cry'd he, my lord archbiſhop Turpin, 'tis a great diſhonour to us who are call'd the twelve peers, to ſuffer the knights of the court to bear away the honour of the tournament without any further oppoſition, after we the knight-adventurers had carry'd it for three days before. Be pacify'd, my good friend, reply'd the curate; fortune

may

may have yet a better ſucceſs in reſerve for you, and they who loſe to day may win to morrow: at preſent think on your health, for doubtleſs you muſt needs be now extremely tir'd, if not very much wounded. Wounded! reply'd Don Quixote, no; but as for being bruis'd, I will not deny it, for that baſe-born knight Don Orlando has batter'd all my limbs with the trunk of an oak, out of meer envy, becauſe he ſees that I only dare rival his exploits: but may I no more be called Rinaldo of Montalban, if, in ſpite of his inchantments, I do not make him ſeverely pay for this as ſoon as I can leave my bed; and therefore let my dinner be brought in, for 'tis what I want moſt at this juncture, and then let me alone to revenge this abuſe. Accordingly they brought him ſome victuals, which when he had eaten, he fell aſleep again, and they left him, all of them ſtrangely amaz'd at his uncommon madneſs. That night the houſe-keeper burnt all the books, not only thoſe in the yard, but all thoſe that were in the houſe; and ſeveral ſuffer'd in the general calamity, that deſerv'd to have been treaſur'd up in everlaſting archives, had not their fate and the remiſſneſs of the inquiſitors order'd it otherwiſe. And thus they verify'd the proverb, *That the good often fare the worſe for the bad.*

One of the expedients which the curate and the barber bethought themſelves of, in order to their friend's recovery, was to ſtop up the door of the room where his books lay, that he might not find it, nor miſs them when he roſe; for they hop'd the effect would ceaſe when they had taken away the cauſe; and they order'd, that if he enquir'd about it, they ſhould tell him, that a certain inchanter had carry'd away ſtudy, books and all. Two days after, Don Quixote being got up, the firſt thing he did was to go viſit his darling books; and as he could not find the ſtudy in the place where he had left it, he went up and down, and look'd for it in every room. Sometimes he came to the place where the door us'd to ſtand, and then ſtood feeling and groping about a good while, then caſt his eyes, and ſtar'd on every ſide, without ſpeaking a word. At laſt, after a long deliberation, he thought fit

to

to ask his house-keeper which was the way to his study? What study, (answer'd the woman, according to her instructions) or rather, what nothing is it you look for? alas! here's neither study nor books in the house now, for the devil is run away with them all. No, 'twas not the devil, said the niece, but a conjurer, or an inchanter, as they call 'em, who, since you went, came hither one night mounted on a dragon o'th' top of a cloud, and then alighting, went into your study, where what he did, he and the devil best can tell, for a while after, he flew out at the roof of the house, leaving it all full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find the books, nor so much as the very study; only the house-keeper and I very well remember, that when the old thief went away, he cry'd out aloud, that out of a private grudge which he bore in his mind to the owner of those books, he had done the house a mischief, as we should soon perceive; and then I think he call'd himself the sage Muniaton. Not Muniaton, but * Freston you should have said, cry'd Don Quixote. Truly, quoth the niece, I can't tell whether it was Freston or Friston, but sure I am that his name ended with a ton. 'Tis so, return'd Don Quixote, for he is a famous necromancer, and my mortal enemy, and bears me a great deal of malice; for seeing by his art, that in spite of all his spells, in process of time I shall fight and vanquish in single combat a knight whose interest he espouses, therefore he endeavours to do me all manner of mischief; but I dare assure him, that he strives against the stream, nor can his power reverse the first decrees of fate. Who doubts of that? cry'd the niece: but, dear uncle, what makes you run your self into these quarrels? had not you better stay at home, and live in peace and quietness, than go rambling up and down like a vagabond, and seeking for better bread than is made of wheat, without once so much as considering, that many go to seek wool, and come home shorn themselves? Oh, good niece, reply'd

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* *An enchanter in Don Bellianis of Greece.*

Don

Don Quixote, how ill thou underſtandeſt theſe matters! know, that before I'll ſuffer my ſelf to be ſhorn, I'll tear and pluck off the beards of all thoſe audacious mortals, that ſhall attempt to profane the tip of one ſingle hair within the verge of theſe muſtachoes. To this neither the niece nor the governeſs thought fit to make any reply, for they perceiv'd the knight to grow angry. Full fifteen days did our knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the leaſt ſign of his deſire to renew his rambling; during which time there paſs'd a great deal of pleaſant diſcourſe between him and his two friends the curate and the barber; while he maintain'd, that there was nothing the world ſtood ſo much in need of as knights-errant; wherefore he was reſolv'd to revive the order: in which diſputes Mr. Curate ſometimes contradicted him, and ſometimes ſubmitted; for had he not now and then given way to his fancies, there would have been no converſing with him.

In the mean time Don Quixote earneſtly ſollicited one of his neighbours, a country-labourer, and a good honeſt fellow, if we may call a poor man honeſt, for he was poor indeed, poor in purſe, and poor in brains; and, in ſhort, the knight talk'd ſo long to him, ply'd him with ſo many arguments, and made him ſo many fair promiſes, that at laſt the poor ſilly clown conſented to go along with him, and become his ſquire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him, that 'twas likely ſuch an adventure would preſent it ſelf, as might ſecure him the conqueſt of ſome iſland in the time that he might be picking up a ſtraw or two, and then the ſquire might promiſe himſelf to be made governor of the place. Allur'd with theſe large promiſes, and many others, Sancho Pança (for that was the name of the fellow) forſook his wife and children to be his neighbour's ſquire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his buſineſs to furniſh himſelf with money; to which purpoſe, ſelling one houſe, mortgaging another, and loſing by all, he at laſt got a pretty good ſum together. He alſo borrowed a target of a friend, and having patch'd up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his ſquire notice of the day

and hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but above all he charg'd him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promis'd to do, telling him he wou'd also take his ass along with him, which being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not us'd to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause a while; he mus'd and ponder'd whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whose squire us'd to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it: however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with shirts, and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the inn-keepers injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Pança, without bidding either his wife or children good-by; and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his house-keeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by any body, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Pança, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governour of the island, which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happen'd to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Montiel, over which he travell'd with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning; at which time the sun-beams being almost parallel to the surface of the earth, and not directly darted down, as in the middle of the day, did not prove so offensive. As they jogg'd on, I beseech your worship, sir knight-errant, quoth Sancho to his master, be sure you don't forget what you promis'd me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big. You must know, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, that it has been the constant practice of knights-

errant in former ages, to make their ſquires governours of the iſlands or kingdoms they conquer'd: now I am not only reſolv'd to keep up that laudable cuſtom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predeceſſors in generoſity: for whereas ſometimes, or rather moſt commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their ſquires till they were grown old, and worn out with ſervice, bad days, worſe nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with ſome title, either of count, or at leaſt marqueſs of ſome valley or province, of great or ſmall extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have paſs'd ſix days together, I may conquer ſome kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out moſt luckily for thee; for then would I preſently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for ſo ſtrange accidents and revolutions, ſo ſudden and ſo unforeſeen, attend the profeſſion of chivalry, that I might eaſily give thee a great deal more than I have promiſed. Why, ſhould this come to paſs, quoth Sancho Pança, and I be made a king by ſome ſuch miracle, as your worſhip ſays, then happy be lucky, my Whither-d'ye-go Mary Gutierez wou'd be at leaſt a queen, and my children infantas and princes, an't like your worſhip. Who doubts of that? cry'd Don Quixote? I doubt of it, reply'd Sancho Pança; for I can't help believing, that though it ſhould rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would ſit well upon Mary Gutierez's head; for I muſt needs tell you, ſhe's not worth two braſs jacks to make a queen of: no, counteſs would be better for her, an't pleaſe you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as ſhe can handſomely manage. Recommend the matter to providence, return'd Don Quixote, 'twill be ſure to give what is moſt expedient for thee; but yet diſdain to entertain inferiour thoughts, and be not tempted to accept leſs than the dignity of a vice-roy. No more I won't, ſir, quoth Sancho, eſpecially ſince I have ſo rare a maſter as your worſhip, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the good ſucceſs which the valorous Don Quixote *had in the moſt terrifying and never-to-be-imagin'd adventure of the wind-mills, with other tranſactions worthy to be tranſmitted to poſterity.*

AS they were thus diſcourſing, they diſcover'd ſome thirty or forty wind-mills, that are in that plain; and as ſoon as the knight had ſpy'd them, Fortune, cry'd he, directs our affairs better than we our ſelves could have wiſh'd: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at leaſt thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having depriv'd them of life, we will begin to enrich our ſelves with their ſpoils: for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that curſed brood will be an acceptable ſervice to heaven. What giants, quoth Sancho Pança? Thoſe whom thou ſee'ſt yonder, anſwer'd Don Quixote, with their long extended arms; ſome of that deteſted race have arms of ſo immenſe a ſize, that ſometimes they reach two leagues in length. Pray look better, Sir, quoth Sancho; thoſe things yonder are no giants, but wind-mills, and the arms you fancy, are their ſails, which being whirl'd about by the wind, make the mill go. 'Tis a ſign, cry'd Don Quixote, thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aſide and ſay thy prayers, for I am reſolv'd to engage in a dreadful unequal combat againſt them all. This ſaid, he clapp'd ſpurs to his horſe Rozinante, without giving ear to his ſquire Sancho, who bawl'd out to him, and aſſur'd him, that they were wind-mills, and no giants. But he was ſo fully poſſeſs'd with a ſtrong conceit of the contrary, that he did not ſo much as hear his ſquire's outcry, nor was he ſenſible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that, Stand, cowards, cry'd he as loud as he could; ſtand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not baſely from a ſingle knight, who dares encounter you all. At the ſame time the wind riſing, the mill-ſails began to move, which, when Don Quixote ſpy'd, Baſe miſcreants, cry'd he,

though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance. He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rush'd with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first wind-mill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirl'd it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurl'd away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Pança ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had receiv'd. Mercy o'me! cry'd Sancho, did not I give your worship fair warning? did not I tell you they were wind-mills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also wind-mills in his head? Peace, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily perswaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carry'd away my study and my books, has transform'd these giants into wind-mills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me: but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword. *Amen*, say I, reply'd Sancho; and so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipp'd with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice *; for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, I have read, said he, friend Sancho, that a cer-

* *A pass in the mountains, such as they call* Puerto Seco, *a* dry port, *where the king's officers levy the tolls and customs upon passengers and goods.*

tain

tain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pull'd up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the firname of † The Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thy self particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of atchievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe. Heaven grant you may, cry'd Sancho: I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruis'd by the fall. It does so, reply'd Don Quixote; and if I do not complain of the pain, 'tis because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through 'em. Then I've no more to say, quoth Sancho; and yet heaven knows my heart, I shou'd be glad to hear your worship hone a little now and then when something ails you: for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan my self when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights. Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleas'd, but as much as he pleas'd, whether he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho desir'd him, however, to consider, that 'twas high time to go to dinner; but his master answer'd him, that he might eat whenever he pleas'd; as for himself, he was not yet dispos'd to do it. Sancho having thus obtain'd leave, fix'd himself as orderly as he cou'd upon his ass; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching

† Machuca, *from* Machucar, *to pound in a mortar.*

luſtily as he rode behind his maſter; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his noſe, and fetch'd ſuch hearty pulls, that it would have made the beſt pamper'd vintner in Malaga a-dry to have ſeen him. While he thus went on ſtuffing and ſwilling, he did not think in the leaſt of all his maſter's great promiſes; and was ſo far from eſteeming it a trouble to travel in queſt of adventures, that he fancy'd it to be the greateſt pleaſure in the world, though they were never ſo dreadful.

In fine, they paſs'd that night under ſome trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a wither'd branch, which in ſome ſort was able to ſerve him for a lance, and to this he fix'd the head or ſpear of his broken lance. But he did not ſleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imitation of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights paſs that time, without ſleep, in foreſts and deſarts, wholly taken up with the entertaining thoughts of their abſent miſtreſſes. As for Sancho, he did not ſpend the night at that idle rate; for having his paunch well ſtuff'd with ſomething more ſubſtantial than dandelion-water, he made but one nap of it; and had not his maſter wak'd him, neither the ſprightly beams which the ſun darted on his face, nor the melody of the birds, that chearfully one very branch welcom'd the ſmiling morn, wou'd have been able to have made him ſtir. As he got up, to clear his eye-ſight, he took two or three long-winded ſwigs at his friendly bottle for a morning's draught: but he found it ſomewhat lighter than it was the night before; which misfortune went to his very heart, for he ſhrewdly miſtruſted that he was not in a way to cure it of that diſtemper as ſoon as he could have wiſh'd. On the other ſide, Don Quixote wou'd not break faſt, having been feaſting all night on the more delicate and ſavoury thoughts of his miſtreſs; and therefore they went on directly towards the paſs of Lapice, which they diſcover'd about three a-clock. When they came near it, Here it is, brother Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, that we may wanton, and as it were, thruſt our arms up to the very elbows, in that which we call adventures. But let me give thee one neceſſary caution; know, that

that tho' thou ſhould'ſt ſee me in the greateſt extremity of danger, thou muſt not offer to draw thy ſword in my defence, unleſs thou findeſt me aſſaulted by baſe plebeians and vile ſcoundrels; for in ſuch a caſe thou may'ſt aſſiſt thy maſter: but if thoſe with whom I am fighting are knights, thou muſt not do it; for the laws of chivalry do not allow thee to encounter a knight, till thou art one thy ſelf. Never fear, quoth Sancho; I'll be ſure to obey your worſhip in that, I'll warrant you; for I've ever lov'd peace and quietneſs, and never car'd to thruſt my ſelf into frays and quarrels: and yet I don't care to take blows at any one's hands neither; and ſhou'd any knight offer to ſet upon me firſt, I fancy I ſhou'd hardly mind your laws; for all laws, whether of God or man, allow one to ſtand in his own defence if any offer to do him a miſchief. I agree to that, reply'd Don Quixote; but as for helping me againſt any knights, thou muſt ſet bounds to thy natural impulſes. I'll be ſure to do it, quoth Sancho; ne'er truſt me if I don't keep your commandment as well as I do the ſabbath.

As they were talking, they ſpy'd coming towards them two monks of the order of St. Benedict mounted on two dromedaries, for the mules on which they rode were ſo high and ſtately, that they ſeem'd little leſs. They wore riding-maſks, with glaſſes at the eyes, againſt the duſt, and umbrella's to ſhelter them from the ſun. After them came a coach, with four or five men on horſeback, and two muleteers on foot. There prov'd to be in the coach a Biſcayan lady, who was going to Seville to meet her huſband, that was there in order to embark for the Indies, to take poſſeſſion of a conſiderable poſt. Scarce had Don Quixote perceiv'd the monks, who were not of the ſame company, though they went the ſame way, but he cry'd to his ſquire, Either I am deceiv'd, or this will prove the moſt famous adventure that ever was known; for without all queſtion thoſe two black things that move towards us muſt be ſome necromancers, that are carrying away by force ſome princeſs in that coach; and 'tis my duty to prevent ſo great an injury. I fear me this will prove a worſe jobb than the wind-mills, quoth Sancho. 'Slife, Sir, don't

don't you ſee theſe are Benedictin friars, and 'tis likely the coach belongs to ſome travellers that are in't: therefore once more take warning, and don't you be led away by the devil. I have already told thee, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, thou art miſerably ignorant in matters of adventures: what I ſay is true, and thou ſhalt find it ſo preſently. This ſaid, he ſpurr'd on his horſe, and poſted himſelf juſt in the midſt of the road where the monks were to paſs. And when they came within hearing, Curs'd implements of hell, cry'd he in a loud and haughty tone, immediately releaſe thoſe high-born princeſſes whom you are violently conveying away in the coach, or elſe prepare to meet with inſtant death, as the juſt puniſhment of your pernicious deeds. The monks ſtopp'd their mules, no leſs aſtoniſh'd at the figure, than at the expreſſions of the ſpeaker. Sir knight, cry'd they, we are no ſuch perſons as you are pleas'd to term us, but religious men, of the order of St. Benedict, that travel about our affairs; and are wholly ignorant whether or no there are any princeſſes carry'd away by force in that coach. I'm not to be deceiv'd with fair words, reply'd Don Quixote; I know you well enough, perfidious caitiffs; and immediately, without expecting their reply, he ſet ſpurs to Rozinante, and ran ſo furiouſly, with his lance couch'd, againſt the firſt monk, that if he had not prudently flung himſelf off to the ground, the knight would certainly have laid him either dead, or grievouſly wounded. The other obſerving the diſcourteous uſage of his companion, clapp'd his heels to his over-grown mule's flanks, and ſcour'd o'er the plain as if he had been running a race with the wind. Sancho Pança no ſooner ſaw the monk fall, but he nimbly ſkipp'd off his aſs, and running to him, began to ſtrip him immediately, but then the two muleteers, who waited on the monks, came up to him, and aſk'd why he offer'd to ſtrip him? Sancho told them, that this belong'd to him as lawful plunder, being the ſpoils won in battle by his lord and maſter Don Quixote. The fellows, with whom there was no jeſting, not knowing what he meant by his ſpoils and battle, and ſeeing Don Quixote at a good diſtance in deep diſcourſe by the ſide of the coach, fell

both

both upon poor Sancho, threw him down, tore his beard from his chin, trampled on his guts, thump'd and maul'd him in every part of his carcase, and there left him sprawling without breath or motion. In the mean while the monk, scar'd out of his wits, and as pale as a ghost, got upon his mule again as fast as he cou'd, and spurr'd after his friend, who staid for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this strange adventure; but being unwilling to stay to see the end of it, they made the best of their way, making more signs of the cross than if the devil had been posting after them.

Don Quixote, as I said, was all that while engaged with the lady in the coach. Lady, cry'd he, your discretion is now at liberty to dispose of your beautiful self as you please; for the presumptuous arrogance of those who attempted to enslave your person lies prostrate in the dust, overthrown by this my strenuous arm: and that you may not be at a loss for the name of your deliverer, know I am call'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, by profession a knight-errant and adventurer, captive to that peerless beauty Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: nor do I desire any other recompence for the service I have done you, but that you return to Toboso to present your selves to that lady, and let her know what I have done to purchase your deliverance. To this strange talk, a certain Biscayan, the lady's squire, gentleman-usher, or what you'll please to call him, who rode along with the coach, listen'd with great attention; and perceiving that Don Quixote not only stopped the coach, but would have it presently go back to Toboso, he bore briskly up to him, and laying hold on his lance, "Get gone," cry'd he to him in bad Spanish, and worse Biscayan *, "Get gone thou knight, and devil "go with thou; or by he who me create, if thou do not "leave the coach, me kill thee now so sure as me "be a Biscayan." Don Quixote, who made shift to

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* *The Biscainers generally speak broken Spanish, as is imitated in the original; wherefore the English is render'd accordingly.*

under-

understand him well enough, very calmly made him this answer: Wert thou a gentleman *, as thou art not, ere this I would have chastis'd thy insolence and temerity, thou inconsiderable mortal. What! me no gentleman? reply'd the Biscayan; I swear thou be liar, as me be Christian. If thou throw away lance, and draw sword, me will make no more of thee than cat does of mouse: me will shew thee me be Biscayan, and gentleman by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman in spite of devil; and thou lye if thou say contrary. I'll try titles with you, as the man said, reply'd Don Quixote; and with that throwing away his lance, he drew his sword, grasp'd his target, and attack'd the Biscayan, fully bent on his destruction. The Biscayan seeing him come on so furiously, would gladly have alighted, not trusting to his mule, which was one of those scurvy jades that are let out to hire; but all he had time to do was only to draw his sword, and snatch a cushion out of the coach to serve him instead of a shield; and immediately they assaulted one another with all the fury of mortal enemies. The by standers did all they could to prevent their fighting; but 'twas in vain, for the Biscayan swore in his gibberish he would kill his very lady, and all those who presum'd to hinder him, if they would not let him fight. The lady in the coach being extremely affrighted at these passages, made her coachman drive out of harm's-way, and at a distance was an eye-witness of the furious combat. At the same time the Biscayan let fall such a mighty blow on Don Quixote's shoulder over his target, that had not his armour been sword-proof he would have cleft him down to the very waist. The knight feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cry'd out aloud, Oh! lady of my soul, Dulcinea! flower of all beauty, vouchsafe to succour your champion in this dangerous combat, undertaken to set forth your worth. The breathing out of this short prayer,

* Cavallero *in Spanish signifies a gentleman as well as a knight; and being here used, is to be suppos'd to have caus'd the difference betwixt* Don Quixote *and the Biscainer.*

the

the griping faſt of his ſword, the covering of himſelf with his ſhield, and the charging of his enemy, was but the work of a moment; for Don Quixote was reſolv'd to venture the fortune of the combat all upon one blow. The Biſcayan, who read his deſign in his dreadful countenance, reſolv'd to face him with equal bravery, and ſtand the terrible ſhock, with up-lifted ſword, and cover'd with the cuſhion, not being able to manage his jaded mule, who defying the ſpur, and not being cut out for ſuch pranks, would move neither to the right nor to the left. While Don Quixote, with his ſword aloft, was ruſhing upon the wary Biſcayan, with a full reſolution to cleave him aſunder, all the ſpectators ſtood trembling with terror and amazement, expecting the dreadful event of thoſe prodigious blows which threatn'd the two deſperate combatants: the lady in the coach, with her women, were making a thouſand vows and offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that Providence might deliver them and the ſquire out of the great danger that threaten'd them.

But here we muſt deplore the abrupt end of this hiſtory, which the author leaves off juſt at the very point when the fortune of the battle is going to be decided, pretending he could find nothing more recorded of Don Quixote's wondrous atchievements than what he had already related. However, the ſecond undertaker of this work could not believe, that ſo curious a hiſtory could lie for ever inevitably buried in oblivion; or that the learned of La Mancha were ſo regardleſs of their country's glory, as not to preſerve in their archives, or at leaſt in their cloſets, ſome memoirs, as monuments of this famous knight; and therefore he wou'd not give over inquiring after the continuation of this pleaſant hiſtory, till at laſt he happily found it, as the next book will inform the reader.

THE

THE
Life *and* Atchievements
Of the renown'd
Don QUIXOTE de la MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

The event of the most stupendious combat between the brave Biscayan *and the valorous* Don Quixote.

IN the first book of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and the renowned Don Quixote with their swords lifted up, and ready to discharge on each other two furious and most terrible blows, which had they fall'n directly, and met with no opposition, would have cut and divided the two combatants from head to heal, and have split 'em like a pomegranate: but, as I said before, the story remain'd imperfect; neither did the author inform us where we might find the remaining part of the relation. This vex'd me extremely, and turn'd the pleasure, which the perusal of the beginning had afforded me, into disgust, when I had reason to despair of ever seeing

ſeeing the reſt. Yet, after all, it ſeem'd to me no leſs impoſſible than unjuſt, that ſo valiant a knight ſhould have been deſtitute of ſome learned perſon to record his incomparable exploits; a misfortune which never attended any of his predeceſſors, I mean the knights-adventurers, each of whom was always provided with one or two learned men, who were always at hand to write not only their wondrous deeds, but alſo to ſet down their thoughts and childiſh petty actions, were they never ſo hidden. Therefore, as I could not imagine that ſo worthy a knight ſhould be ſo unfortunate, as to want that which has been ſo profuſely laviſh'd even on ſuch a one as Platyr *, and others of that ſtamp; I could not induce myſelf to believe, that ſo admirable a hiſtory was ever left unfiniſh'd, and rather choſe to think that time, the devourer of all things, had hid or conſum'd it. On the other ſide, when I conſider'd that ſeveral modern books were found in his ſtudy, as The cure of jealouſy, and The nymphs and ſhepherds of Henares †, I had reaſon to think, that the hiſtory of our knight could be of no very antient date; and that, had it never been continu'd, yet his neighbours and friends could not have forgot the moſt remarkable paſſages of his life. Full of this imagination, I reſolv'd to make it my buſineſs to make a particular and exact inquiry into the life and miracles of our renown'd Spaniard, Don Quixote, that refulgent glory and mirrour of the knighthood of La Mancha, and the firſt who in theſe deprav'd and miſerable times devoted himſelf to the neglected profeſſion of knight-errantry, to redreſs wrongs and injuries, to relieve widows, and defend the honour of damſels; ſuch of them, I mean,

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* *A ſecond-rate knight in Palmerin of England.*

† *The river that runs through Madrid, ſays the author of the new tranſlation: but he miſtakes; Henares runs by the univerſity of Alcale* (i. e. *Complutum*) *in Old Caſtile, and therefore much celebrated by Spaniſh poets bred in that univerſity. They call it* Henarius *in Latin.*

The river that runs by Madrid, and which is in New Caſtle, is call'd Manzanares, in Lat. Manzanarius.

who in former ages rode up and down over hills and dales with whip in hand, mounted on their palfreys, with all their virginity about them, ſecure from all manner of danger, and who, unleſs they happen'd to be raviſh'd by ſome boiſtrous villain or huge giant, were ſure, at fourſcore years of age, (all which time they never ſlept one night under a roof) to be decently laid in their graves, as pure virgins as the mothers that bore 'em. For this reaſon and many others, I ſay, our gallant Don Quixote is worthy everlaſting and univerſal praiſe: nor ought I to be deny'd my due commendation for my indefatigable care and diligence, in ſeeking and finding out the continuation of the delightful hiſtory; though, after all, I muſt confeſs, that had not Providence, chance, or fortune, as I will now inform you, aſſiſted me in the diſcovery, the world had been depriv'd of two hours diverſion and pleaſure, which 'tis likely to afford to thoſe who will read it with attention. One day, being in the * Alcana at Toledo, I ſaw a young lad offer to ſell a parcel of old written papers to a ſhopkeeper. Now I being apt to take up the leaſt piece of written or printed papers that lies in my way, though 'twere in the middle of the ſtreet, cou'd not forbear laying my hands on one of the manuſcripts, to ſee what it was, and I found it to be written in Arabick, which I cou'd not read. This made me look about to ſee whether I cou'd find e'er a Moriſco † that underſtood Spaniſh, to read it for me, and give me ſome account of it; nor was it very difficult to meet with an interpreter there; for had I wanted one for a better and more ancient tongue ‡, that place would have infallibly ſupply'd me. 'Twas my good fortune to find one immediately; and having informed him of my deſire, he no ſooner read ſome lines, but he began to laugh. I aſk'd him what he laugh'd at? At a certain remark here in

* *An exchange; a place full of ſhops.*

† *A Moriſco is one of the race of the Moors.*

‡ *Meaning ſome Jew, to interpret the Hebrew or Chaldee.*

the

the margin of the book, ſaid he. I pray'd him to explain it; whereupon ſtill laughing, he did it in theſe words: "This Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſo often mention'd in this "hiſtory, is ſaid to have had the beſt hand at ſalting of "pork of any woman in all La Mancha." I was ſurprized when I heard him name Dulcinea del Toboſo, and preſently imagin'd that thoſe old papers contain'd the hiſtory of Don Quixote. This made me preſs him to read the title of the book; which he did, turning it thus extemporary out of Arabick; The hiſtory of Don Quixote de la Mancha; written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian hiſtoriographer. I was ſo overjoy'd when I heard the title, that I had much ado to conceal it; and preſently taking the bargain out of the ſhop-keeper's hand, I agree with the young man for the whole, and bought that for half a real, which he might have ſold me for twenty times as much, had he but gueſs'd at the eagerneſs of his chapman. I immediately withdrew with my purchaſe to the cloiſter of the great church, taking the Moor with me; and deſir'd him to tranſlate me thoſe papers that treated of Don Quixote, without adding or omitting the leaſt word, offering him any reaſonable ſatisfaction. He aſk'd me but two * Arrobes of raiſins, and two buſhels of wheat, and promis'd me to do it faithfully with all expedition: in ſhort, for the quicker diſpatch, and the greater ſecurity, being unwilling to let ſuch a lucky prize go out of my hands, I took the Moor to my own houſe, where in leſs than ſix weeks he finiſh'd the whole tranſlation.

Don Quixote's fight with the Biſcayan was exactly drawn on one of the leaves of the firſt quire, in the ſame poſture as we left them, with their ſwords lifted up over their heads, the one guarding himſelf with his ſhield, the other with his cuſhion. The Biſcayan's mule was pictur'd ſo to the life, that with half an eye you might have known it to be an hir'd mule. Under the Biſcayan was written Don Sancho de Aſpetia, and under Rozinante

* *An Arroba is about* 32 lb. *weight.*

Don Quixote. Rozinante was so admirably delineated, so slim, so stiff, so lean, so jaded, with so sharp a ridge-bone, and altogether so like one wasted with an incurable consumption, that any one must have owned at first sight, that no horse ever better deserved that name. Not far off stood Sancho * Pança holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet there was a scroll, in which was written Sancho † Canças: and if we may judge of him by his picture, he was thick and short, paunch-belly'd, and long-haunch'd; so that in all likelihood for this reason he is sometimes called Pança and sometimesAnça in the history. There were some other niceties to be seen in that piece, but hardly worth observation, as not giving any light into this true history, otherwise they had not pass'd unmention'd; for none can be amiss so they be authentick. I must only acquaint the reader, that if any objection is to be made as to the veracity of this, 'tis only that the author is an Arabian, and those of that country are not a little addicted to lying: but yet, if we consider that they are our enemies, we shou'd sooner imagine, that the author has rather suppress'd the truth, than added to the real worth of our knight; and I am the more inclinable to think so, because 'tis plain, that where he ought to have enlarg'd on his praises, he maliciously chooses to be silent; a proceeding unworthy of an historian, who ought to be exact, sincere, and impartial; free from passion, and not to be biass'd either by interest, fear, resentment, or affection to deviate from truth, which is the mother of history, the preserver and eternizer of great actions, the professed enemy of oblivion, the witness of things pass'd, and the director of future times. As for this history, I know 'twill afford you as great variety as you cou'd wish, in the most entertaining manner; and if in any point it falls short of your expectation, I am of opinion 'tis more the fault of the

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* *Paunch.*

† *Hauncches, or rather thigh-bones.*

infidel

infidel * its author, than the ſubject: and ſo let us come to the ſecond book, which, according to our tranſlation, began in this manner.

Such were the bold and formidable looks of the two enraged combatants, that with up-lifted arms, and with deſtructive ſteel, they ſeem'd to threaten heaven, earth, and the infernal manſions; while the ſpectators ſeem'd wholly loſt in fear and aſtoniſhment. The cholerick Biſcayan diſcharg'd the firſt blow, and that with ſuch a force, and ſo deſperate a fury, that had not his ſword turn'd in his hand, that ſingle ſtroke had put an end to the dreadful combat, and all our knight's adventures. But fate, that reſerv'd him for greater things, ſo order'd it, that his enemy's ſword turn'd in ſuch a manner, that tho' it ſtruck him on the left ſhoulder, it did him no other hurt than to diſarm that ſide of his head, carrying away with it a great part of his helmet and one half of his ear, which like a dreadful ruin fell together to the ground. Aſſiſt me ye powers! but it is in vain: the fury which then engroſs'd the breaſt of our heroe of La Mancha is not to be expreſs'd; words wou'd but wrong it; for what colour of ſpeech can be lively enough to give but a ſlight ſketch or faint image of his unutterable rage? Exerting all his valour, he rais'd himſelf upon his ſtirrups, and ſeem'd even greater than himſelf; and at the ſame inſtant griping his ſword faſt with both hands, he diſcharg'd ſuch a tremendous blow full on the Biſcayan's cuſhion and his head, that in ſpite of ſo good a defence, as if a whole mountain had fallen upon him, the blood guſh'd out at his mouth, noſe, and ears, all at once; and he totter'd ſo in his ſaddle, that he had fallen to the ground immediately, had he not caught hold of the neck of his mule: but the dull beaſt itſelf being rous'd out of its ſtupidity with that terrible blow, began to run about the fields; and the Biſcayan, having loſt his ſtirrups and his

* Galgo *in the original, which properly means a grey-hound, but here it means any dog. In Spain they call the Moors dogs.*

hold, with two or three winces the mule ſhook him off, and threw him on the ground. Don Quixote beheld the diſaſter of his foe with the greateſt tranquility and unconcern imaginable; and ſeeing him down, ſlipp'd nimbly from his ſaddle, and running to him, ſet the point of his ſword to his throat, and bid him yeild, or he would cut off his head. The Biſcayan was ſo ſtunn'd, that he could make him no reply; and Don Quixote had certainly made good his threats, ſo provok'd was he, had not the ladies in the coach, who with great uneaſineſs and fear beheld theſe ſad tranſactions, haſten'd to beſeech Don Quixote very earneſtly to ſpare his life. Truly, beautiful ladies, ſaid the victorious knight, with a great deal of loftineſs and gravity, I am willing to grant your requeſt; but upon condition that this ſame knight ſhall paſs his word of honour to go to Toboſo, and there preſent himſelf in my name before the peerleſs lady Donna Dulcinea, that ſhe may diſpoſe of him as ſhe ſhall ſee convenient. The lady, who was frighted almoſt out of her ſenſes, without conſidering what Don Quixote enjoyn'd, or enquiring who the lady Dulcinea was, promiſed in her ſquire's behalf a punctual obedience to the knight's commands. Let him live then, reply'd Don Quixote, upon your word, and owe to your interceſſion that pardon which I might juſtly deny his arrogance.

CHAP. II.

What farther befel Don Quixote *with the* Biſcayan; *and of the danger he ran among a parcel of Yanguesians.*

SAncho Pança was got up again before this, not much the better for the kicks and thumps beſtow'd on his carcaſe by the monks grooms; and ſeeing his maſter engag'd in fight, he went devoutly to prayers, beſeeching heaven to grant him victory, that he might now win ſome iſland, in order to his being made governor of it, according to his promiſe. At laſt, perceiving the danger was over,

over, the combat at an end, and his maſter ready to mount again, he ran in all haſte to help him; but ere the knight put his foot in the ſtirrup, Sancho fell on his knees before him, and kiſſing his hand, An't pleaſe your worſhip, cry'd he, my good lord Don Quixote, I beſeech you make me governor of the iſland you have won in this dreadful and bloody fight; for tho' it were never ſo great, I find myſelf able to govern it as well as the beſt he that ever went about to govern an iſland in the world. Brother Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, theſe are no adventures of iſlands; theſe are only rencounters on the road, where little is to be got beſides a broken head, or the loſs of an ear: therefore have patience, and ſome adventure will offer itſelf, which will not only enable me to prefer thee to a government, but even to ſomething more conſiderable. Sancho gave him a world of thanks; and having once more kiſs'd his hand, and the ſkirts of his coat of armour, he help'd him to get upon Rozinante; and then leaping on his aſs, he follow'd the heroe, who, without taking leave of thoſe in the coach, put on a good round pace, and rode into a wood, that was not far off. Sancho made after him as faſt as his aſs wou'd trot; but finding that Rozinante was like to leave him behind, he was forc'd to call to his maſter to ſtay for him. Don Quixote accordingly check'd his horſe, and ſoon gave Sancho leiſure to overtake him. Methinks, Sir, ſaid the fearful ſquire, as ſoon as he came up with him, it won't be amiſs for us to betake ourſelves to ſome church, to get out of harm's-way; for if that ſame man whom you've fought with ſhould do otherwiſe than well, I dare lay my life they'll get a warrant from the holy * brotherhood, and have us taken up; which if they do, on my word 'twill go hard with us ere we can get out of their clutches. Hold thy tongue, cry'd Don Quixote: Where didſt thou ever read, or find that a knight-errant was ever brought before any judge for the homicides which he committed? I can't

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* *An inſtitution ſpread thro' all Spain, to ſuppreſs robbers, and make the roads ſafe to travellers.*

tell

tell what you mean by your homilies, reply'd Sancho; I don't know that ever I say one in my born days, not I: but well I wot, that the law lays hold on those that goes to murder one another in the fields; and for your what d'ye call 'ems, I've nothing to say to 'em. Then be not afraid, good Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; for I wou'd deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, and with much more ease out of those of the holy brotherhood. But come, tell me truly, Dost thou believe that the whole world can boast of another knight that may pretend to rival me in valour? Didst thou ever read in history, that any other ever shew'd more resolution to undertake, more vigour to attack, more breath to hold out, more dexterity and activity to strike, and more art and force to overthrow his enemies? Not I, by my troth, reply'd Sancho, I never did meet with any thing like you in history, for I neither can read nor write; but that which I dare wager is, that I never in my life serv'd a bolder master than your worship: Pray heaven this same boldness may't bring us to what I bid you beware of. All I've to put you in mind of now is, that you get your ear dress'd, for you lose a deal of blood; and by good luck I've here some lint and a little white salve in my wallet. How needless would all this have been, cry'd Don Quixote, had I but bethought myself of making a small bottle full of the balsam of fierabrass? a single drop of which would have spar'd us a great deal of time and medicaments. What is that same balsam, an't please you? cry'd Sancho. A balsam, answer'd Don Quixote, of which I've the receipt in my head; he that has some of it may defy death itself, and dally with all manner of wounds: therefore when I have made some of it, and given it thee, if at any time thou happen'st to see my body cut in two by some unlucky back-stroke, as 'tis common among us knights-errant, thou hast no more to do but to take up nicely that half of me which is fall'n to the ground, and clap it exactly to the other half on the saddle before the blood's congeal'd, always taking care to lay it just in its proper place; then thou shalt give me two draughts of that balsam, and thou shalt immediately see me become whole,

and

and ſound as an apple. If this be true, quoth Sancho, I'll quit you of your promiſe about the iſland this minute of an hour, and will have nothing of your worſhip for what ſervice I have done, and am to do you, but the receipt of that ſame balſam; for, I dare ſay, let me go wherever I will, 'twill be ſure to yield me three good reals an ounce; and thus I ſhall make ſhift to pick a pretty good livelyhood out of it. But ſtay though, continu'd he, does the making ſtand your worſhip in much, Sir? Three quarts of it reply'd Don Quixote, may be made for three reals. Body of me, cry'd Sancho, why don't you make ſome out of hand, and teach me how to make it? Say no more, friend Sancho, return'd Don Quixote; I intend to teach thee much greater ſecrets, and deſign thee nobler rewards; but in the mean time dreſs my ear, for it pains me more than I could wiſh. Sancho then took his lint and ointment out of his wallet; but when Don Quixote perceived the vizor of his helmet was broken, he had like to have run ſtark-ſtaring mad; ſtraight laying hold on his ſword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, By the great Creator of the univerſe, cry'd he, by every ſyllable contain'd in the four holy evargeliſts, I ſwear to lead a life like the great marqueſs of Mantua, when he made a vow to revenge the death of his couſin Baldwin, which was never to eat bread on a table-cloth, never to lie with the dear partner of his bed, and other things, which, though they are now at preſent ſlipp'd out of my memory, I comprize in my vow no leſs than if I had now mention'd 'em; and this I bind my ſelf to, till I have fully reveng'd my ſelf on him that has done me this injury.

Good your worſhip, cry'd Sancho, (amaz'd to hear him take ſuch a horrid oath) think on what you're doing; for if that ſame knight has done as you bid him, and has gone and caſt himſelf before my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, I don't ſee but you and he are quit; and the man deſerves no further puniſhment, unleſs he does you ſome new miſchief. 'Tis well obſerv'd, reply'd Don Quixote; and therefore as to the point of revenge, I revoke my oath; but I renew and confirm the reſt, proteſting ſolemnly to lead the life I mention'd, 'till I have by force of arms

deſpoil'd

despoil'd some knight of as good a helmet as mine was. Neither do thou fansy, Sancho, that I make this protestation lightly, or make a smoke of straw: no, I have a laudable precedent for it, the authority of which will sufficiently justify my imitation; for the very same thing happen'd about Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear *. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, let all such cursing and swearing go to the devil; there's nothing can be worse for your soul's health, nay for your bodily health neither. Besides, suppose we should not this good while meet any one with a helmet on, what a sad case should we then be in? will your worship then keep your oath in spite of so many hardships, such as to lie rough for a month together, far from any inhabited place, and a thousand other idle penances which that mad old marquess of Mantua punish'd himself with by his vow? Do but consider, that we may ride I don't know how long upon this road without meeting any arm'd knight to pick a quarrel with; for here are none but carriers and waggoners, who are so far from wearing any helmets, that 'tis ten to one whether they ever heard of such a thing in their lives. Thou art mistaken, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for we shall not be two hours this way without meeting more men in arms than there were at the siege of Albraca, to carry off the fair Angelica †. Well then, let it be so, quoth Sancho; and may we have the luck to come off well, and quickly win that island which costs me so dear, and then I don't matter what befalls me. I have already bid thee not trouble thy self about this business, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for shou'd we miss of an island, there is either the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa ‡, as fit for thy purpose as a ring to thy finger; and what ought to be no small comfort to thee, they are both upon *Terra*

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* *The story is in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.*

† *Meaning king Marsilio, and the thirty two kings his tributaries, with all their forces.* Ariosto.

‡ *A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.*

firma

firma.* But we'll talk of this in its proper ſeaſon: at this time I'd have thee ſee whether thou haſt any thing to eat in thy wallet, that we may afterwards ſeek for ſome caſtle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balſam I told thee; for I proteſt my ear ſmarts extremely. I have here an onion, reply'd the ſquire, a piece of cheeſe, and a few ſtale cruſts of bread; but ſure ſuch coarſe fare is not for ſuch a brave knight as your worſhip. Thou art groſly miſtaken, friend Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote: know, that 'tis the glory of knights-errant to be whole months without eating: and when they do, they fall upon the firſt thing they meet with, though it be never ſo homely. Hadſt thou but read as many books as I have done, thou hadſt been better inform'd as to that point; for tho' I think I have read as many hiſtories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never cou'd find that the knights-errant ever eat, unleſs it were by meer accident, or when they were invited to great feaſts and royal banquets; at other times they indulg'd themſelves with little other food beſides their thoughts. Though it is not to be imagin'd they could live without ſupplying the exigencies of human nature, as being after all no more than mortal men, yet 'tis likewiſe to be ſuppos'd, that as they ſpent the greateſt part of their lives in foreſts and deſarts, and always deſtitute of a cook, conſequently their uſual food was but ſuch coarſe country fare as thou now offereſt me. Never then make thy ſelf uneaſy about what pleaſes me, friend Sancho, nor pretend to make a new world, nor to unhinge the very conſtitution and ancient cuſtoms of knight-errantry. I beg your worſhip's pardon, cry'd Sancho; for as I was never bred a ſcholar, I may chance to have miſs'd in ſome main point of your laws of knighthood; but from this time forward I'll be ſure to ſtock my wallet with all ſorts of dry fruits for you, becauſe your worſhip's a knight; as

* *In alluſion to the famous Firm Iſland, in Amadis de Gaul, the land of promiſe to the faithful ſquires of knights-errant.*

for

for myſelf, who am none, I'll provide good poultry and other ſubſtantial victuals. I don't ſay, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, that a knight-errant is oblig'd to feed altogether upon fruit; I only mean, that this was their common food, together with ſome roots and herbs, which they found up and down the fields, of all which they had a perfect knowledge, as I myſelf have. 'Tis a good thing to know thoſe herbs, cry'd Sancho; for I am much miſtaken, or that kind of knowledge will ſtand us in good ſtead ere long. In the mean time, continu'd he, here's what good heaven has ſent us: with that he pull'd out the proviſion he had, and they fell to heartily together. But their impatience to find out a place where they might be harbour'd that night, made 'em ſhorten their ſorry meal, and mount again, for fear of being benighted: ſo away they put on in ſearch of a lodging. But the ſun and their hopes fail'd them at once, as they came to a place where ſome goat-herds had ſet up ſome ſmall huts; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging there that night. This was as great a mortification to Sancho, who was altogether for a good town, as it was a pleaſure to his maſter, who was for ſleeping in the open field, as believing, that as often as he did it, he confirm'd his title to knighthood by a new act of poſſeſſion.

CHAP. III.

What paſs'd between Don Quixote *and the goat-herds.*

THE knight was very courteouſly receiv'd by the goat-herds; and as for Sancho, after he had ſet up Rozinante and his aſs as well as he cou'd, he preſently repair'd to the attractive ſmell of ſome pieces of kid's fleſh which ſtood boiling in a kettle over the fire. The hungry ſquire wou'd immediately have try'd whether they were fit to be remov'd out of the kettle into the ſtomach, but was not put to that trouble; for the goat-herds

herds took 'em off the fire, and ſpread ſome ſheep-ſkins on the ground, and ſoon got their rural feaſt ready; and chearfully invited his maſter and him to partake of what they had. Next, with ſome coarſe compliment, after the country way, they deſir'd Don Quixote to ſit down on a trough with the bottom upwards; and then ſix of 'em, who were all that belong'd to that fold, ſquatted 'em down round the ſkins, while Sancho ſtood to wait upon his maſter, and give him drink in a horn-cup, which the goat-herds us'd. But he ſeeing his man ſtand behind, ſaid to him, That thou may'ſt underſtand, Sancho, the benefits of knight-errantry, and how the meaneſt retainers to it have a fair proſpect of being ſpeedily eſteem'd and honour'd by the world, 'tis my pleaſure that thou ſit thee down by me, in the company of theſe good people; and that there be no difference now obſerv'd between thee and me, thy natural lord and maſter; that thou eat in the ſame diſh, and drink in the ſame cup: for it may be ſaid of knight-errantry, as of love, that it makes all things equal. I thank your worſhip, cry'd Sancho; but yet I muſt needs own, had I but a good deal of meat before me, I'd eat it as well, or rather better, ſtanding, and by myſelf, than if I ſat by an emperor; and, to deal plainly and truly with you, I had rather munch a cruſt of brown bread and an onion in a corner, without any more a-do or ceremony, than feed upon turkey at another man's table, where one is fain to ſit mincing and chewing his meat an hour together, drink little, be always wiping his fingers and his chops, and never dare to cough nor ſneeze, though he has never ſo much a mind to it, nor do a many things which a body may do freely by one's ſelf: therefore, good Sir, change thoſe tokens of your kindneſs, which I have a right to by being your worſhip's ſquire, into ſomething that may do me more good. As for theſe ſame honours, I heartily thank you as much as if I had accepted 'em, but yet I give up my right to 'em from this time to the world's end. Talk no more, reply'd Don Quixote, but ſit thee down, for the humble ſhall be exalted; and ſo pulling him by the arms, he forc'd him to ſit by him.

All this while the goat-herds, who did not understand this Jargon of knights-errant, chivalry, and squires, fed heartily, and said nothing, but star'd upon their guests; who very fairly swallow'd whole luncheons as big as their fists with a mighty appetite. The first course being over, they brought in the second, consisting of dry'd acorns, and half a cheese as hard as a brick: nor was the horn idle all the while, but went merrily round up and down so many time, sometimes full, and sometimes empty, like the two buckets of a well, that they made shift at last to drink off one of the two skins of wine which they had there. And now Don Quixote having satisfy'd his appetite, he took a handful of acorns, and looking earnestly upon 'em; O happy age, cry'd he, which our first parents call'd the age of gold! not because gold, so much ador'd in this iron-age, was then easily purchas'd, but because those two fatal words, mine and thine, were distinctions unknown to the people of those fortunate times; for all things were in common in that holy age: men, for their sustenance, needed only to lift their hands, and take it from the sturdy oak, whose spreading arms liberally invited them to gather the wholsome savoury fruit; while the clear springs, and silver rivulets, with luxuriant plenty, offer'd them their pure refreshing water. In hollow trees, and in the clefts of rocks, the labouring and industrious bees erected their little common-wealths, that men might reap with pleasure and with ease the sweet and fertile harvest of their toils. The tough and strenuous cork-trees did of themselves, and without other art than their native liberality, dismiss and impart their broad light bark, which serv'd to cover those lowly huts, propp'd up with rough-hewn stakes, that were first built as a shelter against the inclemencies of the air: all then was union, all peace, all love and friendship in the world: as yet no rude plough-share presum'd with violence to pry into the pious bowels of our mother earth, for she without compulsion kindly yielded from every part of her fruitful and spacious bosom, whatever might at once satisfy, sustain and indulge her frugal children. Then was the time when innocent beautiful young shepherdesses went tripping o'er the hills and

vales:

vales: their lovely hair ſometimes plaited, ſometimes looſe and flowing, clad in no other veſtment but what was neceſſary to cover decently what modeſty would always have concealed: the Tyrian die, and the rich gloſſy hue of ſilk, martyr'd and diſſembled into every colour, which are now eſteem'd ſo fine and magnificent, were unknown to the innocent plainneſs of that age; yet bedeck'd with more becoming leaves and flowers, they may be ſaid to outſhine the proudeſt of the vain-dreſſing ladies of our age, array'd in the moſt magnificent garbs and all the moſt ſumptuous adornings which idleneſs and luxury have taught ſucceeding pride: lovers then expreſs'd the paſſion of their ſouls in the unaffected language of the heart, with the native plainneſs and ſincerity in which they were conceiv'd, and diveſted of all that artificial contexture, which enervates what it labours to enforce: impoſture, deceit and malice had not yet crept in, and impos'd themſelves unbrib'd upon mankind in the diſguiſe of truth and ſimplicity: juſtice, unbias'd either by favour or intereſt, which now ſo fatally pervert it, was equally and impartially diſpenſed; nor was the judges fancy law, for then there were neither judges, nor cauſes to be judg'd; the modeſt maid might walk where-ever ſhe pleas'd alone, free from the attacks of lewd laſcivious importuners. But in this degenerate age, fraud and a legion of ills infecting the world, no virtue can be ſafe, no honour be ſecure; while wanton deſires, diffus'd into the hearts of men, corrupt the ſtricteſt watches, and the cloſeſt retreats; which, though as intricate and unknown as the labyrinth of Crete, are no ſecurity for chaſtity. Thus that primitive innocence being vaniſh'd, and oppreſſion daily prevailing, there was a neceſſity to oppoſe the torrent of violence: for which reaſon the order of knighthood-errant was inſtituted, to defend the honour of virgins, protect widows, relieve orphans, and aſſiſt all the diſtreſs'd in general. Now I myſelf am one of this order, honeſt friends; and though all people are oblig'd by the law of nature to be kind to perſons of my order; yet ſince you, without knowing any thing of this obligation, have ſo generouſly entertain'd me, I ought to pay you my utmoſt

acknowledgment; and, accordingly, return you my moſt hearty thanks for the ſame.

All this long oration, which might very well have been ſpar'd, was owing to the acorns that recalled the golden age to our knight's remembrance, and made him thus hold forth to the goat-herds, who devoutly liſten'd, but edify'd little, the diſcourſe not being ſuited to their capacities. Sancho, as well as they, was ſilent all the while, eating acorns, and frequently viſiting the ſecond ſkin of wine, which for coolneſs-ſake was hung upon a neighbouring cork-tree. As for Don Quixote, he was longer, and more intent upon his ſpeech than upon his ſupper. When he had done, one of the goat-herds addreſſing himſelf to him, Sir knight, ſaid he, that you may be ſure you are heartily welcome, we'll get one of our fellows to give us a ſong; he is juſt a coming: a good notable young lad he is, I'll ſay that for him, and up to the ears in love. He's a ſcholard, and can read and write; and plays ſo rarely upon the * Rebeck, that 'tis a charm but to hear him. No ſooner were the words out of the goat-herd's mouth, but they heard the ſound of the inſtrument he ſpoke of, and preſently appear'd a good comely young man of about two and twenty years of age. The goat-herds aſk'd him if he had ſupp'd? and he having told them he had, Then, dear Antonio, ſays the firſt ſpeaker, pr'ythee ſing us a ſong, to let this gentleman, our gueſt, ſee that we have thoſe among us who know ſomewhat of muſick, for all we live amidſt woods and mountains. We have told him of thee already; therefore pr'ythee make our words good, and ſing us the ditty thy uncle the prebendary made of thy love, that was ſo liked in our town. With all my heart, reply'd Antonio; and ſo without any further intreaty, ſitting down on the ſtump of an oak, he tun'd his fiddle, and very handſomely ſung the following ſong.

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* *A fiddle, with only three ſtrings, us'd by ſhepherds.*

ANO-

ANTONIO's amorous complaint.

THO' love ne'er prattles at your eyes,
(The eyes thoſe ſilent tongues of love)
Yet ſure, Olalia, you're my prize:
For truth, with zeal, ev'n heaven can move.
I think, my love you only try,
Ev'n while I fear you've ſeal'd my doom:
So, though involv'd in doubts I lie,
Hope ſometimes glimmers thro' the gloom.
A flame ſo fierce, ſo bright, ſo pure,
No ſcorn can quench, or art improve:
Thus like a martyr I endure;
For there's a heaven to crown my love.
In dreſs and dancing I have ſtrove
My proudeſt rivals to outvy.
In ſerenades I've breath'd my love,
When all things ſlept but love and I.
I need not add, I ſpeak your praiſe
Till every nymph's diſdain I move:
Tho' thus a thouſand foes I raiſe,
'Tis ſweet to praiſe the fair I love.
Tereſa once your charms debas'd,
But I her rudeneſs ſoon reprov'd:
In vain her friend my anger fac'd;
For then I fought for her I lov'd.
Dear cruel fair, why then ſo coy?
How can you ſo much love withſtand?
Alas! I crave no lawleſs joy,
But with my heart would give my hand.
Soft, eaſy, ſtrong is Hymen's tye:
Oh! then no more the bliſs refuſe.
Oh! wed me, or I ſwear to die,
Or linger wretched and recluſe.

Here Antonio ended his ſong; Don Quixote intreated him to ſing another, but Sancho Pança, who had more mind to ſleep than to hear the fineſt ſinging in the world,

told his maſter, there is enough. Good Sir, quoth he, your worſhip had better go and lie down where you are to take your reſt this night; beſides, theſe good people are tir'd with their day's labour, and rather want to go to ſleep, than to ſit up all night to hear ballads. I underſtand thee, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; and indeed I thought thy frequent viſiting the bottle would make thee fonder of ſleep than of muſick. Make us thankful, cry'd Sancho, we all lik'd the wine well enough. I do not deny it, reply'd Don Quixote; but go thou and lay thee down where thou pleaſeſt; as for me, it better becomes a man of my profeſſion to wake than to ſleep: yet ſtay and dreſs my ear before thou goeſt, for it pains me extremely. Thereupon one of the goat-herds beholding the wound, as Sancho offered to dreſs it, deſired the knight not to trouble himſelf, for he had a remedy that would quickly cure him; and then fetching a few roſemary leaves, which grew in great plenty thereabout, he bruis'd them, and mix'd a little ſalt among 'em, and having apply'd the medicine to the ear, he bound it up, aſſuring him, he needed no other remedy; which in a little time prov'd very true.

CHAP. IV.

The ſtory which a young goat-herd told to thoſe that were with Don Quixote.

A Young fellow, who us'd to bring 'em proviſions from the next village, happen'd to come while this was doing, and addreſſing himſelf to the goat-herds, Hark ye, friends, ſaid he, d'ye hear the news? What news, cry'd one of the company? That fine ſhepherd and ſcholar Chryſoſtome dy'd this morning, anſwer'd the other; and they ſay 'twas for love of that deviliſh untoward laſs Marcella, rich William's daughter, that goes up and down the country in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs. For Marcella, cry'd one of the goat-herds? I ſay for her, reply'd the fellow, and

and what's more, 'tis reported, he has order'd by his will, they ſhould bury him in the fields like any heathen moor, juſt at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree-fountain, where they ſay he had the firſt ſight of her. Nay, he has likewiſe order'd many other ſtrange things to be done, which the heads of the pariſh won't allow of, for they ſeem to be after the way of the Pagans. But Ambroſe, the other ſcholar, who likewiſe apparell'd himſelf like a ſhepherd, is reſolv'd to have his friend Chryſoſtome's will fulfill'd in every thing, juſt as he has order'd it. All the village is in an uproar. But after all, 'tis thought Ambroſe and his friends will carry the day; and to morrow morning he is to be buried in great ſtate where I told you: I fancy 'twill be worth ſeeing; howſoever, be it what it will, I'll e'en go and ſee it, even tho' I could not get back again to morrow. We'll all go, cry'd the goat-herds, and caſt lots who ſhall tarry to look after the goats. Well ſaid, Peter, cry'd one of the goat-herds; but as for caſting of lots, I'll ſave you that labour, for I'll ſtay my ſelf, not ſo much out of kindneſs to you neither, or want of curioſity, as becauſe of the thorn in my toe, that will not let me go. Thank you, however, quoth Peter. Don Quixote, who heard all this, intreated Peter to tell him who the deceaſed was, and alſo to give him a ſhort account of the ſhepherdeſs.

Peter made anſwer, that all he knew of the matter was, that the deceaſed was a wealthy gentleman, who lived not far off, that he had been ſeveral years at the univerſity of Salamanca, and then came home mightily improv'd in his learning. But above all, quoth he, 'twas ſaid of him, that he had great knowledge in the ſtars, and whatſoever the ſun and moon do in the ſkies; for he would tell us to a tittle the clip of the ſun and moon. We call it an eclipſe, cry'd Don Quixote, and not a clip, when either of thoſe two great luminaries are darken'd. He wou'd alſo (continu'd Peter, who did not ſtand upon ſuch nice diſtinctions) foretel when the year wou'd be plentiful or *eſtil*. You wou'd ſay *ſteril*, cry'd Don Quixote, *Steril* or *Eſtil*, reply'd the fellow, that's all one to me: but this I ſay, that his parents and friends, being

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rul'd by him, grew woundy rich in a ſhort time; for he would tell 'em, This year ſow barley, and no wheat: in this you may ſow peaſe, and no barley: next year will be a good year for oil: the three after that, you ſhan't gather a drop; and whatſoever he ſaid wou'd certainly come to paſs. That ſcience, ſaid Don Quixote, is call'd aſtrology. I don't know what you call it, anſwer'd Peter, but I know he knew all this, and a deal more. But in ſhort, within ſome few months after he had left the verſity, on a certain morning we ſaw him come dreſs'd for all the world like a ſhepherd, and driving his flock, having laid down the long gown, which he us'd to wear as a ſcholar. At the ſame time one Ambroſe, a great friend of his, who had been his fellow-ſcholar alſo, took upon him to go like a ſhepherd, and keep him company, which we all did not a little marvel at. I had almoſt forgot to tell you how he that's dead was a mighty man for making of verſes, inſomuch that he commonly made the carols which we ſung on Chriſtmas-Eve; and the plays which the young lads in our neighbourhood enacted on Corpus Chriſti day, and every one wou'd ſay, that no body cou'd mend 'em. Somewhat before that time Chryſoſtome's father died, and left him a deal of wealth, both in land, money, cattle, and other goods, whereof the young man remain'd diſſolute maſter; and in troth he deſerv'd it all, for he was as good-natur'd a ſoul as e'er trod on ſhoe of leather; mighty good to the poor, a main friend to all honeſt people, and had a face like a bleſſing. At laſt it came to be known, that the reaſon of his altering his garb in that faſhion, was only that he might go up and down after that ſhepherdeſs Marcella, whom our comrade told you of before, for he was fallen mightily in love with her. And now I'll tell you ſuch a thing you never heard the like in your born days, and mayn't chance to hear of ſuch another while you breathe, tho' you were to live as long as Sarnah. Say Sarah, cry'd Don Quixote; who hated to hear him blunder thus. The Sarna, or the itch, (for that's all one with us, quoth Peter) lives long enough too; but if you go on thus, and make me break off my tale at every word, we

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an't like to have done this twelve-month. Pardon me, friend, reply'd Don Quixote; I only ſpoke to make thee underſtand that there's a difference between Sarna and Sarah: however, thou ſay'ſt well, for the Sarna (that is, the itch) lives longer than Sarah; therefore pray make an end of thy ſtory, for I will not interrupt thee any more. Well then, quoth Peter, you muſt know, good maſter of mine, that there liv'd near us one William, a yeoman, who was richer yet than Chryſoſtome's father; now he had no child in the verſal world but a daughter; her mother dy'd in child-bed of her (reſt her ſoul) and was as good a woman as ever went upon two legs: methinks I ſee her yet ſtanding afore me, with that bleſs'd face of hers, the ſun on one ſide, and the moon on the t'other. She was a main houſe-wife, and did a deal of good among the poor; for which I dare ſay ſhe is at this minute in paradiſe. Alas! her death broke old William's heart, he ſoon went after her, poor man, and left all to his little daughter, that Marcella by name, giving charge of her to her uncle, the parſon of our pariſh. Well, the girl grew ſuch a fine child, and ſo like her mother, that it us'd to put us in mind of her every foot: however, 'twas thought ſhe'd make a finer woman yet; and ſo it happen'd indeed; for, by that time ſhe was fourteen or fifteen years of age, no man ſet his eyes on her, that did not bleſs heaven for having made her ſo handſome; ſo that moſt men fell in love with her, and were ready to run mad for her. All this while her uncle kept her up very cloſe: yet the report of her great beauty and wealth ſpread far and near, inſomuch, that ſhe had I don't know how many ſweet-hearts, almoſt all the young men in our town aſk'd her of her uncle; nay, from I don't know how many leagues about us, there flock'd whole droves of ſuitors, and the very beſt in the country too, who all begg'd and ſu'd, and teaz'd her uncle to let them have her. But though he'd have been glad to have got fairly rid of her, as ſoon as ſhe was fit for a huſband, yet wou'd not he adviſe or marry her againſt her will; for he's a good man, I'll ſay that for him, and a true Chriſtian every inch of him, and ſcorns to keep her from marrying to

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make a benefit of her eſtate; and, to his praiſe be it ſpoken, he has been mainly commended for't more than once, when the people of our pariſh meet together. For I muſt tell you, Sir Errant, that here in the country, and in our little towns, there's not the leaſt thing can be ſaid or done, but people will talk and find fault: but let buſy-bodies prate as they pleaſe, the parſon muſt have been a good body indeed, who cou'd bring his whole pariſh to give him a good word, eſpecially in the country. Thou'rt in the right, cry'd Don Quixote, and therefore go on, honeſt Peter, for the ſtory is pleaſant, and thou tell'ſt it with a grace. May I never want God's grace, quoth Peter, for that's moſt to the purpoſe. But for our parſon, as I told you before, he was not for keeping his niece from marrying, and therefore he took care to let her know of all thoſe that wou'd have taken her to wife, both what they were, and what they had, and he was at her, to have her pitch upon one of 'em for a huſband; yet wou'd ſhe never anſwer otherwiſe, but that ſhe had no mind to wed as yet, as finding her ſelf too young for the burden of wedlock. With theſe and ſuch like come-offs, ſhe got her uncle to let her alone, and wait till ſhe thought fit to chooſe for her ſelf: for he was wont to ſay, that parents are not to beſtow their children where they bear no liking; and in that he ſpoke like an honeſt man. And thus it happen'd, that when we leaſt dreamt of it, that coy laſs, finding her ſelf at liberty, wou'd needs turn ſhepherdeſs, and neither her uncle, nor all thoſe of the village who advis'd her againſt it, cou'd work any thing upon her, but away ſhe went to the fields to keep her own ſheep with the other young laſſes of the town. But then 'twas ten times worſe; for no ſooner was ſhe ſeen abroad, when I can't tell how many ſpruce gallants, both gentlemen and rich farmers, chang'd their garb for love of her, and follow'd her up and down in ſhepherd's guiſe. One of 'em, as I have told you, was this ſame Chryſoſtome, who now lies dead, of whom 'tis ſaid, he not only lov'd, but worſhipp'd her. Howſoever, I wou'd not have you think or ſurmiſe, becauſe Marcella took that courſe of life, and was as it were under

der no manner of keeping, that ſhe gave the leaſt token of naughtineſs or light behaviour; for ſhe ever was, and is ſtill ſo coy, and ſo watchful to keep her honour pure and free from evil tongues, that among ſo many wooers who ſuitor her, there's not one can make his brags of having the leaſt hope of ever ſpeeding with her. For though ſhe does not ſhun the company of ſhepherds, but uſes 'em courteouſly, ſo far as they behave themſelves handſomely; yet whenſoever any one of them does but offer to break his mind to her, be it never ſo well meant, and only in order to marry, ſhe caſts him away from her, as with a ſling, and will never have any more to ſay to him.

And thus this fair maiden does more harm in this country, than the plague wou'd do; for her courteouſneſs and fair looks draw on every body to love her; but then her dogged ſtubborn coyneſs breaks their hearts, and makes 'em ready to hang themſelves; and all they can do, poor wretches, is to make a heavy complaint, and call her cruel, unkind, ungrateful, and a world of ſuch names, whereby they plainly ſhew what a ſad condition they are in: were you but to ſtay here ſome time, you'd hear theſe hills and vallies ring again with the doleful moans of thoſe ſhe has deny'd, who yet can't for the blood of 'em give over ſneaking after her. We have a place not far off, where there are ſome two dozen of beech-trees, and on 'em all you may find I don't know how many Marcella's cut in the ſmooth bark. On ſome of 'em there's a crown carv'd over the name, as much as to ſay that Marcella bears away the crown, and deſerves the garland of beauty. Here ſighs one ſhepherd, there another whines; here is one ſinging doleful ditties, there another is wringing his hands and making woful complaints. You ſhall have one lay him down at night at the foot of a rock, or ſome oak, and there lie weeping and wailing without a wink of ſleep, and talking to himſelf till the ſun finds him the next morning; you ſhall have another lie ſtretch'd upon the hot ſandy ground, breathing his ſad lamentations to heaven, without heeding the ſultry heat of the ſummer-ſun. And all this

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while the hard-hearted Marcella ne'er minds any one of 'em, and does not ſeem to be the leaſt concern'd for 'em. We are all mightily at a loſs to know what will be the end of all this pride and coyneſs, who ſhall be the happy man that ſhall at laſt tame her, and bring her to his lure. Now becauſe there's nothing more certain than all this, I am the more apt to give credit to what our comrade has told us, as to the occaſion of Chryſoſtome's death; and therefore I would needs have you go and ſee him laid in's grave to morrow; which I believe will be worth your while, for he had many friends, and 'tis not half a league to the place where 'twas his will to be bury'd. I intend to be there, anſwer'd Don Quixote, and in the mean time I return thee many thanks for the extraordinary ſatisfaction this ſtory has afforded me. Alas! Sir knight, reply'd the goat-herd, I have not told you half the miſchiefs this proud creature hath done here, but to morrow may-hap we ſhall meet ſome ſhepherd by the way that will be able to tell you more. Mean while it won't be amiſs for you to take your reſt in one of the huts; for the open air is not good for your wound, tho' what I've put to it is ſo ſpecial a medicine that there's not much need to fear but 'twill do well enough. Sancho, who was quite out of patience with the goat-herd's long ſtory, and wiſh'd him at the devil for his pains, at laſt prevail'd with him to lie down in Peter's hutt, where Don Quixote, in imitation of Marcella's lovers, devoted the remainder of the night to amorous expoſtulations with his dear Dulcinea. As for Sancho, he laid himſelf down between Rozinante and his aſs, and ſlept it out, not like a diſconſolate lover, but like a man that had been ſoundly kick'd and bruis'd in the morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A continuation of the ſtory of Marcella.

SCarce had day began to appear from the balconies of the eaſt, when five of the goat-herds got up, and having wak'd Don Quixote, aſk'd him if he held his reſolution of going to the funeral, whither they were ready to bear him company. Thereupon the knight, who deſired nothing more, preſently aroſe, and order'd Sancho to get Rozinante and the aſs ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they ſet forwards. They had not yet gone a quarter of a league before they ſaw advancing towards them, out of a croſs path, ſix ſhepherds clad in black ſkins, their heads crown'd with garlands of cypreſs and bitter roſe-bay-tree, with long holly-ſtaves in their hands. Two gentlemen on horſeback, attended by three young lads on foot, came immediately after 'em: as they drew near, they ſaluted one another civilly, and after the uſual queſtion, Which way d'ye travel? they found they were all going the ſame way to ſee the funeral, and ſo they all join'd company. I fancy, Senior Vivaldo, ſaid one of the gentlemen, addreſſing himſelf to the other, we ſhall not think our time miſſpent in going to ſee this famous funeral; for it muſt of neceſſity be very extraordinary, according to the account which theſe men have given us of the dead ſhepherd and his murdering miſtreſs. I am ſo far of your opinion, anſwer'd Vivaldo, that I would not only ſtay one day, but a whole week, rather than miſs the ſight. This gave Don Quixote occaſion to aſk them what they had heard concerning Chryſoſtome and Marcella? One of the gentlemen made anſwer, That having met that morning with thoſe ſhepherds, they could not forbear inquiring of them, why they wore ſuch a mournful dreſs? Whereupon one of 'em acquainted 'em with the ſad occaſion, by relating the ſtory of a certain ſheperdeſs, nam'd Marcella, no leſs lovely than cruel, whoſe coyneſs and diſdain has made a world of unfortunate lovers, and caus'd the death of that

Chryſoſtome, to whoſe funeral they were going. In ſhort, he repeated to Don Quixote all that Peter had told him the night before. After this, Vivaldo aſk'd the knight why he travell'd ſo compleatly arm'd in ſo peaceable a country? My profeſſion, anſwer'd the champion, does not permit me to ride otherwiſe. Luxurious feaſts, ſumptuous dreſſes, and downy eaſe were invented for effeminate courtiers; but labour, vigilance and arms are the portion of thoſe whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I have the honour to be one, though the moſt unworthy, and the meaneſt of the fraternity. He needed to ſay no more to ſatisfy 'em his brains were out of order; however, that they might the better underſtand the nature of his folly, Vivaldo aſk'd him, what he meant by a knight-errant? Have you not read then, cry'd Don Quixote, the annals and hiſtory of Britain, where are recorded the famous deeds of king Arthur, who, according to an antient tradition in that kingdom, never dy'd, but was turn'd into a crow by inchantment, and ſhall one day reſume his former ſhape, and recover his kingdom again. For which reaſon ſince that time, the people of Great-Britain dare not offer to kill a crow. In this good king's time, the moſt noble order of the knights of the round table was firſt inſtituted, and then alſo the amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and queen Guinever were really tranſacted, as that hiſtory relates; they being manag'd and carry'd on by the mediation of that honourable matron the lady Quintaniona. Which produc'd that excellent hiſtory in verſe ſo ſung and celebrated here in Spain.

There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he Sir Lancelot hight,
When firſt he left his country dear:

And the reſt, which gives ſo delightful an account both of his loves and feats of arms. From that time the order of knight-errantry began by degrees to dilate and extend itſelf into moſt parts of the world. Then did the great Amadis de Gaul ſignalize himſelf by heroick exploits, and

and ſo did his offſpring to the fifth generation. The valorous Felixmart of Hyrcania then got immortal fame, and that undaunted knight Tirante the White, who never can be applauded to his worth. Nay, had we but liv'd a little ſooner, we might have been bleſs'd with the converſation of that invincible knight of our modern times, the valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, gentlemen, is that order of chivalry, which, as much a ſinner as I am, I profeſs, with a due obſervance of the laws which thoſe brave knights obſerv'd before me; and for that reaſon I chuſe to wander through theſe ſolitary deſarts, ſeeking adventures, fully reſolv'd to expoſe my perſon to the moſt formidable dangers which fortune can obtrude on me, that by the ſtrength of my arm I may relieve the weak and the diſtreſſed.

After all this ſtuff, you may be ſure the travellers were ſufficiently convinc'd of Don Quixote's frenzy. Nor were they leſs ſurpriz'd than were all thoſe who had hitherto diſcover'd ſo unaccountable a diſtraction in one who ſeem'd a rational creature. However, Vivaldo, who was of a gay diſpoſition, had no ſooner made the diſcovery, but he reſolv'd to make the beſt advantage of it, that the ſhortneſs of the way wou'd allow him.

Therefore, to give him further occaſion to divert 'em with his whimſies, Methinks, Sir knight-errant, ſaid he to him, you have taken up one of the ſtricteſt and moſt mortifying profeſſions in the world. I don't think but that a Carthuſian fryar has a better time on't than you have. Perhaps, anſwer'd Don Quixote, the profeſſion of a Carthuſian may be as auſtere, but I am within two fingers breadth of doubting, whether it may be as beneficial to the world as ours. For, if we muſt ſpeak the truth, the ſoldier, who puts his captain's command in execution, may be ſaid to do as much at leaſt as the captain who commanded him. The application is eaſy: for, while thoſe religious men have nothing to do, but with all quietneſs and ſecurity to ſay their prayers for the proſperity of the world, We knights, like ſoldiers, execute what they do but pray for, and procure thoſe benefits to mankind, by the ſtrength of our arms, and at the hazard of

our lives, for which they only interceed. Nor do we do this ſhelter'd from the injuries of the air, but under no other roof than that of the wide heavens, expos'd to ſummer's ſcorching heat, and winter's pinching cold. So that we may juſtly ſtyle ourſelves the miniſters of heaven, and the inſtruments of its juſtice upon earth; and as the buſineſs of war is not to be compas'd without vaſt toil and labour, ſo the religious ſoldier muſt undoubtedly be preferr'd before the religious monk, who living ſtill quiet and at eaſe, has nothing to do but to pray for the afflicted and diſtreſſed. However, gentlemen, do not imagine I wou'd inſinuate as if the profeſſion of a knight-errant was a ſtate of perfection equal to that of a holy recluſe: I would only infer from what I've ſaid, and what I my ſelf endure, that ours without queſtion is more laborious, more ſubject to the diſcipline of heavy blows, to maceration, to the penance of hunger and thirſt, and in a word, to rags, to want and miſery. For if you find that ſome knights-errant have at laſt by their valour been rais'd to thrones and empires, you may be ſure it has been ſtill at the expence of much ſweat and blood. And had even thoſe happier knights been depriv'd of thoſe aſſiſting ſages and enchanters, who help'd 'em in all emergencies, they wou'd have been ſtrangely diſappointed of their mighty expectations. I am of the ſame opinion, reply'd Vivaldo. But one thing among many others, which I can by no means approve in your profeſſion, is, that when you are juſt going to engage in ſome very hazardous adventure, where your lives are evidently to be much endanger'd, you never once remember to commend yourſelves to God, as every good Chriſtian ought to do on ſuch occaſions, but only recommend yourſelves to your miſtreſſes, and that with as great zeal and devotion as if you worſhipp'd no other deity; a thing, which in my opinion, ſtrongly reliſhes of Paganiſm. Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, there's no altering that method; for ſhou'd a knight-errant do otherwiſe, he wou'd too much deviate from the antient and eſtabliſh'd cuſtoms of knight-errantry, which inviolably oblige him juſt in the moment when he is ruſhing on, and giving birth to ſome dubious atchievement, to have his miſtreſs ſtill before

fore his eyes, ſtill preſent to his mind, by a ſtrong and lively imagination, and with ſoft, amorous and energetick looks imploring her favour and protection in that perilous circumſtance. Nay, if no body can overhear him, he's oblig'd to whiſper, or ſpeak between his teeth, ſome ſhort ejaculations, to recommend himſelf with all the fervency imaginable to the lady of his wiſhes, and of this we have innumerable examples in hiſtory. Nor are you for all this to imagine that knights-errant omit recommending themſelves to heaven, for they have leiſure enough to do it even in the midſt of the combat.

Sir, reply'd Vivaldo, you muſt give me leave to tell you, I am not yet throughly ſatisfy'd in this point: for I have often obſerv'd in my reading, that two knights-errant, having firſt talk'd a little together, have fallen out preſently, and been ſo highly provok'd, that having turn'd their horſes heads to gain room for the career, they have wheel'd about, and then with all ſpeed run full tilt at one another, haſtily recommending themſelves to their miſtreſſes in the midſt of their career; and the next thing has commonly been, that one of them has been thrown to the ground over the crupper of his horſe, fairly run thro' and thro' with his enemies lance; and the other forc'd to catch hold of his horſe's main to keep himſelf from falling. Now I can't apprehend how the knight that was ſlain had any time to recommend himſelf to heaven, when his buſineſs was done ſo ſuddenly. Methinks thoſe haſty invocations, which in his career were directed to his miſtreſs, ſhou'd have been directed to heaven, as every good Chriſtian wou'd have done. Beſides, I fancy every knight-errant has not a miſtreſs to invoke, nor is every one of 'em in love. Your conjecture is wrong, reply'd Don Quixote; a knight-errant cannot be without a miſtreſs; 'tis not more eſſential for the ſkies to have ſtars, than 'tis to us to be in love. Inſomuch, that I dare affirm, that no hiſtory ever made mention of any knight-errant, that was not a lover; for were any knight free from the impulſes of that generous paſſion, he wou'd not be allow'd to be a lawful knight; but a miſ-born intruder, and one who was not admitted within the pale of

knighthood at the door, but leap'd the fence, and stole in like a robber and a thief. Yet, Sir, reply'd the other, I'm much mistaken, or I have read that Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis, never had any certain mistress to recommend himself to, and yet for all that, he was not the less esteem'd. One swallow never makes a summer, answer'd Don Quixote. Besides, I know, that knight was privately very much in love; and as for his making his addresses, wherever he met with beauty, this was an effect of his natural inclination, which he cou'd not easily restrain. But after all, 'tis an undeniable truth, that he had a favourite lady, whom he had crown'd empress of his will; and to her he frequently recommended himself in private, for he did not a little value himself upon his discretion and secrecy in love. Then, Sir, said Vivaldo, since 'tis so much the being of knight-errantry to be in love, I presume, you, who are of that profession, cannot be without a mistress. And therefore, if you do not set up for secrecy as much as Don Galaor did, give me leave to beg of you in the name of all the company, that you will be pleas'd so far to oblige us, as to let us know the name and quality of your mistress, the place of her birth, and the charms of her person. For without doubt, the lady cannot but esteem herself happy in being known to all the world to be the object of the wishes of a knight so accomplish'd as yourself. With that Don Quixote breathing out a deep sigh, I cannot tell, said he, whether this lovely enemy of my repose, is the least affected with the world's being informed of her power over my heart; all I dare say, in compliance with your request is, that her name is Dulcinea, her country La Mancha, and Tobosa the happy place which she honours with her residence. As for her quality, it cannot be less than princess, seeing she is my mistress and my queen. Her beauty transcends all the united charms of her whole sex; even those chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have assign'd to their mistresses, cease to be incredible descriptions when apply'd to her, in whom all those miraculous endowments are most divinely centred. The curling locks of

of her bright flowing hair are pureſt gold; her ſmooth forehead the Elyſian Plain; her brows are two celeſtial bows; her eyes two glorious ſuns; her cheeks two beds of roſes; her lips are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaſter; her breaſts marble; her hands ivory; and ſnow wou'd loſe its whiteneſs near her boſom. Then for the parts which modeſty has veil'd, my imagination, not to wrong 'em, chuſes to loſe itſelf in ſilent admiration; for nature boaſts nothing that may give an idea of their incomparable worth. Pray, Sir, cry'd Vivaldo, oblige us with an account of her parentage, and the place of her birth, to compleat the deſcription. Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, ſhe is not deſcended from the antient Curtius's, Caius's, nor Scipio's of Rome, nor from the more modern Colonna's, nor Urſini's; nor from the Moncada's, and Requeſens's of Catalonia; nor from the Rebilla's, and Villanova's of Valencia; nor from the Palafoxes, Nucas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Foze's, or Gurrea's of Arragon; nor from the Cerda's, Manriquez's, Mendoza's, and Guſmans of Caſtile; nor from the Alencaſtro's, Palla's, and Menezes of Portugal; but ſhe derives her great orig nal from the family of Toboſo in La Mancha, a race, which tho' it be modern, is ſufficient to give a noble beginning to the moſt illuſtrious progenies of ſucceeding ages. And let no man preſume to contradict me in this, unleſs it be upon theſe conditions, which Zerbin fix'd at the foot of Orlando's armour,

Let none but he theſe arms diſplace,
Who dares Orlando's fury face.

I draw my pedigree from the Cachopines of Laredo, reply'd Vivaldo, yet I dare nor make any compariſons with the Toboſo's of La Mancha; tho' to deal ſincerely with you, 'tis a family I never heard of till this moment. 'Tis ſtrange, ſaid Don Quixote, you ſhou'd never have heard of it before.

All the reſt of the company gave great attention to this diſcourſe; and even the very goat-herds and ſhep-

herds

herds were now fully convinc'd that Don Quixote's brains were turn'd topsy-turvy. But Sancho Pança believ'd every word that drop'd from his master's mouth to be truth, as having known him, from his cradle, to be a man of sincerity. Yet that which somewhat stagger'd his faith, was this story of Dulcinea of Toboso; for he was sure he had never heard before of any such princess, nor even of the name, tho' he liv'd hard by Toboso.

As they went on thus discoursing, they saw, upon the hollow road between the neighbouring mountains, about twenty shepherds more, all accouter'd in black skins with garlands on their heads, which, as they afterwards perceiv'd, were all of yew or cypress; six of 'em carry'd a bier cover'd with several sorts of boughs and flowers: which one of the goat-herds espying, Those are they, cry'd he, that are carrying poor Chrysostome to his grave; and 'twas in yonder bottom that he gave charge they should bury his corps. This made 'em all double their pace, that they might get thither in time; and so they arriv'd just as the bearers had sat down the bier upon the ground, and four of them had begun to open the ground with their spades, just at the foot of a rock. They all saluted each other courteously, and condol'd their mutual loss; and then Don Quixote, with those who came with him, went to view the bier; where they saw the dead body of a young man in shepherd's weeds all strew'd over with flowers. The deceas'd seem'd to be about thirty years old; and, dead as he was, 'tis easily perceiv'd that both his face and shape were extraordinary handsome. Within the bier were some few books and several papers, some open, and the rest folded up. This doleful object so strangely fill'd all the company with sadness, that not only the beholders, but also the grave-makers, and all the mourning shepherds remain'd a long time silent; till at last one of the bearers, addressing himself to one of the rest, Look, Ambrose, cry'd he, whether this be the place which Chrysostome meant, since you must needs have his will so punctually perform'd? This is the very place, answer'd the other: there it was that my unhappy friend many times told me the sad story of his cruel fortune;

fortune; there it was that he first saw that mortal enemy of mankind; there it was that he made the first discovery of his passion, no less innocent than violent; there it was that the relentless Marcella last deny'd, shunn'd him, and drove him to that extremity of sorrow and despair that hasten'd the sad catastrophe of his tragical and miserable life; and there it was, that, in token of so many misfortunes, he desir'd to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the rest of the travellers, This body, gentlemen, said he, which here you now behold, was once enliven'd by a soul which heaven had enrich'd with the greatest part of its most valuable graces. This is the body that Chrysostome who was unrivall'd in wit, matchless in courteousness, incomparable in gracefulness, a phœnix in friendship, generous and magnificent without ostentation prudent and grave without pride, modest without affectation, pleasing and complaisant without meanness: in a word, the first in every esteemable qualification, and second to none in misfortune: he lov'd well, and was hated; he ador'd, and was disdain'd; he begg'd pity of cruelty itself; he strove to move obdurate marble; pursu'd the wind; made his moans to solitary desarts; was constant to ingratitude; and for the recompense of his fidelity, became a prey to death in the flower of his age, thro' the barbarity of a shepherdess, whom he strove to immortalize by his verse; as these papers which are here deposited might testify, had he not commanded me to sacrifice 'em to the flames, at the same time that his body was committed to the earth.

Shou'd you do so, cry'd Vivaldo, you wou'd appear more cruel to 'em than their exasperated unhappy parent. Consider, Sir, 'tis not consistent with discretion, nor even with justice, so nicely to perform the request of the dead, when 'tis repugnant to reason. Augustus Cæsar himself wou'd have forfeited his title to wisdom, had he permitted that to have been effected which the divine Virgil had order'd by his will. Therefore, Sir, now that you resign your friend's body to the grave, do not hurry thus the noble and only remains of that dear unhappy man to a

worse

worſe fate, the death of oblivion. What, tho' he has doom'd 'em to periſh in the height of his reſentment, you ought not indiſcreetly to be their executioner; but rather reprive and redeem 'em from eternal ſilence, that they may live, and, flying thro' the world, tranſmit to all ages the diſmal ſtory of your friend's virtue and Marcella's ingratitude, as a warning to others, that they may avoid ſuch tempting ſnares and inchanting deſtructions; for not only to me, but to all here preſent is well known the hiſtory of your enamour'd and deſperate friend: we are no ſtrangers to the friendſhip that was between you, as alſo to Marcella's cruelty which occaſion'd his death. Laſt night being inform'd that he was to be buried here to-day, mov'd not ſo much by curioſity as pity, we are come to behold with our eyes that which gave us ſo much trouble to hear. Therefore, in the name of all the company, like me, deeply affected with a ſenſe of Chryſoſtome's extraordinary merit, and his unhappy fate, and deſirous to prevent ſuch deplorable diſaſters for the future, I beg that you will permit me to ſave ſome of theſe papers, whatever you reſolve to do with the reſt. And ſo, without expecting an anſwer, he ſtretch'd out his arm, and took out thoſe papers which lay next to his hand. Well, Sir, ſaid Ambroſe, you have found a way to make me ſubmit, and you may keep thoſe papers; but for the reſt, nothing ſhall make me alter my reſolution of burning 'em. Vivaldo ſaid no more; but being impatient to ſee what thoſe papers were, which he had reſcued from the flames, he open'd one of 'em immediately and read the title of it, which was, The Deſpairing Lover. That, ſaid Ambroſe, was the laſt piece my dear friend ever wrote; and therefore, that you may all hear to what a ſad condition his unhappy paſſion had reduc'd him, read it aloud, I beſeech you, Sir, while the grave is making. With all my heart, reply'd Vivaldo: and ſo the company, having the ſame deſire, preſently gather'd round about him, and he read the following lines.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The unfortunate shepherd's verses, and other unexpected matters.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

RElentleſs tyrant of my heart,
Attend, and hear thy ſlave impart
The matchleſs ſtory of his pain.
In vain I labour to conceal
What my extorted groans reveal;
Who can be rack'd, and not complain?

But oh! who duly can expreſs
Thy cruelty, and my diſtreſs?
No human art, no human tongue.
Then fiends aſſiſt, and rage infuſe!
A raving fury be my muſe,
And hell inſpire the diſmal ſong!

Owls, ravens, terrors of the night,
Wolves, monſters, fiends, with dire affright,
Join your dread accents to my moans!
Join, howling winds, your ſullen noiſe;
Thou, grumbling thunder, join thy voice;
Mad ſeas, your roar, and hell, thy groans.

Tho' ſtill I moan in dreary caves,
To deſart rocks, and ſilent graves,
My loud complaints ſhall wander far;
Born by the winds they ſhall ſurvive,
By pitying ecchoes kept alive,
And fill the world with my deſpair.

Love's deadly cure is fierce diſdain,
Diſtracting fear a dreadful pain,
And Jealouſy a matchleſs woe;
Abſence is death, yet while it kills,
I live with all theſe mortal ills,
Scorn'd, jealous, loath'd, and abſent too.

No

No dawn of hope e'er chear'd my heart,
No pitying ray e'er ſooth'd my ſmart,
All, all the ſweets of life are gone;
Then come deſpair, and frantick rage,
With inſtant fate my pain aſſwage,
And end a thouſand deaths by one.

But ev'n in death let love be crown'd,
My fair deſtruction guiltleſs found,
And I be thought with juſtice ſcorn'd:
Thus let me fall unlov'd, unbleſs'd,
With all my load of woes oppreſs'd,
And even too wretched to be mourn'd.

O! thou, by whoſe deſtructive hate,
I'm hurry'd to this doleful fate,
When I'm no more, thy pity ſpare!
I dread thy tears; oh ſpare 'em then——
But oh! I rave, I was too vain,
My death can never coſt a tear.

Tormented ſouls, on you I call,
Hear one more wretched than you all;
Come howl as in redoubled flames.
Attend me to th'eternal night,
No other dirge, or fun'ral rite,
A poor deſpairing lover claims.

And thou my ſong, ſad child of woe,
When life is gone, and I'm below,
For thy loſt parent ceaſe to grieve.
With life and thee my woes increaſe,
And ſhou'd they not by dying ceaſe,
Hell has no pain like theſe I leave.

Theſe verſes were well approv'd by all the company; only Vivaldo obſerv'd, that the jealouſies and fears of which the ſhepherd complain'd, did not very well agree with what he had heard of Marcella's unſpotted modeſty and reſervedneſs. But Ambroſe, who had been always privy to the moſt ſecret thoughts of his friend, inform'd him, that the unhappy Chryſoſtome wrote thoſe verſes when he had torn himſelf from his ador'd miſtreſs, to

try

try whether abſence, the common cure of love, would relieve him, and mitigate his pain. And as every thing diſturbs an abſent lover, and nothing is more uſual than for him to torment himſelf with a thouſand chimeras of his own brain, ſo did Chryſoſtome perplex himſelf with jealouſies and ſuſpicions, which had no ground but in his diſtracted imagination; and therefore whatever he ſaid in thoſe uneaſy circumſtances, could never affect, or in the leaſt prejudice Marcella's virtuous character, upon whom, ſetting aſide her cruelty, and her diſdainful haughtineſs, envy itſelf cou'd never fix the leaſt reproach. Vivaldo being thus convinc'd, they were going to read another paper, when they were unexpectedly prevented by a kind of apparition that offer'd itſelf to their view. 'Twas Marcella herſelf, who appear'd at the top of the rock, at the foot of which they were digging the grave; but ſo beautiful, that fame ſeem'd rather to have leſſen'd than to have magnify'd her charms: thoſe who had never ſeen her before, gaz'd on her with ſilent wonder and delight; nay, thoſe who us'd to ſee her every day ſeem'd no leſs loſt in admiration than the reſt. But ſcarce had Ambroſe ſpy'd her, when, with anger and indignation in his heart, he cry'd out, What mak'ſt thou there, thou fierce, thou cruel baſiliſk of theſe mountains? com'ſt thou to ſee whether the wounds of this murder'd wretch will bleed afreſh at thy preſence? or com'ſt thou thus mounted aloft, to glory in the fatal effects of thy native inhumanity, like another Nero at the ſight of flaming Rome? or is it to trample on this unfortunate corps, as Tarquin's ungrateful daughter did her father's? tell us quickly why thou com'ſt, and what thou yet deſireſt? for ſince I know that Chryſoſtome's whole ſtudy was to ſerve and pleaſe thee while he liv'd, I'm willing to diſpoſe all his friends to pay thee the like obedience now he's dead. I come not here to any of thoſe ungrateful ends, Ambroſe, reply'd Marcella; but only to clear my innocence, and ſhew the injuſtice of all thoſe who lay their misfortunes and Chryſoſtome's death to my charge: therefore I intreat you all who are here at this time to hear me a little, for I ſhall

not need to uſe many words to convince people of ſenſe of an evident truth. Heav'n, you're pleas'd to ſay, has made me beautiful, and that to ſuch a degree, that you are forc'd, nay, as it were compell'd to love me, in ſpite of your endeavours to the contrary; and for the ſake of that love, you ſay I ought to love you again. Now, tho' I am ſenſible, that whatever is beautiful is lovely, I cannot conceive, that what is lov'd for being handſome, ſhou'd be bound to love that by which 'tis lov'd, meerly becauſe 'tis lov'd. He that loves a beautiful object may happen to be ugly; and as what is ugly deſerves not to be lov'd, it would be ridiculous to ſay, I love you becauſe you are handſome, and therefore you muſt love me again tho' I am ugly. But ſuppoſe two perſons of different ſexes are equally handſome, it does not follow, that their deſires ſhould be alike and reciprocal; for all beauties do not kindle love; ſome only recreate the ſight, and never reach, nor captivate the heart. Alas! ſhould whatever is beautiful beget love, and enſlave the mind, mankind's deſires would ever run confus'd and wandering, without being able to fix their determinate choice: for as there is an infinite number of beautiful objects, the deſires would conſequently be alſo infinite; whereas, on the contrary, I have heard, that true love is ſtill confin'd to one, and voluntary and unforc'd. This being granted, why would you have me force my inclinations for no other reaſon but that you ſay you love me? Tell me, I beſeech you, had heaven form'd me as ugly as it has made me beautiful, could I juſtly complain of you for not loving me? Pray conſider alſo, that I do not poſſeſs thoſe charms by choice; ſuch as they are, they were freely beſtow'd on me by heaven: and as the viper is not to be blam'd for the poiſon with which ſhe kills, ſeeing 'twas aſſign'd her by nature; ſo I ought not to be cenſur'd for that beauty which I derive from the ſame cauſe: for beauty in a virtuous woman is but like a diſtant flame, or a ſharp-edg'd ſword, and only burns and wounds thoſe who approach too near it. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the ſoul, and that body that's deſtitute

of

of 'em cannot be esteem'd beautiful, tho' it be naturally so. If then honour be one of those endowments which most adorn the body, why should she that's belov'd for her beauty, expose herself to the loss of it, meerly to gratify the loose desires of one, who for his own selfish ends uses all the means imaginable to make her lose it? I was born free, and that I might continue so, I retir'd to these solitary hills and plains, where trees are my companions, and clear fountains my looking-glasses. With the trees and with the waters I communicate my thoughts, and my beauty. I am a distant flame, and a sword far off: those whom I have attracted with my sight, I have undeceiv'd with my words; and if hope be the food of desire, as I never gave any encouragement to Chrysostome, nor to any other, it may well be said, 'twas rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that shorten'd his life. If you tell me that his intentions were honest, and therefore ought to have been comply'd with; I answer, that when, at the very place where his grave is making, he discover'd his passion, I told him, I was resolv'd to live and die single, and that the earth alone should reap the fruit of my reservedness, and enjoy the spoils of my beauty; and if, after all the admonitions I gave him, he would persist in his obstinate pursuit, and sail against the wind, what wonder is't he should perish in the waves of his indiscretion? Had I ever encourag'd him, or amus'd him with ambiguous words, then I had been false; and had I gratify'd his wishes, I had acted contrary to my better resolves: he persisted, tho' I had given him a due caution, and he despair'd without being hated. Now I leave you to judge, whether I ought to be blam'd for his sufferings? If I have deceiv'd any one, let him complain; if I have broke my promise to any one, let him despair; if I encourage any one, let him presume; if I entertain any one, let him boast: but let no man call me cruel nor murderer, 'till I either deceive, break my promise, encourage, or entertain him. Heaven has not yet been pleas'd to shew whether 'tis its will I should love by destiny; and 'tis vain to think I will ever do it

by choice: ſo let this general caution ſerve every one of thoſe who make their addreſſes to me for their own ends. And if any one hereafter dies on my account, let not their jealouſy, nor my ſcorn or hate, be thought the cauſe of their death; for ſhe who never pretended to love, cannot make any one jealous, and a free and generous declaration of our fix'd reſolution, ought not to be counted hate or diſdain. In ſhort, let him that calls me a tigreſs, and a baſiliſk, avoid me as a dangerous thing; and let him that calls me ungrateful, give over ſerving me: I aſſure 'em I will never ſeek nor purſue 'em. Therefore let none hereafter make it their buſineſs to diſturb my eaſe, nor ſtrive to make me hazard among men the peace I now enjoy, which I am perſuaded is not to be found with them. I have wealth enough; I neither love nor hate any one: the innocent converſation of the neighbouring ſhepherdeſſes, with the care of my flocks, help me to paſs away my time, without either coquetting with this man, or practiſing arts to enſnare that other. My thoughts are limited by theſe mountains; and if they wander further, 'tis only to admire the beauty of heaven, and thus by ſteps to raiſe my ſoul towards her original dwelling.

As ſoon as ſhe had ſaid this, without expecting any anſwer, ſhe left the place, and ran into the thickeſt of the adjoining wood, leaving all that heard her charm'd with her diſcretion as well as with her beauty.

However, ſo prevalent were the charms of the latter, that ſome of the company, who were deſperately ſtruck, could not forbear offering to follow her, without being the leaſt deterr'd by the ſolemn proteſtations which they had heard her make that very moment. But Don Quixote perceiving their deſign, and believing he had now a fit opportunity to exert his knight-errantry; Let no man, cry'd he, of what quality or condition ſoever, preſume to follow the fair Marcella, under the penalty of incurring my furious diſpleaſure. She has made it appear, by undeniable reaſons, that ſhe was not guilty of Chryſoſtome's death; and has poſitively declar'd her firm reſolution never

ver to condescend to the desires of any of her admirers: for which reason, instead of being importun'd and persecuted, she ought to be esteem'd and honour'd by all good men, as being perhaps the only woman in the world that ever liv'd with such a virtuous reservedness. Now, whether it were that Don Quixote's threats terrify'd the amorous shepherds, or that Ambrose's persuasion prevail'd with 'em to stay and see their friend interr'd, none of the shepherds left the place, till the grave being made, and the papers burnt, the body was deposited into the bosom of the earth, not without many tears from all the assistants. They cover'd the grave with a great stone till a monument was made, which Ambrose said he design'd to have set up there, with the following epitaph upon it.

CHRYSOSTOME'S EPITAPH.

HERE of a wretched swain
The frozen body's laid,
Kill'd by the cold disdain
Of an ungrateful maid.
Here first love's pow'r he try'd,
Here first his pains express'd;
Here first he was deny'd,
Here first he chose to rest.
You who the shepherd mourn,
From coy Marcella fly;
Who Chrysostome cou'd scorn,
May all mankind destroy.

The shepherds strew'd the grave with many flowers and boughs; and every one having condol'd a while with his friend Ambrose, they took their leave of him, and departed. Vivaldo and his companion did the like; as did also Don Quixote, who was not a person to forget himself on such occasions: he likewise bid adieu to the kind goatherds, that had entertain'd him, and to the two travellers who desir'd him to go with 'em to Seville, assuring him there was no place in the world more fertile in adventures,

every ſtreet and every corner there producing ſome. Don Quixote return'd them thanks for their kind information; but told 'em he neither would, nor ought to go to Seville, till he had clear'd all thoſe mountains of the thieves and robbers which he heard very much infeſted all thoſe parts. Thereupon the travellers, being unwilling to divert him from ſo good a deſign, took their leaves of him once more, and purſu'd their journey, ſufficiently ſupply'd with matter to diſcourſe on from the ſtory of Marcella and Chryſoſtome, and Don Quixote's follies. As for him, he reſolv'd to find out the ſhepherdeſs Marcella, if poſſible, to offer her his ſervice to protect her to the utmoſt of his power: but he happen'd to be croſs'd in his deſigns, as you ſhall hear in the ſequel of this true hiſtory; for here ends the ſecond book.

THE
Life *and* Atchievements
Of the renown'd
Don QUIXOTE de la MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Giving an account of Don Quixote's *unfortunate rencounter with certain bloody-minded and wicked* Yanguesian * *carriers.*

THE ſage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of all thoſe that were at Chryſoſtome's funeral, he and his ſquire went after Marcella into the wood; and having rang'd it above two hours without being able to find her, they came at laſt to a meadow, whoſe ſpringing green, water'd with a delightful and refreſhing

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* *Carriers of the kingdom of Galicia, commonly ſo call'd.*

rivulet,

rivulet, invited, or rather pleasingly forc'd 'em to alight and give way to the heat of the day, which began to be very violent: so leaving the ass and Rozinante to graze at large, they ransack'd the wallet; and without ceremony the master and the man fell to, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be a horse of that sobriety and chastity, that all the mares in the pastures of Cordova could not have rais'd him to attempt an indecent thing. But either fortune, or the devil, who seldom sleeps, so order'd it, that a good number of Galician mares, belonging to some Yanguesian carriers, were then feeding in the same valley, it being the custom of those men, about the hottest time of the day, to stop wherever they meet with grass and water to refresh their cattle: nor could they have found a fitter place than that where Don Quixote was. Rozinante, as I said before, was chaste and modest; however, he was flesh and blood; so that as soon as he had smelt the mares, forsaking his natural gravity and reserv'dness, without asking his master's leave, away he trots it briskly to make 'em sensible of his little necessities: but they, who it seems had more mind to feed than to be merry, receiv'd their gallant so rudely with their heels and teeth, that in a trice they broke his girts and threw down his saddle, and left him disrob'd of all his equipage. And for an addition to his misery, the carriers perceiving the violence that was offer'd to their mares, flew to their relief with poles and pack-staves, and so belabour'd poor Rozinante that he soon sunk to the ground under the weight of their unmerciful blows.

Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving at a distance the ill usage of Rozinante, ran with all speed to his rescue; and as they came near the place, panting, and almost out of breath, Friend Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, I perceive these are no knights, but only a pack of scoundrels and fellows of the lowest rank; I say it, because thus thou may'st lawfully help me to revenge the injury they have done Rozinante before our faces. What a devil d'ye talk of revenge, quoth Sancho? we are like to revenge our selves finely! you see they are above twenty, and we are

but

but two; nay, perhaps but one and a half. I alone am worth a hundred, reply'd Don Quixote; then, without any more words, he drew his ſword, and flew upon the Yanguesians. Sancho, encourag'd by his maſter's example, did the like; and with the firſt blow which Don Quixote gave one of 'em, he cut thro' his leathern doublet, and gave him a deep ſlaſh in the ſhoulder. The Yanguesians, ſeeing themſelves thus rudely handled, betook themſelves to their leavers and pack-ſtaves, and then all at once ſurrounding the valiant knight and his truſty ſquire, they charg'd 'em and laid on with great fury. At the ſecond round, down they ſettled poor Sancho, and then Don Quixote himſelf, who, as chance would have it, fell at the feet of Rozinante, that had not yet recover'd his legs; neither could the knight's courage nor his ſkill avail againſt the fury of a number of ruſtical fellows arm'd with pack-ſtaves. The Yanguesians fearing the ill conſequences of the miſchief they had done, made all the haſte they could to be gone, leaving our two adventurers in a woful condition. The firſt that came to himſelf was Sancho Pança, who, finding himſelf near his maſter, call'd to him thus, with a weak and doleful voice; Ah maſter! maſter! Sir, Sir knight! What's the matter, friend Sancho? aſk'd the knight, in the ſame feeble and lamenting tone. I could wiſh, reply'd Sancho, that your worſhip would help me to two good draughts of the liquor you talk on, if you have any by you; perhaps 'tis as good to cure broken bones, as 'tis to heal outward wounds. Oh! that I had ſome of it here now, cry'd Don Quixote; we could not then be ſaid to want any thing: but I ſwear to thee, honeſt Sancho, by the faith of a knight-errant, within theſe two days (if no other diſaſter prevent me) I will have ſome at my diſpoſal, or it ſhall hardly eſcape my hands. Two days, Sir! reply'd Sancho: why, pray how many days do you think 'twill be before we are able to ſtir our feet? As for my ſelf, anſwer'd the bruis'd Don Quixote, I muſt own I cannot ſet a certain term to the days of our recovery; but 'tis I who am the fatal cauſe of all this miſchief; for I ought not to have drawn my ſword againſt a com-

a company of fellows, upon whom the honour of knighthood was never conferr'd; and I do not doubt but that the Lord of hosts suffer'd this punishment to befal me for transgressing thus the laws of chivalry. Therefore, friend Sancho, observe what I am going to tell thee, for it is a thing that highly concerns the welfare of us both: 'Tis, that for the future, whenever thou perceiv'st us to be any ways abus'd by such inferior fellows, thou art not to expect I should offer to draw my sword against them; for I will not do it in the least: no, do thou then draw, and chastise 'em as thou think'st fit: but if any knights come to take their parts, then will I be sure to step between thee and danger, and assault 'em with the utmost vigour and intrepidity. Thou hast already had a thousand proofs of the greatness of my valour, and the prevailing strength of my most dreadful arm; (so arrogant the knight was grown since his victory over the bold Biscayan) but Sancho was not so well pleas'd with his master's admonitions, but that he thought fit to answer him. Sir, says he, I am a peaceful man, a harmless quiet fellow, d'ye see; I can make shift to pass by an injury as well as any man, as having a wife to maintain, and children to bring up, and therefore pray take this from me by the way of advice, (for I'll not offer to command my master) that I will not in any wise draw my sword neither against knight nor clown, not I. I freely forgive all mankind, high and low, rich and poor, lords and beggars, whatever wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the least exception. Sancho (said his master, hearing this) I heartily wish I had breath enough to answer thee effectually, or that the pain which I feel in one of my short ribs would leave me but for so long as might serve to convince thee of thy error. Come, suppose, thou silly wretch, that the gale of fortune, which has hitherto been so contrary to us, should at last turn favourable, swelling the sails of our desires, so that we might with as much security as ease arrive at some of those islands which I have promis'd thee; what would become of thee, if after I had conquer'd one of 'em, I were to make thee lord of it? Thou wouldst certainly be found not duly qualify'd for

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that dignity, as having abjur'd all knighthood, all thoughts of honour, and all intention to revenge injuries, and defend thy own dominions. For thou must understand, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquer'd, the hearts and minds of the inhabitants are never so thoroughly subdu'd, or wedded to the interests of their new sovereign, but that there is reason to fear, they will endeavour to raise some commotions to change the face of affairs, and, as men say, once more try their fortune. Therefore 'tis necessary that the new possessor have not only understanding to govern, but also valour to attack his enemies, and defend himself on all occasions. I would I had had that understanding and valour you talk of, quoth Sancho; but now, Sir, I must be free to tell you, I have more need of a surgeon, than of a preacher. Pray try whether you can rise, and we'll help Rozinante, tho' he does not deserve it; for he's the chief cause of all this beating. For my part, I could never have believ'd the like of him before, for I always took him for as chaste and sober a person as myself. In short, 'tis a true saying, that *a man must eat a peck of salt with his friend, before he knows him*; and I find *there's nothing sure in this world:* for, who would have thought, after the dreadful slashes you gave to that knight-errant, such a terrible shower of bastinadoes would so soon have fallen upon our shoulders? As for thine, reply'd Don Quixote, I doubt they are us'd to endure such sort of showers; but mine, that were nurs'd in soft linnen, will most certainly be longer sensible of this misfortune; and were it not that I imagine, (but why do I say imagine?) were it not that I am positively sure that all these inconveniencies are inseparable from the profession of chivalry, I would abandon myself to grief, and die of meer despair on this very spot. I beseech you, Sir, quoth Sancho, since these rubs are the vails of your trade of knighthood, tell me whether they use to come often, or whether we may look for 'em at set times: for, I fancy, if we meet but with two such harvests more, we shall never be able to reap the third, unless God of his infinite mercy assist us. Know, friend Sancho, return'd Don Quixote,

Quixote, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand hazards and misfortunes: but on the other side, they may at any time suddenly become kings and emperors, as experience has demonstrated in many knights, of whose histories I have a perfect knowledge. And I could tell thee now (would my pain suffer me) of some of 'em who have rais'd themselves to those high dignities only by the valour of their arm; and those very knights, both before and after their advancement, were involv'd in many calamities: for, the valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Archelaus the inchanter, of whom 'tis credibly reported, that when he held him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred strips with his horse bridle, after he had ty'd him to a pillar in the court-yard of his house. There is also a secret author of no little credit relates, That the knight of the sun being taken in a trap in a certain castle, was hurry'd to a deep dungeon, where, after they had bound him hand and foot, they forcibly gave him a clyster of snow-water and sand, which would probably have cost him his life, had he not been assisted in that distress by a wise magician, his particular friend. Thus I may well bear my misfortune patiently, since those which so many greater persons have endur'd may be said to outdo it: for, I would have thee to know, that those wounds that are given with the instruments and tools which a man happens to have in his hand, do not really disgrace the person struck. We read it expresly in the laws of duels, "That if a shoe-maker strikes another man with his "last which he held in his hand, tho' it be of wood, as "a cudgel is, yet the party who was struck with it shall "shall not be said to have been cudgell'd." I tell thee this, that thou may'st not think we are in the least dishonour'd, tho' we have been horribly beaten in this rencounter; for the weapons which those men us'd were but instruments of their profession, and not one of 'em, as I very well remember, had either tuck, or sword, or dagger. They gave me no leisure, quoth Sancho, to examine things so narrowly; for I had no sooner laid my hand

hand on my cutlaſs *, but they croſs'd my ſhoulders with ſuch a wooden bleſſing, as ſettl'd me on the ground without ſenſe or motion, where you ſee me lie, and where I don't trouble my head whether it be a diſgrace to be mawl'd with cudgels or with packſtaves: let 'em be what they will, I am only vex'd to feel them ſo heavy on my ſhoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep as they are on my mind. For all this, reply'd Don Quixote, I muſt inform thee, friend Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time will not deface, nor no pain to which death will not put a period. Thank you for nothing, quoth Sancho! What worſe can befal us, than to have only death to truſt to? Were our affliction to be cur'd with a plaiſter or two, a man might have ſome patience; but for ought I ſee, all the ſalves in an hoſpital won't ſet us on our beſt legs again. Come, no more of this, cry'd Don Quixote; take courage, and make a virtue of neceſſity; for 'tis what I am reſolv'd to do. Let's ſee how it fares with Rozinante; for if I am not miſtaken, the poor creature has not been the leaſt ſufferer in this adventure. No wonder at that, quoth Sancho, ſeeing he's a knight-errant too; I rather wonder, how my aſs has eſcap'd ſo well, while we have fair'd ſo ill. In our diſaſters, return'd Don Quixote, fortune leaves always ſome door open to come at a remedy. I ſay it, Sancho, becauſe that little beaſt may now ſupply the want of Rozinante, to carry me to ſome caſtle, where I may get cur'd of my wounds. Nor do I eſteem this kind of riding diſhonourable, for I remember, that the good old Silenus, tutor and governor to the jovial god of wine, rode very fairly on a goodly aſs, when he made his entry into the city with a hundred gates. Ay, quoth

* Tizona: *The romantic name of the ſword, which the Spaniſh general Roderick Diaz de Bivar uſed againſt the Moors.* Titio *Lat. for a* firebrand *(from whence* Tiſon *in French) and thence* Tizona *in Spaniſh; and (if I miſtake not) Rinald of Montaubaris Whinyard was call'd Flamberge.*

Sancho, 'twill do well enough, cou'd you ride as fairly on your aſs, as he did on his; but there's a deal of difference between riding and being laid croſs the pannel like a pack of rubbiſh. The wounds which are receiv'd in combat, ſaid Don Quixote, rather add to our honour, than deprive us of it; therefore good Sancho, trouble me with no more replies, but, as I ſaid, endeavour to get up, and lay me as thou pleaſeſt upon thy aſs, that we may leave this place ere night ſteal upon us. But, Sir, cry'd Sancho, I have heard you ſay, that 'tis a common thing among you knights-errant to ſleep in the fields and deſarts the beſt part of the year, and that you look upon it to be a very happy kind of life. That is to ſay, reply'd Don Quixote, when we can do no better, or when we are in love; and this is ſo true, that there have been knights who have dwelt on rocks, expos'd to the ſun, and other inclemencies of the ſky, for the ſpace of two years, without their lady's knowledge: one of thoſe was Amadis, when, aſſuming the name of The Lovely Obſcure, he inhabited the bare rock, either eight years, or eight months, I can't now punctually tell which of the two; for I don't thoroughly remember that paſſage. Let it ſuffice that there he dwelt, doing penance, for I don't know what unkindneſs his lady Oriana had ſhew'd him. But ſetting theſe diſcourſes aſide, pr'ythee diſpatch, leſt ſome miſchief befal the aſs, as it has done Rozinante. That would be the devil indeed, reply'd Sancho, and ſo breathing out ſome thirty lamentations, threeſcore ſighs, and a hundred and twenty plagues and poxes on thoſe that had decoy'd him thither, he at laſt got upon his legs, yet not ſo but that he went ſtooping, with his body bent like a Turk's bow, not being able to ſtand upright. Yet in this crooked poſture he made a ſhift to harneſs his aſs, who had not forgot to take his ſhare of licentiouſneſs that day. After this, he help'd up Rozinante, who, could his tongue have expreſs'd his ſorrows, would certainly not have been behind-hand with Sancho and his maſter. After many bitter oh's, and ſcrew'd faces, Sancho laid Don Quixote on the aſs, ty'd Rozinante to its tail, and they leading the aſs by the halter, he took the neareſt way that he could gueſs to

the high road; to which he luckily came, before he had travell'd a ſhort league, and then he diſcover'd an inn; which, in ſpite of all he could ſay, Don Quixote was pleas'd to miſtake for a caſtle. Sancho ſwore bloodily 'twas an inn, and his maſter was as poſitive of the contrary. In ſhort, their diſpute laſted ſo long, that before they could decide it they reach'd the inn door, where Sancho ſtraight went in, with all his train, without troubling himſelf any further about the matter.

CHAP. II.

What happen'd to Don Quixote *in the inn which he took for a caſtle.*

THE inn-keeper, ſeeing Don Quixote lying quite a-thwart the aſs, aſk'd Sancho what ail'd him? Sancho anſwer'd, 'Twas nothing, only his maſter had got a fall from the top of a rock to the bottom, and had bruis'd his ſides a little. The inn-keeper had a wife, very different from the common ſort of hoſteſſes, for ſhe was of a charitable nature, and very compaſſionate of her neighbour's affliction; which made her immediately take care of Don Quixote, and call her daughter (a good handſome girl) to ſet her helping-hand to his cure. One of the ſervants in the inn was an Aſturian wench, a broad-fac'd, flat-headed, ſaddle-nos'd dowdy; blind of one eye, and t'other almoſt out: However, the activity of her body ſupply'd all other defects. She was not above three feet high from her heels to her head; and her ſhoulders, which ſomewhat loaded her, as having too much fleſh upon 'em, made her look downwards oftener than ſhe could have wiſh'd. This charming original likewiſe aſſiſted the miſtreſs and the daughter; and with the latter, help'd to make the knight's bed, and a ſorry one it was; the room where it ſtood was an old gambling cock-loft, which by manifold ſigns ſeem'd to have been, in the days of yore, a repoſitory for chopp'd ſtraw. Somewhat fur-

ther, in a corner of that garret, a carrier had his lodging; and tho' his bed was nothing but the pannels and coverings of his mules, 'twas much better than that of Don Quixote, which only consisted of four rough-hewn boards laid upon two uneven tressels, a flock-bed, that, for thinness, might well have pass'd for a quilt, and was full of knobs and bunches, which had they not peep'd out thro' many a hole, and shewn themselves to be of wool, might well have been taken for stones: The rest of that extraordinary bed's furniture was a pair of sheets, which rather seem'd to be of leather than of linnen cloth, and a coverlet whose every individual thread you might have told, and never have miss'd one in the tale.

In this ungracious bed was the knight laid to rest his belabour'd carcase, and presently the hostess and her daughter anointed and plaister'd him all over, while Maritornes (for that was the name of the Asturian wench) held the candle. The hostess, while she greas'd him, wondering to see him so bruis'd all over, I fancy, said she, those bumps look much more like a dry beating than a fall. 'Twas no dry beating, mistress, I promise you, quoth Sancho, but the rock had I know not how many cragged ends and knobs, whereof every one gave my master a token of his kindness. And by the way, forsooth, continu'd he, I beseech you save a little of that same tow and ointment for me too, for I don't know what's the matter with my back, but I fancy I stand mainly in want of a little greasing too. What, I suppose You fell too, quoth the landlady. Not I, quoth Sancho, but the very fright that I took to see my master tumble down the rock, has so wrought upon my body, that I'm as sore as if I had been sadly maul'd. It may well be as you say, cry'd the inn-keeper's daughter; for I have dream'd several times that I have been falling from the top of a high tower without ever coming to the ground; and, when I wak'd, I have found myself as out of order, and as bruis'd, as if I had fall'n in good earnest. That's e'en my case, mistress, quoth Sancho; only ill luck would have it so, that I should find myself e'en almost as batter'd and bruis'd as my lord Don Quixote, and yet all the while be

be as broad awake as I am now. How do you call this ſame gentleman, quoth Maritornes? He's Don Quixote de la Mancha, reply'd Sancho; and he is a knight-errant, and one of the primeſt and ſtouteſt that ever the ſun ſhin'd on. A knight-errant, cry'd the wench, pray what's that? Heigh-day! cry'd Sancho, does the wench know no more of the world than that comes to? Why, a knight-errant is a thing which in two words you ſee well cudgell'd, and then an emperor. To day there's not a more wretched thing upon the earth, and yet to morrow he'll have you two or three kingdoms to give away to his ſquire. How comes it to paſs then, quoth the landlady, that thou who art this great perſon's ſquire, haſt not yet got thee at leaſt an earldom? Fair and ſoftly goes far, reply'd Sancho. Why, we have not been a month in our gears, ſo that we have not yet encounter'd any adventure worth the naming: beſides, many a time we look for one thing, and light on another. But if my lord Don Quixote happens to get well again, and I 'ſcape remaining a cripple, I'll not take the beſt title in the land for what I am ſure will fall to my ſhare.

Here Don Quixote, who had liſten'd with great attention to all theſe diſcourſes, rais'd himſelf up in his bed with much ado, and taking the hoſteſs in a moſt obliging manner by the hand, Believe me, ſaid he, beautiful lady, you may well eſteem it a happineſs that you have now the opportunity to entertain my perſon in your caſtle. Self-praiſe is unworthy a man of honour, and therefore I ſhall ſay no more of myſelf, but my ſquire will inform you who I am; only thus much let me add, That I will eternally preſerve your kindneſs in the treaſury of my remembrance, and ſtudy all occaſions to teſtify my gratitude. And I wiſh, continu'd he, the powers above had ſo diſpos'd my fate, that I were not already love's devouted ſlave, and captivated by the charms of the diſdainful beauty who engroſſes all my ſofter thoughts; for then would I be proud to ſacrifice my liberty to this beautiful damſel. The hoſteſs, her daughter, and the kind-hearted Maritornes ſtar'd on one another, quite at a loſs for the meaning of this high-flown language, which they underſtood full as well as if

it had been Greek. Yet, conceiving these were words of compliment and courtship, they look'd upon him, and admir'd him as a man of another world: and so, having made him such returns as inn-keeper's breeding cou'd afford, they left him to his rest; only Maritornes stay'd to rub down Sancho, who wanted her help no less than his master.

Now you must know, that the carrier and she had agreed to pass the night together; and she had given him her word, that as soon as all the people in the inn were in bed, she wou'd be sure to come to him, and be at his service. And 'tis said of this good-natur'd thing, that whenever she had pass'd her word in such cases, she was sure to make it good, tho' she had made the promise in the midst of a wood, and without any witness at all: For she stood much upon her gentility, tho' she under-valu'd herself so far as to serve in an inn; often saying, that nothing but crosses and necessity cou'd have made her stoop to it.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, miserable bed was the first of the four in that wretched apartment; next to that was Sancho's kennel, which consisted of nothing but a bed-mat and a coverlet, that rather seem'd shorn canvas than a rug. Beyond these two beds was that of the carrier, made, as we have said, of the pannels and furniture of two of the best of twelve mules which he kept, every one of 'em goodly beasts, and in special good case; for he was one of the richest muleteers of Arevalo, as the Moorish author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been acquainted with him; nay, some don't stick to say, he was somewhat akin to him. However it be, it appears, that Cid Mahomet Benengeli was a very exact historian, since he takes care to give us an account of things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable example which those historians should follow, who usually relate matters so concisely, that we have scarcely a smack of 'em, leaving the most essential part of the story drown'd in the bottom of the ink-horn, either thro' neglect, malice, or ignorance. A thousand blessings then be given to the curious author of

of Tablante of Ricamonte, and to that other indefatigable ſage who recorded the atchievements of count Tomillas; for they have deſcrib'd even the moſt minute and trifling circumſtances with a ſingular preciſeneſs. But to return to our ſtory, you muſt know, that after the carrier had viſited his mules, and given them their ſecond courſe *, he laid himſelf down upon his pannels, in expectation of the moſt punctual Maritornes's kind viſit. By this time Sancho, duly greas'd and anointed, was crept into his ſty, where he did all he could to ſleep, but his aking ribs did all they could to prevent him. As for the knight, whoſe ſides were in as bad circumſtances as his ſquire's, he lay with both his eyes open like a hare. And now was every ſoul in the inn gone to bed, not any light to be ſeen, except that of a lamp which hung in the middle of the gate-way. This general tranquillity ſetting Don Quixote's thoughts at work, offer'd to his imagination one of the moſt abſurd follies that ever crept into a diſtemper'd brain from the peruſal of romantick whimſies. Now he fancy'd himſelf to be in a famous caſtle, (for, as we have already ſaid, all the inns he lodg'd in ſeem'd no leſs than caſtles to him) and that the inn-keeper's daughter (conſequently daughter to the lord of the caſtle) ſtrangely captivated with his graceful preſence and gallantry, had promis'd him the pleaſure of her embraces, as ſoon as her father and mother were gone to reſt. This chimera diſturb'd him, as if it had been a real truth; ſo that he began to be mightily perplex'd, reflecting on the danger to which his honour was expos'd: but at laſt his virtue overcame the powerful temptation, and he firmly reſolv'd not to be guilty of the leaſt infidelity to his lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, tho' queen Genever herſelf, with her truſty matron Quintaniona ſhould join to decoy him into the alluring ſnare.

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* *In Spain they get up in the night to dreſs their cattle, and give 'em their barley and ſtraw, which ſerves for hay and oats.*

While

While these wild imaginations work'd in his brain, the gentle Maritornes was mindful of her assignation, and with soft and wary steps, bare-foot, and in her smock, with her hair gather'd up in a fustian coif, stole into the room, and felt about for her beloved carrier's bed: but scarce had she got to the door, when Don Quixote, whose ears were on the scout, was sensible that something was coming in: and therefore having rais'd himself in his bed, sore and wrapp'd up in plaisters, as he was, he stretch'd out his arms to receive his fancy'd damsel, and caught hold of Maritornes by the wrist, as she was, with her arms stretch'd, groping her way to her Paramour; he pull'd her to him, and made her sit down by his bed's side, she not daring to speak a word all the while. Now, as he imagin'd her to be the lord of the castle's daughter, her smock, which was of the coarsest canvas, seem'd to him of the finest holland; and the glass-beads about her wrist, precious oriental pearls; her hair, that was almost as rough as a horse's main, he took to be soft flowing threads of bright curling gold; and her breath, that had a stronger hogoe than stale venison, was to him a grateful compound of the most fragrant perfumes of Arabia. In short, flattering imagination transform'd her into the likeness of those romantick beauties, one of whom, as he remember'd to have read, came to pay a private visit to a wounded knight, with whom she was desperately in love; and the poor gentleman's obstinate folly had so infatuated his outward sense, that his feeling and his smell could not in the least undeceive him, and he thought he had no less than a balmy Venus in his arms, while he hugg'd a fulsome bundle of deformities, that would have turn'd any man's stomach but a sharp-set carrier's. Therefore clasping her still closer, with a soft and amorous whisper; oh! thou most lovely temptation, cry'd he, oh! that I now might but pay a warm acknowledgment for the mighty blessing which your extravagant goodness would lavish on me; yes, most beautiful charmer, I would give an empire to purchase your more desirable embraces: but fortune, madam, fortune, that tyrant of my life, that unrelenting enemy to the truly deserving, has

maliciously

maliciouſly hurry'd and rivetted me to this bed, where I lie ſo bruis'd and macerated, that, tho' I were eager to gratify your deſires, I ſhould at this dear unhappy minute be doom'd to impotence: nay, to that unluckly bar fate has added a yet more invincible obſtacle; I mean my plighted faith to the unrival'd Dulcinea del Toboſo, the ſole miſtreſs of my wiſhes, and abſolute ſovereign of my heart. Oh! did not this oppoſe my preſent happineſs, I could never be ſo dull and inſenſible a knight as to loſe the benefit of this extraordinary favour which you have now condeſcended to offer me.

Poor Maritornes all this while ſweated for fear and anxiety, to find herſelf thus lock'd in the knight's arms; and without either underſtanding, or willing to underſtand his florid excuſes, ſhe did what ſhe could to get from him, and ſheer off, without ſpeaking a word. On the other ſide, the carrier, whoſe lewd thoughts kept him awake, having heard his truſty lady when ſhe firſt came in, and liſten'd ever ſince to the knight's diſcourſe, began to be afraid that ſhe had made ſome other aſſignation; and ſo, without any more ado, he crept ſoftly to Don Quixote's bed, where he liſten'd a while to hear what would be the end of all this talk, which he could not underſtand: but perceiving at laſt by the ſtruggling of his faithful Maritornes, that 'twas none of her fault, and that the knight ſtrove to detain her againſt her will, he could by no means bear his familiarity; and therefore taking it in mighty dudgeon, he up with his fiſt, and hit the enamour'd knight ſuch a ſwinging blow on the jaws, that his face was all over blood in a moment. And not ſatisfy'd with this, he got o'top of the knight, and with his ſplay feet betrampled him, as if he had been trampling a hay-mow. With that the bed, whoſe foundations were none of the beſt, ſunk under the additional load of the carrier, and fell with ſuch a noiſe, that it wak'd the inn-keeper, who preſently ſuſpects it to be one of Maritornes's nightly ſkirmiſhes; and therefore having call'd her aloud, and finding that ſhe did not anſwer, he lighted a lamp, and made to the place where he heard the buſtle. The wench, who heard him coming, knowing him to be of a paſ-

ſionate

ſionate nature, was ſcar'd out of her wits, and fled for ſhelter to Sancho's ſty, where he lay ſnoring to ſome tune: there ſhe pigg'd in, and ſlunk under the coverlet, where ſhe lay ſnug, and truſs'd up as round as an egg. Preſently her maſter came in, in a mighty heat: Where's this damn'd whore, cry'd he? I dare ſay, this is one of her pranks. By this, Sancho awak'd; and feeling that unuſual lump, which almoſt overlaid him, he took it to be the night-mare, and began to lay about him with his fiſts, and thump'd the wench ſo unmerciſully, that at laſt fleſh and blood were no longer able to bear it; and forgetting the danger ſhe was in, and her dear reputation, ſhe paid him back his thumps as faſt as her fiſts could lay 'em on, and ſoon rous'd the drouſy ſquire out of his ſluggiſhneſs, whether he would or no: who finding himſelf thus pummell'd, by he did not know who, he buſtled up in his neſt, and catching hold of Maritornes, they began the moſt pleaſant ſkirmiſh in the world. When the carrier perceiving, by the light of the inn-keeper's lamp, the diſmal condition that his dear miſtreſs was in, preſently took her part; and leaving the knight, whom he had more than ſufficiently mawl'd, flew at the ſquire, and paid him confoundedly. On the other hand, the inn-keeper, who took the wench to be the cauſe of all this hurly-burly, cuff'd and kick'd, and kick'd and cuff'd her over and over again: and ſo there was a ſtrange multiplication of fiſticuffs and drubbings. The carrier pommell'd Sancho, Sancho mawl'd the wench, the wench belabour'd the ſquire, and the inn-keeper thraſh'd her again: and all of 'em laid on with ſuch expedition, that you would have thought they had been afraid of loſing time. But the jeſt was, that in the heat of the fray the lamp went out, ſo that being now in the dark, they ply'd one another at a venture; they ſtruck and tore, all went to rack, while nails and fiſts flew about without mercy.

There happen'd to lodge that night in the inn one of the officers belonging to that ſociety which they call the old holy brotherhood of Toledo, whoſe chief office is to look after thieves and robbers. Being wak'd with the

the heavy buſtle, he preſently jump'd out of his bed, and with his ſhort ſtaff in one hand, and a tin-box with his commiſſion in't in the other, he grop'd out this way; and being enter'd the room in the dark, cry'd out, I charge ye all to keep the peace: I am an officer of the holy brotherhood. The firſt he popp'd his hand upon happen'd to be the poor batter'd knight, who lay upon his back at his full length, without any feeling, upon the ruins of his bed. The officer, having caught him by the beard, preſently cry'd out, I charge you to aid and aſſiſt me: but finding he could not ſtir, tho' he grip'd him hard, he preſently imagin'd him to be dead, and murder'd by the reſt in the room. With that he bawl'd out to have the gates of the inn ſhut. Here's a man murder'd, cry'd he; look that no body makes his eſcape. Theſe words ſtruck all the cumbatants with ſuch a terror, that as ſoon as they reach'd their ears, they gave over, and left the argument undecided. Away ſtole the inn-keeper to his own room, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her kennel; only the unfortunate knight, and his as unfortunate ſquire, remain'd where they lay, not being able to ſtir; while the officer, having let go Don Quixote's beard, went out for a light, in order to apprehend the ſuppos'd murderers: But the inn-keeper having wiſely put out the lamp in the gate-way, as he ſneak'd out of the room, the officer was oblig'd to repair to the kitchen-chimney, where with much ado, puffing and blowing a long while amidſt the embers, he at laſt made ſhift to get a light.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A further account of the innumerable hardſhips which the brave Don Quixote, *and his worthy ſquire* Sancho, *underwent in the inn, which the knight unluckily took for a caſtle.*

DON Quixote, who by this time was come to himſelf, began to call Sancho with the ſame lamentable tone as the day before, when he had been beaten by the carriers in the meadow. Sancho, cry'd he, friend Sancho, art thou aſleep? art thou aſleep, friend Sancho? Sleep! reply'd Sancho, mightily out of humour, may Old Nick rock my cradle then. Why, how the devil ſhould I ſleep, when all the imps of hell have been tormenting me to night? Nay, thou'rt in the right, anſwer'd Don Quixote, for either I have no ſkill in theſe matters, or this caſtle is inchanted. Hear what I ſay to thee, but firſt ſwear thou wilt never reveal it till after my death. I ſwear it, quoth Sancho. I am thus cautious, ſaid Don Quixote, becauſe I hate to take away the reputation of any perſon. Why, quoth Sancho, I tell you again, I ſwear never to ſpeak a word of the matter while you live; and I wiſh I may be at liberty to talk on't to morrow. Why, cry'd Don Quixote! Have I done thee ſo much wrong, Sancho, that thou would'ſt have me die ſo ſoon? Nay, 'tis not for that neither, quoth Sancho; but becauſe I can't abide to keep things long, for fear they ſhould grow mouldy. Well, let it be as thou pleaſeſt, ſaid Don Quixote: for I dare truſt greater concerns to thy courteſy and affection. In ſhort, know, that this very night there happen'd to me one of the ſtrangeſt adventures that can be imagin'd; for the daughter of the lord of this caſtle came to me, who is one of the moſt engaging and moſt beautiful damſels that ever nature has been proud to boaſt of: what could I not tell thee of the charms of her ſhape and face, and the perfections of her mind! What could I not add of other hidden beauties, which I condemn to ſilence and oblivion, leſt I endanger my allegiance and fidelity to my lady Dulcinea

cinea del Toboso! I will only tell thee, that the heavens envying the ineſtimable happineſs which fortune had thrown into my hand; or rather, becauſe this caſtle is inchanted, it happen'd, that in the midſt of the moſt tender and paſſionate diſcourſes that paſs'd between us, the prophane hand of ſome mighty giant, which I could not ſee, nor imagine whence it came, hit me ſuch a dreadful blow on the jaws, that they are ſtill embru'd with blood; after which the diſcourteous wretch, preſuming on my preſent weakneſs, did ſo barbarouſly bruiſe me, that I feel my ſelf in a worſe condition now than I did yeſterday, after the carriers had ſo roughly handled me for Rozinanto's incontinency: from which I conjecture, that the treaſure of this damſel's beauty is guarded by ſome inchanted Moor, and not reſerv'd for me.

Nor for me, neither, quoth Sancho; for I have been rib-roaſted by above four hundred Moors, who have hammer'd my bones in ſuch guiſe, that I may ſafely ſay, the aſſault and battery made on my body by the carriers poles and pack-ſtaves, were but ticklings and ſtroakings with a feather to this *. But, Sir, pray tell me, d'ye call this ſuch a pleaſant adventure, when we are ſo lamentably pounded after it? And yet your hap may well be accounted better than mine, ſeeing you've hugg'd that fair maiden in your arms. But I, what have I had, I pray you, but the heavieſt blows that e'er fell on a poor man's ſhoulders? Woe's me, and the mother that bore me, for I neither am, nor ever mean to be a knight-errant, and yet of all the miſadventures, the greater part falls ſtill to my lot. What, haſt thou been beaten as well as I, ſaid Don Quixote? What a plague, cry'd Sancho, han't I been telling you ſo all this while? Come, never let it trouble thee, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for I'll immediately make the precious balſam, that will cure thee in the twinkling of an eye.

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* *In the original, were tarts and cheeſe-cakes to this:* Tortas y pan pinta.

By this time the officer, having lighted his lamp, came into the room, to ſee who it was that was murder'd. Sancho ſeeing him enter in his ſhirt, a napkin wrapp'd about his head like a turbant, and the lamp in his hand, he being alſo an ugly ill-look'd fellow; Sir, quoth the ſquire to his maſter, pray ſee whether this be not the inchanted Moor, that's come again to have t'other bout with me, and * try whether he has not left ſome place unbruis'd for him now to mawl as much as the reſt. It cannot be the Moor, reply'd Don Quixote: for perſons inchanted are to be ſeen by nobody. If they don't ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen, quoth Sancho, at leaſt they ſuffer themſelves to be felt: if not, let my carcaſe bear witneſs. So might mine, cry'd Don Quixote: yet this is no ſufficient reaſon to prove, that what we ſee is the inchanted Moor.

While they were thus arguing, the officer advanc'd, and wonder'd to hear two men talk ſo calmly to one another there: yet finding the unfortunate knight lying in the ſame deplorable poſture as he left him, ſtretch'd out like a corps, bloody, bruis'd, and beplaiſter'd, and not able to ſtir himſelf; How is't, honeſt fellow, quoth he to the champion, how do you find your ſelf? Were I your fellow, reply'd Don Quixote, I would have a little more manners than you have, you blockhead, you; is that your way of approaching knights-errant in this country? The officer could not bear ſuch a reprimand from one who made ſo ſcurvy a figure, and lifting up the lamp,

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* Left ſome place unbruis'd, *&c. The new tranſlation has it,* Left ſomething at the bottom of the inkhorn; *which is indeed what Cervantes literally ſays,* Si ſe dexò algo en el tintero. *But as no Engliſh reader wou'd underſtand this, and many more of the like phraſes (without notes at leaſt) I have thought proper to deviate ſometimes from the very words of the original.* To leave ſomething at the bottom of the ink-horn, *is* to leave a hiſtory, or any other book imperfect, *or* partly unwritten; *here it alludes to the* unbruis'd *places of* Sancho's *body.*

oil and all, hit Don Quixote ſuch a blow on the head with it, that he had reaſon to fear he had made work for the ſurgeon, and therefore ſtole preſently out of the room, under the protection of the night. Well, Sir, quoth Sancho, d'you think now 'twas the inchanted Moor, or no? For my part, I think he keeps the treaſure you talk of for others, and reſerves only kicks, cuffs, thumps and knocks for your worſhip and my ſelf. I am now convinc'd, anſwer'd Don Quixote: therefore let's wave that reſentment of theſe injuries, which we might otherwiſe juſtly ſhew; for conſidering theſe inchanters can make themſelves inviſible when they pleaſe, 'tis needleſs to think of revenge. But, I pr'ythee riſe, if thou can'ſt, Sancho, and deſire the governour of the caſtle to ſend me ſome oil, ſalt, wine and roſemary, that I may make my healing balſam; for truly I want it extreamly, ſo faſt the blood flows out of the wound which the fantaſm gave me juſt now.

Sancho then got up as faſt as his aking bones wou'd let him, and with much ado made ſhift to crawl out of the room to look for the inn-keeper, and ſtumbling by the way on the officer, who ſtood hark'ning to know what miſchief he had done; Sir, quoth he to him, for heaven's ſake, do ſo much as help us to a little oil, ſalt, wine, and roſemary, to make a med'cine for one of the beſt knights-errant that e'er trod on ſhoe of leather, who lies yonder grievouſly wounded by the inchanted Moor of this inn. The officer hearing him talk at that rate, took him to be out of his wits; and it beginning to be daylight, he open'd the inn-door, and told the inn-keeper what Sancho wanted. The hoſt preſently provided the deſir'd ingredients, and Sancho crept back with 'em to his maſter, whom he found holding his head, and ſadly complaining of the pain which he felt there; tho' after all, the lamp had done him no more harm than only raiſing of two huge bumps; for that which he fancy'd to be blood, was only ſweat, and the oil of the lamp that had liquor'd his hair and face.

The knight took all the ingredients, and having mix'd 'em together, he had 'em ſet o'er the fire, and there kept

'em boiling till he thought they were enough. That done, he ask'd for a vial to put this precious liquor in: but there being none to be got, the inn-keeper presented him with an old earthen jug, and Don Quixote was forc'd to be contented with that. Then he mumbled over the pot above fourscore *Paternoster's*, and as many *Ave-maria's*, *Salve Regina's*, and *Credo's*, making the sign of the cross at every word by way of benediction. At which ceremony, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer were present; for as for the carrier, he was gone to look after his mules, and took no manner of notice of what was pass'd. This blessed medicine being made, Don Quixote resolv'd to make an immediate experiment of it on himself; and to that purpose he took off a good draught of the overplus, which the pot wou'd not hold: but he had scarce gulp'd it down, when it set him a vomiting so violently, that you wou'd have thought he'd have cast up his heart, liver, and guts; and his reaching and straining put him into such a sweat, that he desired to be cover'd up warm, and left to his repose. With that they left him, and he slept three whole hours; and then waking, found himself so wonderfully eas'd, that he made no question but he had now the right balsam of Fierabras; and therefore he thought he might safely undertake all the most dangerous adventures in the world, without the least hazard of his person.

Sancho, encourag'd by the wonderful effect of the balsam on his master, begg'd that he would be pleas'd to give him leave to sip up what was left in the pot, which was no small quantity; and the Don having consented, honest Sancho lifted it up with both his hands, and with a strong faith, and better will, pour'd every drop down his throat. Now the man's stomach not being so nice as his master's, the drench did not set him a vomiting after that manner; but caus'd such a wambling in his stomach, such a bitter loathing, kecking, and reaching, and such grinding pangs, with cold sweats and swoonings, that he verily believ'd his last hour was come, and in the midst of his agony gave both the balsam and him that made it to the devil. Friend, said Don Quixote, seeing

ſeeing him in that condition, I begin to think all this pain befalls thee, only becauſe thou haſt not receiv'd the order of knighthood; for 'tis my opinion, this balſam ought to be us'd by no man that is not a profeſs'd knight. What a plague did you mean then by letting me drink it? quoth Sancho; a murrain on me, and all my generation, why did not you tell me this before? At length the doſe began to work to ſome purpoſe, and forc'd its way at both ends ſo copiouſly, that both his bed-mat and coverlet were ſoon made unfit for any further uſe; and all the while he ſtrain'd ſo hard, that not only himſelf, but the ſtanders by thought he wou'd have dy'd. This dreadful hurricane laſted about two hours; and then too, inſtead of finding himſelf as free from pain as his maſter, he felt himſelf as feeble, and ſo far ſpent, that he was not able to ſtand.

But Don Quixote, as we have ſaid, found himſelf in an excellent temper; and his active ſoul loathing an inglorious repoſe, he preſently was impatient to depart to perform the duties of his adventurous profeſſion: for he thought thoſe moments that were trifled away in amuſements, or other concerns, only a blank in life; and all delays a depriving diſtreſs'd perſons, and the world in general, of his needed aſſiſtance. The confidence which he repoſed in his balſam, heighten'd, if poſſible, his reſolution; and thus carry'd away by his eager thoughts, he ſaddl'd Rozinante himſelf, and then put the pannel upon the aſs, and his ſquire upon the pannel, after he had help'd him to huddle on his cloaths: that done, he mounted his ſteed; and having ſpy'd a javelin that ſtood in a corner, he ſeiz'd and appropriated it to himſelf, to ſupply the want of his lance. Above twenty people that were in the inn ſtood ſpectators of all theſe tranſactions; and among the reſt the inn-keeper's daughter, from whom Don Quixote had not power to withdraw his eyes, breathing out at every glance a deep ſigh from the very bottom of his heart; which thoſe who had ſeen him ſo mortify'd the night before, took to proceed from the pain of his bruiſes.

And now being ready to set forwards, he call'd for the master of the house, and with a grave delivery, My lord governour, cry'd he, the favours I have receiv'd in your castle are so great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgment: therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge part of the obligation, think if there be e'er a proud mortal breathing on whom you desire to be reveng'd for some affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now, and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppressed, and punish the bad, I promise you I'll take effectual care, that you shall have ample satisfaction to the utmost of your wishes. Sir knight, answer'd the inn-keeper with an austere gravity, I shall not need your assistance to revenge any wrong that may have been offer'd to my person; for I would have you to understand, that I am able to do my self justice, whenever any man presumes to do me wrong: therefore all the satisfaction I desire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horse-meat and man's meat, and all your expences in my inn. How! cry'd Don Quixote, is this an inn? Yes, answer'd the host, and one of the most noted, and of the best repute upon the road. How strangely have I been mistaken then! cry'd Don Quixote; upon my honour I took it for a castle, and a considerable one too: but if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying any thing; for I would by no means break the laws which we knight-errants are bound to observe; nor was it ever known, that they ever paid in any inn whatsoever; for this is the least recompence that can be allow'd 'em for the intolerable labours they endure day and night, winter and summer, o'foot and o'horse back, pinch'd with hunger, choak'd with thirst, and expos'd to all the injuries of the air, and all the inconveniencies in the world. I've nothing to do with all this, cry'd the inn-keeper: pay your reckoning, and don't trouble me with your foolish stories of a cock and a bull; I can't afford to keep house at that rate. Thou art both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper, reply'd Don Quixote: and with that clapping

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Sancho tost in a Blanket.

ſpurs to Rozinante, and brandiſhing his javelin at his hoſt, he rode out of the inn without any oppoſition, and got a good way from it, without ſo much as once looking behind him to ſee whether his ſquire came after him.

The knight being march'd off, there remain'd only the ſquire, who was ſtopp'd for the reckoning. However he ſwore bloodily he would not pay a croſs; for the ſelf-ſame law that acquitted the knight acquitted the ſquite. This put the inn-keeper into a great paſſion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling him if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho ſwore by his maſter's knighthood, he wou'd ſooner part with his life than his money on ſuch an account; nor ſhould the ſquires in after-ages ever have occaſion to upbraid him with giving ſo ill a precedent, or breaking their rights. But as ill luck would have it, there happen'd to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordoua point-makers, and two Seville huckſters, all briſk, gameſome, arch fellows; who agreeing all in the ſame deſign, encompaſs'd Sancho, and pull'd him off his aſs, while one of 'em went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate ſquire into it, and obſerving the roof of the place they were in, to be ſomewhat too low for their purpoſe, they carry'd him into the back-yard, which had no limits but the ſky, and there they toſs'd him for ſeveral times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove-tueſday. Poor Sancho made ſo grievous an outcry all the while, that his maſter heard him, and imagin'd thoſe lamentations were of ſome perſon in diſtreſs, and conſequently the occaſion of ſome adventure: but having at laſt diſtinguiſh'd the voice, he made to the inn with a broken gallop; and finding the gates ſhut, he rode about to ſee whether he might not find ſome other way to get in. But he no ſooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the higheſt, when he was an eye-witneſs of the ſcurvy trick that was put upon his ſquire. There he ſaw him aſcend and deſcend, and frolick and caper in the air with ſo much nimbleneſs and agility, that 'tis thought the knight himſelf could not have

have forborn laughing, had he been any thing leſs angry. He did his beſt to get over the wall, but alas! he was ſo bruis'd, that he could not ſo much as alight from his horſe. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his paſſion in a thouſand threats and curſes, ſo ſtrange and various that 'tis impoſſible to repeat 'em. But the more he ſtorm'd, the more they toſs'd and laugh'd; Sancho on his ſide begging, and howling, and threatning, and damning to as little purpoſe as his maſter, for 'twas wearineſs alone could make the toſſers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and ſet him upon his aſs again, carefully wrapp'd in his mantle. But Maritornes's tender ſoul made her pity a male creature in ſuch tribulation; and thinking he had danc'd and tumbled enough to be a-dry, ſhe was ſo generous as to help him to a draught of water, which ſhe purpoſely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho clapp'd the pot to his mouth, but his maſter made him deſiſt: Hold, hold, cry'd he, ſon Sancho, drink no water, child, 'twill kill thee: behold I have here the moſt holy balſam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually. Ha, (reply'd Sancho, ſhaking his head, and looking ſourly on the knight with a ſide-face) have you again forgot that I'm no knight? or wou'd you have me caſt up the few guts I've left ſince yeſternight's jobb? Keep your brewings for your ſelf in the devil's name, and let me alone. With that he lifted up the jug to his noſe, but finding it to be meer element, he ſpirted out again the little he had taſted, and deſir'd the wench to help him to ſome better liquor: ſo ſhe went and fetch'd him wine to make him amends, and paid for't too out of her own pocket; for to give the devil his due, 'twas ſaid of her, that tho' ſhe was ſomewhat too free of her favours, yet ſhe had ſomething of Chriſtianity in her. As ſoon as Sancho had tipp'd off his wine, he viſited his aſs's ribs twice or thrice with his heels, and free egreſs being granted him, he troop'd off mightily tickled with the thoughts of having had his ends; and got off ſhot-free, tho' at the expence of his ſhoulders, his uſual ſureties: 'tis true, the inn-keeper kept his wallet for the reckoning; but the

the poor ſquire was ſo diſmay'd, and in ſuch haſte to be gone, that he never miſs'd it. The hoſt was for ſhutting the inn-doors after him, for fear of the worſt; but the toſſers would not let him, being a ſort of fellows that would not have matter'd Don Quixote a ſtraw, tho' he had really been one of the knights of the round-table.

CHAP. IV.

Of the diſcourſe between the knight and the ſquire, with other matters worth relating.

SAncho overtook his maſter, but ſo pale, ſo dead-hearted, and ſo mortify'd, that he was hardly able to ſit his aſs. My dear Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, ſeeing him in that condition, I am now fully convinc'd that this caſtle, or inn, is inchanted: for what could they be that made themſelves ſuch barbarous ſport with thee, but ſpirits and people of the other world? And I the rather believe this, ſeeing, that when I look'd over the wall, I ſaw thee thus abus'd, I ſtrove to get over it, but could not ſtir, nor by any means alight from Rozinante. For, by my honour, could I either have got over the wall, or diſmounted, I would have reveng'd thee ſo effectually on thoſe diſcourteous wretches, that they ſhould never have forgot the ſeverity of their puniſhment, though for once I had infringed the laws of chivalry; which, as I have often inform'd thee, do not permit any knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, unleſs it be in his own defence, and in caſe of great neceſſity. Nay, quoth Sancho, I would have paid 'em home my ſelf, whether knight or no knight, but 'twas not in my power; and yet I dare ſay, thoſe that made themſelves ſo merry with my carcaſe were neither ſpirits nor inchanted folks, as you will have it, but meer fleſh and blood as we be. I'm ſure they call'd one another by their Chriſtian names and ſirnames, while they made me vault and friſk in the air: one was call'd Pedro Martinez, t'other Tenorio Hernandez;

dez; and as for our dog of a hoſt, I heard 'em call him Juan Palomeque the left-handed. Then pray don't you fancy, that your not being able to get over the wall, nor to alight, was ſome inchanter's trick. 'Tis a folly to make many words; 'tis as plain as the noſe in a man's face, that theſe ſame adventures which we hunt for up and down, are like to bring us at laſt into a peck of troubles, and ſuch a plaguy deal of miſchief, that we ſhan't be able to ſet one foot afore t'other. The ſhort and the long is, I take it to be the wiſeſt courſe to jog home and look after our harveſt, and not to run rambling from * *Ceca* to *Meca*, leſt *we leap out of the frying-pan into the fire*, or, *out of God's bleſſing into the warm ſun.* Poor Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, how ignorant thou art in matters of chivalry! come, ſay no more, and have patience: a day will come when thou ſhalt be convinc'd how honourable a thing it is to follow this employment. For, tell me, what ſatisfaction in this world, what pleaſure can equal that of vanquiſhing and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt. It may be ſo for ought I know, quoth Sancho, though I know nothing of the matter. However, this I may venture to ſay, that ever ſince we have turn'd knights-errant, (your worſhip I mean, for 'tis not for ſuch ſcrubs as my ſelf to be nam'd the ſame day with ſuch folk) the devil of any fight you have had the better in, unleſs it be that with the Biſcayan; and in that too you came off with the loſs of one ear and the vizor of your helmet. And what have we got ever ſince, pray, but blows, and more blows; bruiſes, and more bruiſes? beſides this toſſing in a blanket, which fell all to my ſhare, and for which I can't be reveng'd becauſe they were hobgoblins that ſerv'd me ſo forſooth, though I hugely long to be even with 'em, that I may know the pleaſure you

* Ceca *was a place of devotion among the Moors, in the city of Cordova, to which they us'd to go on pilgrimage from other places, as* Meca *is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to ſignify* Sauntring about to no purpoſe. *A banter upon Popiſh pilgrimages.*

ſay

by there is in vanquiſhing one's enemy. I find, Sancho, ry'd Don Quixote, thou and I are both ſick of the ſame diſeaſe; but I will endeavour with all ſpeed to get me a ſword made with ſo much art, that no ſort of inchantment ſhall be able to hurt whoſoever ſhall wear it; and perhaps fortune may put into my hand that which Amadis de Gaul wore when he ſtyl'd himſelf, *The knight of the burning ſword*, which was one of the beſt blades that ever was drawn by knight: for, beſides the virtue I now mention'd, it had an edge like a razor, and would enter the ſtrongeſt armour that ever was tempered or inchanted. I'll lay any thing, quoth Sancho, when you've found this ſword, 'twill prove juſt ſuch another help to me as your balſam; that is to ſay, 'twill ſtand no body in any ſtead but your dubb'd knights, let the poor devil of a ſquire ſhift how he can. Fear no ſuch thing, reply'd Don Quixote; heaven will be more propitious to thee than thou imagineſt.

Thus they went on diſcourſing, when Don Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of duſt ariſe right before 'em in the road, The day is come, ſaid he, turning to his ſquire, the day is come, Sancho, that ſhall uſher in the happineſs which fortune has reſerv'd for me: this day ſhall the ſtrength of my arm be ſignaliz'd by ſuch exploits as ſhall be tranſmitted even to the lateſt poſterity. See'ſt thou that cloud of duſt, Sancho? It is raiſed by a prodigious army marching this way, and compos'd of an infinite number of nations. Why then, at this rate, quoth Sancho, there ſhould be two armies; for yonder's as great a duſt on t'other ſide: with that Don Quixote look'd, and was tranſported with joy at the ſight, firmly believing that two vaſt armies were ready to engage each other in that plain: for his imagination was ſo crowded with thoſe battles, inchantments, ſurprizing adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimſies which he had read of in romances, that his ſtrong fancy chang'd every thing he ſaw into what he deſir'd to ſee; and thus he could not conceive that the duſt was only rais'd by two large flocks of ſheep that were going the ſame road from different parts, and could not be diſcern'd till they were very near: he

was

was so positive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly believ'd him at last. Well Sir, quoth the squire, what are we to do, I beseech you? What should we do, reply'd Don Quixote, but assist the weaker and the injur'd side? For know, Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vast island of Taprobana: the other that advances behind us is his enemy, the king of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm; so call'd, because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare *. Pray Sir, quoth Sancho, why are these two great men going together by the ears? The occasion of their quarrel is this, answer'd Don Quixote, Alifanfaron, a strong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Christian: now her father refuses to give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion. Burn my beard, said Sancho, if Pentapolin ben't in the right on't; I'll stand by him, and help him all I may. I commend thy resolution, reply'd Don Quixote, 'tis not only lawful, but requisite; for there's no need of being a knight to fight in such battles. I guess'd as much, quoth Sancho: but where shall we leave my ass in the mean time, that I may be sure to find him again after the battle; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charg'd upon such a beast. 'Tis true, answer'd Don Quixote, and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though thou wert sure never to find him again; for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day, that even Rozinante himself will be in danger of being chang'd for another. Then mounting to the top of a hillock, whence they might have seen both the flocks, had not the dust obstructed their sight, Look yonder Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote! that knight whom thou see'st in the gilded arms, bearing in his shield a crown'd lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurealco, lord of the silver bridge. He in the armour powder'd with flowers of gold, bearing

* *Alluding to the story of Scanderbeg king of Epirus.*

three

three crows Argent in a field Azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, great duke of Quiracia. That other of a gigantick size that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabia's; he's array'd in a serpents-skin, and carries instead of a shield a huge gate, which they say belong'd to the temple which Samson pull'd down at his death, when he reveng'd himself upon his enemies. But cast thy eyes on this side, Sancho, and at the head of t'other army see the ever victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, prince of New Biscay, whose armour is quarter'd Azure, Vert, Or, and Argent, and who bears in his shield a cat Or, in a field Gules, with these four letters, *MIAU*, for a motto, being the beginning of his mistress's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alpheniquen duke of Algarva. That other monstrous load upon the back of yonder wild horse, with arms as white as snow, and a shield without any device, is a Frenchman, new created knight, call'd Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrick: he whom you see pricking that py'd courser's flanks with his arm'd heels, is the mighty duke of Nervia, Espatafilardo of the wood, bearing in his shield a field of pure Azure, powder'd with Asparagus (*Esparrago* *) with this motto in Castilian, *Rastrea mi suerte*; *Thus trails*, or *drags my fortune*. And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination assign'd arms, colours, impresses and motto's, as readily

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* *The gingle between the duke's name* Espartafilardo *and* Esparago (*his arms*) *is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles so frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and sounding titles in Spain, whose owners were arrant beggars. The* trailing *of his fortune may allude to the word* Esparto, *a sort of rush they make ropes with. Or perhaps he was without a mistress, to which the sparagrass may allude: for in Spain they have a proverb,* Solo comes el Esparrago: *As solitary as sparagrass, because every one of them springs up by it self.*

as if they had really been that moment extant before his eyes. And then proceeding without the leaſt heſitation; that vaſt body, ſaid he, that's juſt oppoſite to us, is compos'd of ſeveral nations. There you ſee thoſe who drink the pleaſant ſtream of the famous Xanthus: there the mountaineers that till the Maſſilian * fields: thoſe that ſift the pure gold of Arabia Fælix: thoſe that inhabit the renown'd and delightful banks of Thermodoon. Yonder, thoſe who ſo many ways ſluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious ſand. The Numidians, unſteady, and careleſs of their promiſes. The Perſians, excellent archers. The Medes and Parthians, who fight flying. The Arabs, who have no fix'd habitations. The Scythians, cruel and ſavage, though fair-complexion'd. The ſooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thouſand other nations whoſe countenances I know, tho' I have forgotten their names. On the other ſide, come thoſe whoſe country is water'd with the cryſtal ſtreams of Betis, ſhaded with olive-trees. Thoſe who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus. Thoſe whoſe manſions are lav'd by the profitable ſtream of the divine Genile. Thoſe who range the verdant Tarteſian meadows. Thoſe who indulge their luxurious temper in the delicious paſtures of Xerez. The wealthy inhabitants of the Mancha, crown'd with golden ears of corn. The ancient offſpring of the Goths, cas'd in iron. Thoſe who wanton in the lazy current of Piſverga. Thoſe who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, ſo celebrated for its hidden courſe, purſues its wand'ring race. Thoſe who ſhiver with extremity of cold, on the woody Pyrenean hills, or on the hoary tops of the ſnowy Apennine. In a word, all that Europe includes within its ſpacious bounds, half a world in an army. 'Tis ſcarce to be imagin'd how many countries he ran over, how many nations he enumerated, diſtinguiſhing every one by what is peculiar to 'em, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that ſtill in the puffy ſtyle of his fabulous

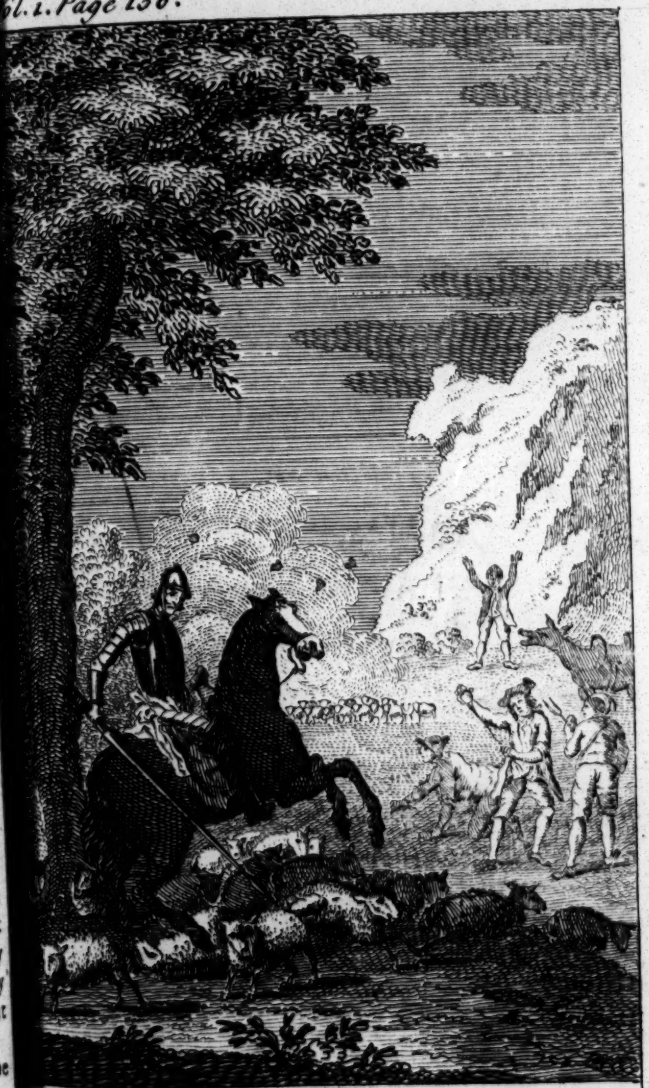
* *This is an imitation of* Homer's *catalogue of ſhips.*

books.

books. Sancho listen'd to all this romantick muster-roll as mute as a fish, with amazement; all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side and t'other side, to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master nam'd. But at length not being able to discover any; why, cry'd he, you had as good tell me it snows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man can I see, of all those you talk of now; who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits, like yesternight? How, reply'd Don Quixote! dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound, and their drums beat? Not I, quoth Sancho, I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep. Sancho might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near 'em. Thy fear disturbs thy senses, said Don Quixote, and hinders thee from hearing and seeing right: but 'tis no matter; withdraw to some place of safety, since thou art so terrify'd; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favour with my assistance. With that he couch'd his lance, clapp'd spurs to Rozinante, and rush'd like a thunder-bolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawl'd after him as loud as he could; Hold, Sir, cry'd Sancho; for heav'ns sake come back. What do you mean? As sure as I am a sinner those you're going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep. Come back, I say. Woe be to him that begot me! Are you mad, Sir? There are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus-gardens, no golden quarters, nor what d'ye call 'ems. Does the devil possess you? You're leaping over the hedge before you come at the stile. You're taking the wrong sow by the ear. Oh that I was ever born to see this day! But Don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, out-roar'd his expostulating squire. Courage, brave knights, cry'd he; march up, fall on, all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm: follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana; and so saying, he charg'd the squadron of sheep with that gallantry and

resolution, that he pierc'd, broke, and put it to flight in an instant, charging through and through, not without a great slaughter of his mortal enemies, whom he laid at his feet, biting the ground and wallowing in their blood. The shepherds seeing their sheep go to rack, call'd out to him; till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloos'd their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. But the champion disdaining such a distant war, spite of their showers of stones, rush'd among the routed sheep, trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. Where, where art thou, cry'd he, proud Alifanfaron? Appear! see here a single knight who seeks thee every where, to try now, hand to hand, the boasted force of thy strenuous arm. and deprive thee of life, as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaciously wag'd with the valiant Pentapolin. Just as he had said this, while the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily lit upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body. The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious balsam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapp'd it to his mouth: but before he had swallow'd a sufficient dose, souse comes another of those bitter almonds that spoil'd his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand and teeth, that it broke the first, maim'd the second, and struck out three or four of the last. These two blows were so violent, that the boisterous knight falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain; so that the shepherds fearing he was kill'd, got their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they cou'd out of harm's way, without looking any farther into the matter.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hill, where he was mortify'd upon the sight of this mad adventure. There he stamp'd and swore, and bann'd his master to the bottomless pit; he tore his beard for madness, and curs'd the



Don Quixote attacks the Sheep.

the moment he first knew him: but seeing him at last knock'd down, and settl'd, the shepherds being scamper'd, he thought he might venture to come down; and found him in a very ill plight, tho' not altogether senseless. Ah! master, quoth he, this comes of not taking my councel. Did not I tell you 'twas a flock of sheep, and no army? Friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, know 'tis an easy matter for necromancers to change the shape, of things as they please: thus that malicious inchanter who is my inveterate enemy, to deprive me of the glory which he saw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a full harvest of laurels, transform'd in a moment the routed squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake; do but take thy ass, and follow those suppos'd sheep at a distance, and I dare engage thou shalt soon see 'em resume their former shapes, and appear such as I describ'd 'em. But stay, do not go yet, for I want thy assistance: draw near, and see how many cheek-teeth and others I want, for by the dreadful pain in my jaws and gums, I fear there's a total dilapidation in my mouth. With that the knight open'd his mouth as wide as he could, while the squire gap'd to tell his grinders, with his snout almost in his chaps; but just in that fatal moment the balsam that lay wambling and fretting in Don Quixote's stomach, came up with an unlucky hickup; and with the same violence that the powder flies out of a gun, all that he had in his stomach discharg'd itself upon the beard, face, eyes, and mouth of the officious squire. Santa Maria, cry'd poor Sancho, what will become of me! my master is a dead man! he's vomiting his very heart's blood! But he had hardly said this, when the colour, smell, and taste soon undeceiv'd him; and finding it to be his master's loathsome drench, it caus'd such a sudden rumbling in his maw, that before he could turn his head he unladed the whole cargo of his stomach full in his master's face, and put him in as delicate a pickle as he was himself. Sancho having thus paid him in his own coin, half blinded as he was, ran to his ass, to take out something to clean himself and his master: but when he came to look for his wallet, and found it

missing, not rememb'ring till then that he had unhappily left it in the inn, he was ready to run quite out of his wits: he storm'd and stamp'd, and curs'd him worse than before, and resolv'd with himself to let his master go to the devil, and e'en trudge home by himself, tho' he was sure to lose his wages, and his hopes of being governor of the promis'd island.

Thereupon Don Quixote got up with much ado, and clapping his left-hand before his mouth, that the rest of his loose teeth might not drop out, he laid his right-hand on Rozinante's bridle; (for such was the good-nature of the creature, that he had not budg'd a foot from his master) then it crept along to squire Sancho, that stood lolling on his ass's pannel, with his face in the hollow of both his hands, in a doleful moody melancholy fit. Friend Sancho, said he, seeing him thus abandon'd to sorrow, learn of me, that one man is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does. All these storms and hurricanes are but arguments of the approaching calm: better success will soon follow our past calamities: good and bad fortune have their vicissitudes; and 'tis a maxim, That nothing violent can last long: and therefore we may well promise ourselves a speedy change in our fortune, since our afflictions have extended their reign beyond the usual stint: besides, thou ought'st not to afflict thyself so much for misfortunes, of which thou hast no share, but what friendship and humanity bid thee take. How, quoth Sancho! have I no other share in them! Was not he that was toss'd in the blanket this morning the son of my father? And did not the wallet, and all that was in't, which I have lost, belong to the son of my mother? How, ask'd Don Quixote, hast thou lost thy wallet? I don't know, said Sancho, whether 'tis lost or no, but I'm sure I can't tell what's become of it. Nay then, reply'd Don Quixote, I find we must fast to-day. Ay marry must we, quoth Sancho, unless you take care to gather in these fields some of those roots and herbs which I've heard you say you know, and which use to help such unlucky knights-errant as yourself at a dead lift. For all that, cry'd Don Quixote, I would rather have

have at this time a good luncheon of bread, or a cake and two pilchards heads, than all the roots and ſimples in Dioſcorides's herbal, and doctor Laguna's ſupplement and commentary: I pray thee therefore get upon thy aſs, good Sancho, and follow me once more; for God's Providence, that relieves every creature, will not fail us, eſpecially ſince we are about a work ſo much to his ſervice; thou ſeeſt he even provides for the little flying inſects in the air, the wormlings in the earth, and the ſpawnlings in the water; and, in his infinite mercy, he makes his ſun ſhine on the righteous, and on the unjuſt, and rains upon the good and the bad. Many words won't fill a buſhel, quoth Sancho interrupting him; you would make a better preacher than a knight-errant, or I'm plaguily out. Knights-errant reply'd Don Quixote, ought to know all things: there have been ſuch in former ages, that have deliver'd as ingenious and learned a ſermon or oration at the head of an army, as if they had taken their degrees at the univerſity of Paris: from which we may infer, that the lance never dull'd the pen, nor the pen the lance. Well then, quoth Sancho, for once let it be as you'd have it; let's e'en leave this unlucky place, and ſeek out a lodging; where, I pray God, there may be neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor inchanted Moors; for before I'll be hamper'd as I've been, may I be curs'd with bell, book and candle, if I don't give the trade to the devil. Leave all things to Providence, reply'd Don Quixote, and for once lead which way thou pleaſeſt, for I leave it wholly to thy diſcretion to provide us a lodging. But firſt, I pray thee, feel a little how many teeth I want in my upper jaw on the right ſide, for there I feel moſt pain. With that Sancho feeling with his finger in the knight's mouth; Pray, Sir, quoth he, how many grinders did your worſhip uſe to have on that ſide? Four, anſwer'd Don Quixote, beſides the eye-tooth, all of 'em whole and ſound. Think well on what you ſay, cry'd Sancho. I ſay four, reply'd Don Quixote, if there were not five; for I never in all my life have had a tooth drawn or dropp'd out, or rotted by the worms, or looſen'd by rheum. Bleſs me, quoth

Sancho!

Sancho! why, you have in this nether jaw on this ſide but two grinders and a ſtump; and in that part of your upper jaw, never a ſtump, and never a grinder; alas! all's level'd there as ſmooth as the palm of one's hand. Oh unfortunate Don Quixote! cry'd the knight, I had rather have loſt an arm, ſo it were not my ſword-arm; for a mouth without cheek-teeth, is like a mill without a mill-ſtone, Sancho; and every tooth in a man's head is more valuable than a diamond. But we that profeſs this ſtrict order of knight-errantry, are all ſubject to theſe calamities; and therefore ſince the loſs is irretrievable, mount, my truſty Sancho, and go thy own pace; I'll follow thee. Sancho obey'd, and led the way, ſtill keeping the road they were in; which being very much beaten, promis'd to bring him ſooneſt to a lodging. Thus pacing along very ſoftly, for Don Quixote's gums and ribs would not ſuffer him to go faſter; Sancho, to divert his uneaſy thoughts, reſolv'd to talk to him all the while of one thing or other, as the next chapter will inform you.

CHAP. V.

Of the wiſe diſcourſe between Sancho *and his maſter; as alſo of the adventure of the dead corps, and other famous occurrences.*

NOW, Sir, quoth Sancho, I can't help thinking, but that all the miſhaps that have befall'n us of late, are a juſt judgment for the grievous ſin you've committeſt againſt the order of knighthood, in not keeping the oath you ſwore, Not to eat bread at board, nor to have a merry bout with the queen, and the lord knows what more, 'till you had won What d'ye call him, the Moor's * Helmet, I think you nam'd him. Truly an-

* *Melandrino.*

ſwer'd Don Quixote, thou'rt much in the right, Sancho; and to deal ingenuouſly with thee, I wholly forgot that: and now thou may'ſt certainly aſſure thyſelf, thou wert toſs'd in a blanket for not rememb'ring to put me in mind of it. However, I will take care to make due atonement; for knight-errantry has ways to conciliate all ſorts of matters. Why, quoth Sancho, did I ever ſwear to mind you of your vow? 'Tis nothing to the purpoſe, reply'd Don Quixote, whether thou ſwor'ſt or no: let it ſuffice that I think thou art not very clear from being acceſſary to the breach of my vow; and therefore to prevent the worſt, there will be no harm in providing for a remedy. Hark you then, cry'd Sancho, be ſure you don't forget your atonement, as you did your oath, leſt thoſe confounded hobgoblins come and mawl me, and mayhap you too, for being a ſtubborn ſinner.

Inſenſibly night overtook 'em before they could diſcover any lodging; and, which was worſe, they were almoſt hunger-ſtarv'd, all their proviſion being in the wallet which Sancho had unluckily left behind; and to compleat their diſtreſs, there happen'd to them an adventure, or ſomething that really look'd like one.

While our benighted travellers went on dolefully in the dark, the knight very hungry, and the ſquire very ſharp ſet, what ſhou'd they ſee moving towards them but a great number of lights, that appear'd like ſo many wand'ring ſtars. At this ſtrange apparition, down ſunk Sancho's heart at once, and even Don Quixote himſelf was not without ſome ſymptoms of ſurprize. Preſently the one pull'd to him his aſs's halter, the other his horſes's bridle, and both made a ſtop. They ſoon perceiv'd that the lights made directly towards them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appear'd. At the terrible wonder Sancho ſhook and ſhiver'd every joint like one in a palſy, and Don Quixote's hair ſtood up an end: however, heroically ſhaking off the amazement which that ſight ſtamp'd upon his ſoul, Sancho, ſaid he, this muſt doubtleſs be a great and moſt perilous adventure, where I ſhall have occaſion to exert the whole ſtock of my courage and ſtrength. Woe's me, quoth Sancho, ſhou'd this happen

to

to be another adventure of ghosts, as I fear it is, where shall I find ribs to endure it? Come all the fiends in hell, cry'd Don Quixote, I will not suffer 'em to touch a hair of thy head. If they insulted thee lately, know there was then between thee and me a wall, over which I could not climb; but now we are in the open field, where I shall have liberty to make use of my sword. Ay, quoth Sancho, you may talk; but shou'd they bewitch you as they did before, what the devil would it avail us to be in the open field? Come, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, be of good cheer; the event will soon convince thee of the greatness of my valour. Pray heav'n it may, quoth Sancho; I'll do my best. With that they rode a little out of the way, and gazing earnestly at the lights, they soon discover'd a great number of persons all in white. At the dreadful sight, all poor Sancho's shuffling courage basely deserted him; his teeth began to chatter as if he had been in an ague fit, and as the objects drew nearer his chattering increas'd. And now they could plainly distinguish about twenty men on horse-back, all in white, with torches in their hands, follow'd by a herse cover'd over with black, and six men in deep mourning, whose mules were also in black down to their very heels. Those in white mov'd slowly murmuring from their lips something in a low and lamentable tone. This dismal spectacle, at such a time of night, in the midst of such a vast solitude, was enough to have shipwreck'd the courage of a stouter squire than Sancho, and even of his master, had he been any other than Don Quixote: but as his imagination straight suggested to him, that this was one of those adventures of which he had so often read in his books of chivalry, the herse appear'd to him to be a litter, where lay the body of some knight either slain or dangerously wounded, the revenge of whose misfortunes was reserv'd for his prevailing arm: and so without any more ado, couching his lance, and seating himself firm in his saddle, he posted himself in the middle of the road, where the company were to pass. As soon as they came near, Stand, cry'd he to 'em in a haughty tone, whoever you be, and tell me who you are, whence you come, whither you go, and

and what you carry in that litter? for there's all the reason in the world to believe, that you have either done, or receiv'd a great deal of harm; and 'tis requisite I should be inform'd of the matter, in order either to punish you for the ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the wrong you have suffer'd. Sir, answer'd one of the men in white, we are in haste; the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to answer so many questions; and with that spurring his mule, he mov'd forwards. But Don Quixote, highly dissatisfy'd with the reply, laid hold on the mule's bridle and stopp'd him: Stay, cry'd he, proud discourteous knight, mend your behaviour, and give me instantly an account of what I ask'd of ye, or here I defy ye all to mortal combat. Now the mule, that was shy and skittish, being thus rudely seiz'd by the bridle, was presently scar'd, and rising up on her hinder legs, threw her rider to the ground. Upon this one of the footmen that belong'd to the company gave Don Quixote ill language; which so incens'd him, that being resolv'd to be reveng'd upon 'em all, in a mighty rage he flew at the next he met, who happen'd to be one of the mourners. Him he threw to the ground very much hurt; and then turning to the rest with a wonderful agility, he fell upon 'em with such fury, that he presently put 'em all to flight. You wou'd have thought Rozinante had wings at that time, so active and so fierce he then approv'd himself.

It was not indeed for men unarm'd, and naturally fearful to maintain the field against such an enemy; no wonder then if the gentlemen in white were immediately dispers'd: some ran one way, some another, crossing the plain with their lighted torches: you wou'd now have taken 'em for a parcel of frolicksome masqueraders gamboling and scouring on a carnaval night. As for the mourners, they, poor men, were so muffled up in their long cumbersome cloaks, that not being able to make their party good, nor defend themselves, they were presently routed, and ran away like the rest, the rather, for that they thought 'twas no mortal creature, but the devil himself, that was to come fetch away the dead

body

body which they were accompanying to the grave *. All the while Sancho was loſt in admiration and aſtoniſhment, charm'd with the ſight of his maſter's valour; and now concluded him to be the formidable champion he boaſted himſelf.

After this the knight, by the light of a torch that lay burning upon the ground, perceiving the man who was thrown by his mule lying near it, he rode up to him, and ſetting his lance to his throat, Yield, cry'd he, and beg thy life, or thou dy'ſt. Alas, Sir, cry'd t'other, what need you aſk me to yield? I am not able to ſtir, for one of my legs is broken; and I beſeech you, if you are a Chriſtian, do not kill me. I am a maſter of arts, and in holy orders; 'twould be a heinous ſacrilege to take away my life. What a devil brought you hither then, if you are a clergyman, cry'd Don Quixote? What elſe but my ill fortune, reply'd the ſupplicant? A worſe hovers over thy head, cry'd Don Quixote, and threatens thee, if thou do'ſt not anſwer this moment to every particular queſtion I aſk. I will, I will, Sir, reply'd the other; and firſt I muſt beg your pardon for ſaying I was a maſter of arts, for I have yet but taken my batchelor's degree. My name is Alonſo Lopez: I am of Alcovendas, and came now from the town of Baeça, with eleven other clergymen, the ſame that now ran away with the torches. We were going to Segovia to bury the corps of a gentleman of that town, who dy'd at Baeça, and lies now in yonder herſe. And who kill'd him? aſk'd Don Quixote. Heaven, with a peſtilential fever, anſwer'd the other. If it be ſo, ſaid Don Quixote, I am diſcharg'd of revenging his death. Since heaven did it, there is no more to be ſaid; had it been its pleaſure to have taken me off ſo, I too muſt have ſubmitted. I would have you inform'd, reverend Sir, that I am a knight of La Mancha, my name Don Quixote; my employment is to viſit all parts of the world in queſt of adventures, to right and relieve

* *The author ſeems here to have intended a ridicule on thoſe funeral ſolemnities.*

injur'd

injur'd innocence, and punish oppression. Truly, Sir, reply'd the clergyman, I do not understand how you can call that to right and relieve men, when you break their legs: you've made that crooked which was right and straight before; and heaven knows whether it can ever be set right as long as I live. Instead of relieving the injur'd, I fear you have injur'd me past relief; and while you seek adventures, you have made me meet with a very great misadventure *. All things, reply'd Don Quixote, are not bless'd alike with a prosperous event, good Mr. Batchelor: you shou'd have taken care not to have thus gone a processioning in these desolate plains, at this suspicious time of night, with your white surplices, burning torches and sable weeds, like ghosts and goblins, that went about to scare people out of their wits: for I could not omit doing the duty of my profession, nor would I have forborn attacking you, though you had really been all Lucifer's infernal crew; for such I took you to be, and till this moment cou'd have no better opinion of you. Well, Sir, said the Batchelor, since my bad fortune has so order'd it, I must desire you, as you are a knight-errant, who have made mine so ill an arrand, to help me to get from under my mule, for it lies so heavy upon me, that I cannot get my foot out of the stirrup. Why did not you acquint me sooner with your grievances, cry'd Don Quixote? I might have talk'd on till to morrow morning and never have thought on't. With that he call'd Sancho, who made no great haste, for he was much better employ'd in rifling a load of choice provisions, which the holy men carry'd along with 'em on a sumpter-mule. He had spread his coat on

* *The author's making the batchelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was properly design'd as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are so apt to run into an affectation that way, and to mistake it for wit; as also upon the dramatic writers who frequently make their heroes, in their greatest distresses, guilty of the like absurdity.*

the ground, and having laid on it as much food as it would hold, he wrapp'd it up like a bag, and laid the booty on his aſs; and then away he ran to his maſter, and help'd him to ſet the batchelor upon his mule: after which he gave him his torch, and Don Quixote bade him follow his company, and excuſe him for his miſtake, though, all things conſider'd, he could not avoid doing what he had done. And, Sir, quoth Sancho, if the gentlemen would know who 'twas that ſo well threſh'd their jackets, you may tell 'em 'twas the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwiſe call'd The knight of the woeful figure.

When the batchelor was gone, Don Quixote aſk'd Sancho why he call'd him the knight of the woeful figure? I'll tell you why, quoth Sancho; I have been ſtaring upon you this pretty while by the light of that unlucky prieſt's torch, and may I ne'er ſtir if e'er I ſet eyes on a more diſmal figure in my born-days; and I can't tell what ſhould be the cauſe on't, unleſs your being tir'd after this fray, or the want of your worſhip's teeth. That's not the reaſon, cry'd Don Quixote; no, Sancho, I rather conjecture, that the ſage who is commiſſion'd by fate to regiſter my atchievements, thought it convenient I ſhould aſſume a new appellation, as all the knights of yore; for one was call'd the knight of the burning ſword, another of the unicorn, a third of the phœnix, a fourth the knight of the damſels, another of the griffin, and another the knight of death; by which by-names and diſtinctions they were known all over the globe. Therefore, doubtleſs, that learned ſage, my hiſtorian, has inſpired thee with the thought of giving me that additional appellation of the knight of the woeful figure: and accordingly I aſſume the name, and intend henceforwards to be diſtinguiſh'd by that denomination. And that it may ſeem the more proper, I will with the firſt opportunity have a moſt woeful face painted on my ſhield. O'my word, quoth Sancho, you may e'en ſave the money, and inſtead of having a woeful face painted, you need no more but only ſhew your own. I'm but in jeſt, as a body may ſay, but what with the want of your teeth, and what with hunger, you look ſo

queerly

queerly and ſo woefully, that no painter can draw you a figure ſo fit for your purpoſe as your worſhip's. This merry conceit of Sancho extorted a ſmile from his maſter's auſtere countenance: however, he perſiſted in his reſolution about the name and the picture; and after a pauſe, a ſudden thought diſturbing his conſcience, Sancho, cry'd he, I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in holy orders, *Juxta illud; ſi quis ſuadente diabolo, &c* *. But yet, now I think better on't, I never touch'd him with my hands, but only with my lance; beſides, I did not in the leaſt ſuſpect I had to do with prieſts, whom I honour and revere as every good Catholick and faithful Chriſtian ought to do, but rather took 'em to be evil ſpirits. Well, let the worſt come to the worſt, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy-Dias, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king's ambaſſador in the pope's preſence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar from behaving himſelf that day like a valorous knight, and a man of honour.

This ſaid, Don Quixote was for viſiting the herſe, to ſee whether what was in it were only dead bones: but Sancho would not let him; Sir, quoth he, you are come off now with a whole ſkin, and much better than you have done hitherto. Who knows but theſe ſame fellows that are now ſcamper'd off, may chance to bethink themſelves what a ſhame it is for 'em to have ſuffer'd themſelves to be thus routed by a ſingle man, and ſo come back, and fall upon us all at once; then we ſhall have work enough upon our hands. The aſs is in good caſe; there's a hill not far off, and our bellies cry cup-board. Come, let's e'en get out of harms-way, *and not let the plough ſtand to catch a mouſe*, as the ſaying is; *To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread.* With that he put on a dog-trot with his aſs, and his maſter, bethinking himſelf that he was in the right, put on after him without replying.

* Canon. 72. Diſtinct. 134.

After they had rid a little way, they came to a valley that lay ſculking between two hills; there they alighted, and Sancho having open'd his coat and ſpread it on the graſs, with the proviſion which he had bundl'd up in it, our two adventurers fell to; and their ſtomachs being ſharpen'd with the ſauce of hunger, they eat their breakfaſt, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and ſupper, all at the ſame time, feaſting themſelves with variety of cold meats, which you may be ſure were the beſt that could be got, the prieſts, who had brought it for their own eating, being like the reſt of their coat, none of the worſt ſtewards for their bellies, and knowing how to make much of themſelves.

But now they began to grow ſenſible of a very great misfortune, and ſuch a misfortune as was bemoan'd by poor Sancho, as one of the ſaddeſt that ever could befal him; for they found they had not one drop of wine or water to waſh down their meat and quench their thirſt, which now ſcorch'd and choaked 'em worſe than hunger had pinch'd 'em before. However, Sancho conſidering they were in a place where the graſs was freſh and green, ſaid to his maſter ——— what you ſhall find in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Of a wonderful adventure atchiev'd by the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; *the like never compaſs'd with leſs danger by any of the moſt famous knights in the world.*

THE graſs is ſo freſh (quoth Sancho, half choak'd with thirſt) that I dare lay my life we ſhall light of ſome ſpring or ſtream hereabouts; therefore, Sir, let's look, I beſeech you, that we may quench this confounded drought that plagues our throats ten times worſe than hunger did our guts. Thereupon Don Quixote leading Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his aſs by the halter, after

after he had laid up the reversion of their meal, they went feeling about, only guided by their guess; for 'twas so dark they scarce could see their hands. They had not gone above two hundred paces before they heard a noise of a great water-fall; which was to them the most welcome sound in the world: but then listening with great attention to know on which side the grateful murmur came, they on a sudden heard another kind of noise that strangely allay'd the pleasure of the first, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful, and pusillanimous. They heard a terrible din of obstreperous blows, struck regularly, and a more dreadful rattling of chains and irons, which together with the roaring of the waters, might have fill'd any other heart but Don Quixote's with terror and amazement. Add to this the horrors of a dark night and solitude, in an unknown place, the loud rustling of the leaves of some lofty trees under which fortune brought 'em at the same unlucky moment, the whistling of the wind, which concurr'd with the other dismaying sounds; the fall of the waters, the thundring thumps and the clinking of chains aforesaid. The worst too was, that the blows were redoubled without ceasing, the wind blow'd on, and day-light was far distant. But then it was, Don Quixote, secur'd by his intrepidity (his inseparable companion) mounted his Rozinante, brac'd his shield, brandish'd his lance, and shew'd a soul unknowing fear, and superior to danger and fortune. Know, Sancho, cry'd he, I was born in this iron age, to restore the age of gold, or the golden age, as some chuse to call it. I am the man for whom fate has reserv'd the most dangerous and formidable attempts, the most stupendious and glorious adventures, and the most valorous feats of arms. I am the man who must revive the order of the round-table, the twelve peers of France, and the nine worthies, and efface the memory of your Platyrs, your Tablantes, your Olivantes, and your Tirantes. Now must your knights of the sun, your Belianis's, and all the numerous throng of famous heroes, and knights-errant of former ages, see the glory of all their most dazzling actions eclips'd and darken'd by more illustrous exploits. Do but observe,

O thou my faithful ſquire, what a multifarious aſſemblage of terrors ſurrounds us! A horrid darkneſs, a doleful ſolitude, a confus'd ruſtling of leaves, a diſmal rattling of chains, a howling of the winds, an aſtoniſhing noiſe of cataracts, that ſeem to fall with a boiſt'rous rapidity from the ſteep mountains of the moon, a terrible ſound of redoubled blows, ſtill wounding our ears like furious thunder-claps, and a dead and univerſal ſilence of thoſe things that might buoy up the ſinking courage of frail mortality. In this extremity of danger, Mars himſelf might tremble with the affright: yet I, in the midſt of all theſe unutterable alarms, ſtill remain undaunted and unſhaken. Theſe are but incentives to my valour, and but animate my heart the more; it grows too big and mighty for my breaſt, and leaps at the approach of this threatning adventure, as formidable as 'tis like to prove. Come, girt Rozinante ſtraighter, and then Providence protect thee: thou may'ſt ſtay for me here; but if I do not return in three days, go back to our village; and from thence, for my ſake, to Toboſo, where thou ſhalt ſay to my incomparable lady Dulcinea, That her faithful knight fell a ſacrifice to love and honour, while he attempted things that might have made him worthy to be call'd her adorer.

When Sancho heard his maſter talk thus, he fell a weeping in the moſt pitiful manner in the world. Pray Sir, cry'd he, why will you thus run yourſelf into miſchief? Why need you go about this rueful miſventure? 'Tis main dark, and there's ne'er a living ſoul ſees us; we have nothing to do but to ſheer off, and get out of harm's way, though we were not to drink a drop theſe three days. Who is there to take notice of our flinching? I've heard our parſon, whom you very well know, ſay in his pulpit, That he who ſeeks danger, periſhes therein: and therefore we ſhould not tempt heaven by going about a thing that we cannot compaſs but by a miracle. Is't not enough, think you, that it has preſerv'd you from being toſs'd in a blanket, as I was, and made you come off ſafe and ſound from among ſo many goblins that went with the dead man? If all this won't work

work upon that hard heart of yours, do but think of me, and reſt yourſelf aſſur'd, that when once you've left your poor Sancho, he'll be ready to give up the ghoſt for very fear, to the next that will come for't: I I left my houſe and home, my wife, children, and all to follow you, hoping to be the better for't, and not the worſe; but as covetouſneſs breaks the Sack, ſo has it broke Me and my hopes; for while I thought myſelf cockſure of that unlucky and accurs'd iſland, which you ſo often promis'd me, in lieu thereof you drop me here in a ſtrange place. Dear maſter, don't be ſo hard-harted; and if you won't be perſuaded not to meddle with this ungracious adventure, do but put it off till day-break, to which, according to the little ſkill I learn'd when a ſhepherd, it can't be above three hours; for the muzzle of the leſſer bear is juſt over our heads, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How, can'ſt thou ſee the muzzle of the bear, aſk'd Don Quixote? There's not a ſtar to be ſeen in the ſky. That's true, quoth Sancho; but fear is ſharp-ſighted, and can ſee things under ground, and much more in the ſkies. Let day come, or not come, 'tis all one to me, cry'd the champion; it ſhall never be recorded of Don Quixote, that either tears or intreaties could make him neglect the duty of a knight. Then, Sancho, ſay no more; for heaven that has inſpir'd me with a reſolution of attempting this dreadful adventure, will certainly take care of me and thee: come quickly, girt my ſteed, and ſtay here for me; for you will ſhortly hear of me again, either alive or dead.

Sancho finding his maſter obſtinate, and neither to be mov'd with tears nor good advice, reſolv'd to try a trick of policy to keep him there till day-light: and accordingly, while he pretended to faſten the girths, he ſlily ty'd Rozinante's hinder-legs with his aſs's halter, without being ſo much as ſuſpected: ſo that when Don Quixote thought to have mov'd forwards he found his horſe would not go a ſtep without leaping, though he ſpur'd him on ſmartly. Sancho perceiving his plot took; look you, Sir, quoth he, heaven's o'my ſide, and won't let Rozinante budge a foot forwards; and now if you'll ſtill

be

be ſpurring him, I dare pawn my life, 'twill be but ſtriving againſt the ſtream; or, as the ſaying is, but kicking againſt the pricks. Don Quixote fretted and chaf'd, and rav'd, and was in a deſperate fury, to find his horſe ſo ſtubborn; but at laſt, obſerving that the more he ſpurr'd and gall'd his ſides, the more reſty he prov'd, he, though unwillingly, reſolv'd to have patience till 'twas light. Well, ſaid he, ſince Rozinante will not leave this place, I muſt tarry in't till the dawn, though its ſlowneſs will coſt me ſome ſighs. You ſhall not need to ſigh nor be melancholy, quoth Sancho, for I'll undertake to tell you ſtories till it be day, unleſs your worſhip had rather get off your horſe, and take a nap upon the green graſs, as knights-errant are wont, that you may be the freſher, and the better able in the morning to go through that monſtrous adventure that waits for you. What do'ſt thou mean by this alighting and ſleeping, reply'd Don Quixote? Think'ſt thou I'm one of thoſe carpet-knights that abandon themſelves to ſleep and lazy eaſe, when danger is at hand? No, ſleep thou, thou art born to ſleep; or do what thou wilt. As for myſelf, I know what I have to do. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, don't put yourſelf into a paſſion, I meant no ſuch thing, not I: ſaying this, he clapp'd one of his hands upon the pummel of Rozinante's ſaddle and t'other upon the crupper, and thus he ſtood embracing his maſter's left thigh, not daring to budge an inch, for fear of the blows that dinn'd continually in his ears. Don Quixote then thought fit to claim his promiſe, and deſired him to tell ſome of his ſtories to help to paſs away the time. Sir, quoth Sancho, I'm wofully frighted, and have no heart to tell ſtories; however, I'll do my beſt; and now I think on't there's one come into my head, which if I can but hit on't right, and nothing happen to put me out, is the beſt ſtory you ever heard in your life; therefore liſten, for I'm going to begin. In the days of yore, when it was as it was, good betide us all, and evil to him that evil ſeeks. And here, Sir, you are to take notice that they of old did not begin their tales in an ordinary way; for 'twas a ſaying of a wiſe man whom they call'd Cato, the

Roman

Roman Tonſor *, that ſaid, Evil to him that evil ſeeks, which is as pat for your purpoſe as a ring for the finger, that you may neither meddle or make, nor ſeek evil and miſchief for the nonce, but rather get out of harm's way, for no body forces us to run into the mouth of all the devils in hell that wait for us yonder. Go on with the ſtory, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, and leave the reſt to my diſcretion. I ſay then, quoth Sancho, that in a country-town in Eſtremadura, there liv'd a certain ſhepherd, goat-herd I ſhould have ſaid; which goat-herd, as the ſtory has it, was called Lope Ruyz; and this Lope Ruyz was in love with a ſheperdeſs, whoſe name was Toralva, the which ſhepherdeſs, whoſe name was Toralva, was the daughter of a wealthy grazier, and this wealthy grazier—— If thou goeſt on at this rate, cry'd Don Quixote, and mak'ſt ſo many needleſs repetitions, thou'lt not have told thy ſtory theſe two days. Pr'ythee tell it conciſely, and like a man of ſenſe, or let it alone. I tell it you, quoth Sancho, as all ſtories are told in our country, and I can't for the blood of me tell it any other way, nor is it fit I ſhould alter the cuſtom. Why then tell it how thou wilt, reply'd Don Quixote, ſince my ill fortune forces me to ſtay and hear thee. Well then, dear Sir, quoth Sancho, as I was ſaying, this ſame ſhepherd, goat-herd I ſhould have ſaid, was woundily in love with that ſame ſhepherdeſs Toralva, who was a well-truſs'd, round, crummy, ſtrapping wench, coy and froppiſh, and ſomewhat like a man, for ſhe had a kind of beard on her upper lip; methinks I ſee her now ſtanding before me. Then I ſuppoſe thou knew'ſt her, ſaid Don Quixote. Not I, anſwer'd Sancho, I ne'er ſet eyes on her in my life; but he that told me the ſtory ſaid this was ſo true, that I might vouch it for a real truth, and even ſwear I had ſeen it all myſelf. Well, ——— but, as you know, days go and come, and time and ſtraw makes medlars ripe; ſo it happen'd, that after ſeveral days coming and going, the devil, who ſeldom lies dead in a ditch, but will have a finger in

* *A miſtake for Cato the Roman Cenſor.*

every

every pye, so brought it about, that the shepherd fell out with his sweetheart, insomuch that the love he bore her turn'd into dudgeon and ill-will; and the cause was, by report of some mischievous tale-carriers that bore no good will to either party, for that the shepherd thought her no better than she should be, a little loose i'the hilts, and free of her hips *. Thereupon being grievous in the dumps about it, and now bitterly hating her, he e'en resolv'd to leave that county to get out of her sight: for now, as every dog has his day, the wench perceiving he came no longer a suitering to her, but rather toss'd his nose at her, and shunn'd her, she began to love him and doat upon him like any thing. That's the nature of of women, cry'd Don Quixote, not to love when we love them, and to love when we love them not. But go on ——— The shepherd then gave her the slip, continu'd Sancho, and driving his goats before him, went trudging through Estremadura, in his way to Portugal. But Toralva, having a long nose, soon smelt his design, and then what does she do, think ye, but comes after him bare-foot and bare-legg'd, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, wherein they say she carry'd a piece of looking-glass, half a comb, a broken pot with paint, and I don't know what other trinkums trankums to prink herself up. But let her carry what she wou'd, 'tis no bread and butter of mine; the short and the long is, That they say the shepherd with his goats got at last to the river Guadiana, which happen'd to be overflow'd at that time, and what's worse than ill luck, there was neither boat nor bark to ferry him over; which vex'd him the more because he perceiv'd Toralva at his heels, and he fear'd to be teaz'd and plagu'd with her weeping and wailing. At last he

* *In the original it runs,* She gave him a certain quantity of little jealousies, above measure, and within the prohibited degrees: *Alluding to certain measures not to be exceeded (in Spain) on pain of forfeiture and corporal punishment, as swords above such a standard,* &c.

spy'd

ſpy'd a fiſher-man, in a little boat, but ſo little it was, that it would carry but one man and one goat at a time. Well, for all that, he call'd to the fiſher-man, and agreed with him to carry him and his three hundred goats, over the water. The bargain being ſtruck, the fiſher-man came with his boat, and carry'd over one goat; then he row'd back and fetch'd another goat, and after that another goat. Pray Sir, quoth Sancho, be ſure you keep a good account how many goats the fiſher-man ferries over; for if you happen but to miſs one, my tale's at an end, and the devil a word I have more to ſay. Well then, whereabouts was I? —— Ho! I ha't —— Now the landing-place on the other ſide was very muddy and ſlippery, which made the fiſher-man be a long while in going and coming; yet for all that, he took heart o'grace, and made ſhift to carry over one goat, then another, and then another. Come, ſaid Don Quixote, we'll ſuppoſe he has landed them all on the other ſide of the river; for as thou goeſt on one by one we ſhall not have done theſe twelve months. Pray, let me go on in my own way, quoth Sancho. How many goats are got over already? Nay, how the devil can I tell, reply'd Don Quixote! There it is! quoth Sancho; Did not I bid you keep count? On my word the tale is at an end, and now you may go whiſtle for the reſt. Ridiculous, cry'd Don Quixote: Pr'ythee is there no going on with the ſtory unleſs I know exactly how many goats are wafted over? No marry is there not, quoth Sancho, for as ſoon as you anſwer'd, that you could not tell, the reſt of the ſtory quite and clean ſlipp'd out of my head; and in troth 'tis a thouſand pities, for 'twas a ſpecial one. So then, cry'd Don Quixote, the ſtory's ended. Ah marry is it, quoth Sancho, 'tis no more to be fetch'd to life than my dead mother. Upon my honour, cry'd Don Quixote, a moſt extraordinary ſtory, and told and concluded in as extraordinary a manner! 'Tis a nonſuch I aſſure ye; though truly I expected no leſs from a man of ſuch uncommon parts. Alas! poor Sancho, I am afraid this dreadful noiſe has turn'd thy brain. That may well be, quoth Sancho; but as for my ſtory I'm ſure there's nothing

more

more to be ſaid, for where you loſe the account of the goats, there it ends. Let it be ſo, reply'd Don Quixote; but now let's try whether Rozinante be in humour to march: with that he gave Rozinante two ſpurs, and the high-mettled jade anſwer'd with one bound, and then ſtood ſtock ſtill, not having the command of his hind legs.

Much about this time, whether it were the coolneſs of the night, or that Sancho had eaten ſome looſening food at ſupper, or, which ſeems more probable, that nature, by a regular impulſe, gave him notice of her deſire to perform a certain function that follows the third concoction; it ſeems, honeſt Sancho found himſelf urg'd to do that which nobody could do for him: but ſuch were his fears that he durſt not for his life ſtir the breadth of a ſtraw from his maſter; yet to think of bearing the intolerable load that preſs'd him ſo, was to him as great an impoſſibility. In this perplexing exigency, (with leave be it ſpoken) he could find no other expedient but to take his right hand from the crupper of the ſaddle, and ſoftly untying his breeches, let 'em drop down to his heels; having done this, he as ſilently took up his ſhirt, and expos'd his poſteriors, which were none of the leaſt, to the open air: but the main point was how to eaſe himſelf of this terrible burden without making a noiſe; to which purpoſe he clutch'd his teeth cloſe, ſcrew'd up his face, ſhrunk up his ſhoulders, and held in his breath as much as poſſible: yet ſee what misfortunes attend the beſt projected undertakings! When he had almoſt compaſs'd his deſign, he could not hinder an obſtreperous ſound, very different from thoſe that caus'd his fear, ſrom unluckily burſting out. Hark! cry'd Don Quixote, who heard it, what noiſe is that, Sancho? Some new adventures I'll warrant you, quoth Sancho, for ill luck, you know, ſeldom comes alone. Having paſs'd off the thing thus, he e'en ventur'd t'other ſtrain, and did it ſo cleverly, that without the leaſt rumour or noiſe, his buſineſs was done effectually, to the unſpeakable eaſe of his body and mind.

But

But Don Quixote having the ſenſe of ſmelling as perfect as that of hearing, and Sancho ſtanding ſo very near, or rather tack'd to him, certain fumes, that aſcended perpendicularly, began to regale his noſtrils with a ſmell not ſo grateful as amber. No ſooner the unwelcome ſteams diſturb'd him, but having recourſe to the common remedy, he ſtopp'd his noſe, and then, with a ſnuffling voice, Sancho, ſaid he, thou art certainly in great bodily fear. So I am, quoth Sancho; but what makes your worſhip perceive it now more than you did before? Becauſe, reply'd Don Quixote, thou ſmelleſt now more unſavourily than thou didſt before. Hoh! that may be, quoth Sancho: but who's fault's that? you may e'en thank your ſelf for't. Why do you lead me a wild-gooſe chace, and bring me at ſuch unſeaſonable hours to ſuch dangerous places? You know I an't us'd to't. Pr'ythee, ſaid Don Quixote, ſtill holding his noſe, get thee three or four ſteps from me; and for the future take more care, and know your diſtance; for I find, my familiarity with thee has bred contempt. I warrant, quoth Sancho, you think I have been doing ſomething I ſhould not have done. Come, ſay no more, cry'd Don Quixote, the more thou ſtir, the worſe 'twill be.

This diſcourſe, ſuch as it was, ſerv'd them to paſs away the night; and now Sancho, ſeeing the morning ariſe, thought it time to unty Rozinante's feet, and do up his breeches; and he did both with ſo much caution that his maſter ſuſpected nothing. As for Rozinante, he no ſooner felt himſelf at liberty, but he ſeem'd to expreſs his joy by pawing the ground; for, with his leave be it ſpoken, he was a ſtranger to curvetting and prancing. Don Quixote alſo took it as a good omen, that his ſteed was now ready to move, and believ'd it was a ſignal given him by kind fortune, to animate him to give birth to the approaching adventure.

Now had Aurora diſplay'd her roſy mantle over the bluſhing ſkies, and dark night withdrawn her ſable veil; all objects ſtood confeſs'd to human eyes, and Don Quixote could now perceive he was under ſome tall cheſnut-trees, whoſe thick ſpreading boughs diffus'd an awful

gloom around the place, but he could not yet discover whence proceeded the dismal sound of those incessant strokes. Therefore, being resolv'd to find it out, once more he took his leave of Sancho, with the same injunctions as before; adding withal, that he should not trouble himself about the recompence of his services, for he had taken care of that in his will, which he had providently made before he left home; but if he came off victorious from this adventure, he might most certainly expect to be gratify'd with the promis'd island. Sancho could not forbear blubbering again to hear these tender expressions of his master, and resolv'd not to leave him till he had finish'd this enterprize. And from that deep concern, and this nobler resolution to attend him, the author of this history infers, That the squire was something of a gentleman by descent, or at least the offspring of the old Christians *. Nor did his good-nature fail to move his master more than he was willing to shew, at a time when it behov'd him to shake off all softer thoughts; for now he rode towards the place whence the noise of the blows and the water seem'd to come, while Sancho trudg'd after him, leading by the halter the inseparable companion of his good and bad fortune.

After they had gone a pretty way under a pleasing covert of chesnut-trees, they came into a meadow adjoining to certain rocks, from whose top there was a great fall of waters. At the foot of those rocks they discover'd certain old ill-contriv'd buildings, that rather look'd like ruins than inhabited houses; and they perceiv'd that the terrifying noise of the blows, which yet continued, issu'd out of that place. When they came nearer, even patient Rozinante himself started at the dreadful sound; but being hearten'd and pacify'd by his master, he was at last prevail'd with to draw nearer and nearer with wary steps; the knight recommending himself all the way most devoutly to his Dulcinea, and now and then also to heaven,

* *In contradistinction to the* Jewish *or* Moorish *families, of which there were many in Spain.*

in

in ſhort ejaculations. As for Sancho, he ſtuck cloſe to his maſter, peeping all the way through Rozinante's legs, to ſee if he could perceive what he dreaded to find out. When a little farther, at the doubling of the point of a rock, they plainly diſcover'd (kind reader, do not take it amiſs) ſix huge fulling-mill hammers, which interchangeably thumping ſeveral pieces of cloth, made the terrible noiſe that caus'd all Don Quixote's anxieties and Sancho's tribulation that night.

Don Quixote was ſtruck dumb at this unexpected ſight, and was ready to drop from his horſe with ſhame and confuſion. Sancho ſtar'd upon him, and ſaw him hang down his head, with a deſponding dejected countenance, like a man quite diſpirited with this curſed diſappointment. At the ſame time he look'd upon Sancho, and ſeeing by his eyes, and his cheeks ſwell'd with laughter, that he was ready to burſt, he could not forbear laughing himſelf in ſpight of all his vexation; ſo that Sancho ſeeing his maſter begin, immediately gave a looſe to his mirth, and broke out into ſuch a fit of laughing, that he was forc'd to hold his ſides with both his knuckles, for fear of burſting his aking paunch. Four times he ceas'd, and four times renew'd his obſtreperous laughing; which ſaucineſs Don Quixote began to reſent with great indignation; and the more when Sancho, in a jeering tone, preſum'd to ridicule him with his own words, repeating part of the vain ſpeech he made when firſt they heard the noiſe; *Know*, Sancho, *I was born in this iron age to reſtore the age of gold. I am the man for whom heaven has reſerv'd the moſt dangerous and glorious adventures*, &c. Thus he went on, till his maſter, dreadfully inrag'd at his inſolence, hit him two ſuch blows on the ſhoulders with his lance, that had they fallen upon his head, they had ſav'd Don Quixote the trouble of paying him his wages, whatever he muſt have done to his heirs. Thereupon Sancho, finding his jeſt turn'd to earneſt, begg'd pardon with all ſubmiſſion: Mercy, good your worſhip, cry'd he, ſpare my bones I beſeech you! I meant no harm, I did but joke a little. And becauſe you joke, I do not, cry'd Don Quixote. Come hither, good Mr. Jeſter, you who pretend to rally, tell me, had this been

a dangerous adventure, as well as it proves only a false alarm, have I not shewn resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I, who am a knight, bound to know the meaning of every mechanick noise, and distinguish between sound and sound? Besides, it might happen, as really it is, that I had never seen a fulling-mill before, tho' thou, like a base scoundrel as thou art, wert born and brought up among such mean implements of drudgery. But let the six fulling-hammers be transform'd into so many giants, and then set them at me one by one, or all together; and if I do not lay 'em all at my feet with their heels upwards, then I'll give thee leave to exercise thy ill-bred raillery as much as thou pleaseſt.

Good your worship, quoth Sancho, talk no more on't, I beseech you; I confess I carry'd the jest too far. But now all's hush'd and well; pray tell me in sober sadness, as you hope to speed in all adventures, and come off safe and sound as from this, don't you think but that the fright we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a good subject for people to make sport with? I grant it, answer'd Don Quixote, but I would not have it told; for all people are not so discreet as to place things, or look upon 'em in the position in which they should be considered. I'll say that for you, quoth Sancho, you have shewn you understand how to place things in their right position, when aiming at my head, you hit my shoulders; had not I duck'd a little o'one side, I had been in a fine condition! But let that pass, 'twill wash out in the bucking. I've heard my grannam say, that man loves thee well who makes thee to weep. Good masters may be hasty sometimes with a servant, but presently after a hard word or two they commonly give him a pair of cast breeches: what they give after a basting, heaven knows; all I can tell is, that knights-errant, after bastinadoes, give you some cast island, or some old-fashion'd kingdom upon the main land.

Fortune, said Don Quixote, will perhaps order ev'ry thing thou hast said to come to pass; therefore, Sancho, I pr'ythee think no more of my severity; thou know'st a man cannot always command the first impulse of his passions. On the other side, let me advise thee not to

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be so saucy for the future, and not to assume that strange familiarity with me which is so unbecoming in a servant. I protest, in such a vast number of books of knight-errantry as I have read, I never found that any squire was ever allow'd so great a freedom of speech with his master as thou takest with me; and truly I look upon it to be a great fault in us both; in thee for disrespecting me, and in me for not making my self be more respected. Gandalin, Amadis de Gaule's squire, tho' he was earl of the firm island, yet never spoke to his master but with cap in hand, his head bow'd, and his body half bent, after the Turkish manner. But what shall we say of Gasabal, Don Galaor's squire, who was such a strict observer of silence, that, to the honour of his marvellous taciturnity, he gave the author occasion to mention his name but once in that voluminous authentick history? From all this, Sancho, I would have thee make this observation, That there ought to be a distance kept between the master and the man, the knight and the squire. Therefore, once more I tell thee, let's live together for the future more according to the due decorum of our respective degrees, without giving one another any further vexation on this account; for after all, 'twill always be the worse for you on whatsoever occasion we happen to disagree. As for the rewards I promis'd you, they will come in due time; and should you be disappointed that way, you have your salary to trust to, as I have told you.

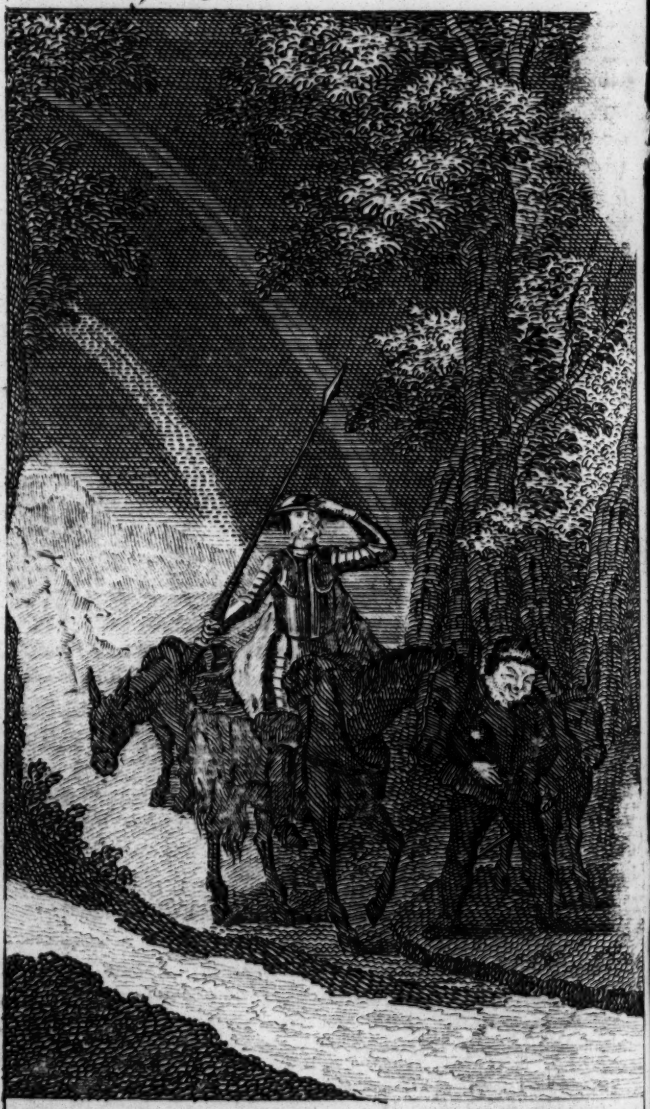
You say very well, quoth Sancho; but now, Sir, suppose no rewards should come, and I should be forc'd to stick to my wages, I'd fain know how much a squire-errant us'd to earn in the days of yore? Did they go by the month, or by the day, like our labourers? I don't think, reply'd Don Quixote, they ever went by the hire, but rather that they trusted to their master's generosity. And if I have assign'd thee wages in my will, which I left seal'd up at home, 'twas only to prevent the worst, because I do not know yet what success I may have in chivalry in these deprav'd times; and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for such

a trifling matter; for there is no ſtate of life ſo ſubject to dangers as that of a knight-errant. Like enough, quoth Sancho, when meerly the noiſe of the hammers of a fulling-mill is able to trouble and diſturb the heart of ſuch a valiant knight as your worſhip! But you may be ſure I'll not hereafter ſo much as offer to open my lips to jibe or joke at your doings, but always ſtand in awe of you, and honour you as my lord and maſter. By doing ſo, reply'd Don Quixote, thy days ſhall be long on the face of the earth; for next to our parents we ought to reſpect our maſters, as if they were our fathers.

CHAP. VII.

Of the high adventure and conqueſt of Mambrino's *helmet, with other events relating to our invincible knight.*

AT the ſame time it began to rain, and Sancho would fain have taken ſhelter in the fulling-mills; but Don Quixote had conceiv'd ſuch an antipathy againſt 'em for the ſhame they had put upon him, that he would by no means be prevail'd with to go in; and turning to the right hand, he ſtruck into a high-way, where they had not gone far before he diſcover'd a horſe-man, who wore upon his head ſomething that glitter'd like gold. The knight had no ſooner ſpy'd him, but turning to his ſquire, Sancho, cry'd he, I believe there's no proverb but what is true; they are all ſo many ſentences and maxims drawn from experience, the univerſal mother of ſciences: for inſtance, that ſaying, That where one door ſhuts, another opens: thus fortune, that laſt night deceiv'd us with the falſe proſpect of an adventure, this morning offers us a real one to make us amends; and ſuch an adventure, Sancho, that if I do not glorioufly ſucceed in it, I ſhall have now no pretence to an excuſe, no darkneſs, no unknown ſounds to impute my diſappointment to: in ſhort, in all probability yonder comes the



Don Quixote takes the Barbers bason for Mambrinos helmet.

an who wears on his head Mambrino's helmet *, u know'ſt the vow I have made. Good Sir, quoth mind what you ſay, and take heed what you do; uld willingly keep my carcaſe and the caſe of my ding from being pounded, maſh'd, and cruſh'd lling-hammers. Hell take the blockhead, cry'd Quixote, is there no difference between a helmet a fulling-mill? I don't know, ſaith Sancho, but I'm re, were I ſuffer'd to ſpeak my mind now as I was wont, mayhaps I would give you ſuch main reaſons, that your ſelf ſhould ſee you're wide of the matter. How can I be miſtaken, thou eternal miſbeliever, cry'd Don Quixote? Do'ſt thou not ſee that knight that comes riding up directly towards us upon a dapple grey ſteed, with a helmet of gold on his head? I ſee what I ſee, reply'd Sancho, and the devil of any thing I can ſpy but a fellow on ſuch another grey aſs as mine is, with ſomething that gliſters o'top of his head. I tell thee, that's Mambrino's helmet, reply'd Don Quixote: do thou ſtand at a diſtance, and leave me to deal with him; thou ſhalt ſee, that without trifling away ſo much as a moment in needleſs talk, I'll finiſh this adventure, and poſſeſs my ſelf of the deſir'd helmet. I ſhall ſtand at a diſtance, you may be ſure, quoth Sancho; but I wiſh this may'nt prove another blue bout, and a worſe jobb than the fulling-mills. I have warn'd you already, fellow, ſaid Don Quixote, not ſo much as to name the fulling-mills; dare but once more to do it, nay, but to nk on't, and I vow to— I ſay no more, but I'll full d pound your dog'ſhip into jelly. Theſe thteats were re than ſufficient to padlock Sancho's lips, for he had mind to have his maſter's vow fulfill'd at the expence his bones.

Now the truth of the ſtory was this; There were in that part of the country two villages, one of which was

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* Mambrino, *a* Saracen *of great valour, who had a golden helmet, which Rinaldo took from him. See* Orlando Furioſo, *Canto* I.

ſo

ſo little, that it had not ſo much as a ſhop in't, nor any barber; ſo that the barber of the greater village ſerv'd alſo the ſmaller. And thus a perſon happening to have occaſion to be let blood, and another to be ſhav'd, the barber was going thither with his braſs baſon, which he had clapp'd upon his head to keep his hat, that chance to be a new one, from being ſpoil'd by the rain; and as the baſon was new-ſcour'd, it made a glittering ſhow a great way off. As Sancho had well obſerv'd, he rode upon a grey aſs, which Don Quixote as eaſily took for a dapple-grey ſteed, as he took the barber for a knight, and his braſs baſon for a golden helmet; his diſtracted brain eaſily applying every object to his romantick ideas. Therefore when he ſaw the poor imaginary knight draw near, he fix'd his lance, or javelin, to his thigh, and without ſtaying to hold a parley with his thoughtleſs adverſary, flew at him as fiercely as Rozinante would gallop, reſolv'd to pierce him through and through; crying out in the midſt of his career, Caitiff, wretch, defend thy ſelf, or immediately ſurrender that which is ſo juſtly my due. The barber, who as he peaceably went along, ſaw that terrible apparition come thund'ring upon him at unawares, had no other way to avoid being run through with his lance, but to throw himſelf off from his aſs to the ground; and then as haſtily getting up, he took to his heels, and ran o'er the fields ſwifter than the wind, leaving his aſs and his baſon behind him. Don Quixote finding himſelf thus maſter of the field, and of the baſon; The miſcreant, cry'd he, who has left this helmet, has ſhewn himſelf as prudent as the beaver, who finding himſelf hotly purſu'd by the hunters, to ſave his life, tears and cuts off with his teeth that for which his natural inſtinct tells him he was follow'd. Then he order'd Sancho to take up the helmet. On my word, quoth Sancho, having taken it up, 'tis a ſpecial baſon, and as well worth a piece of eight as a thief is worth a halter. With that he gave it to his maſter, who preſently clapp'd it on his head, turning it every way to find out the beaver or vizor; and at laſt ſeeing it had none, Doubtleſs, ſaid he, the pagan for whom this fa-

mous

ous helmet was first made, had a head of a prodigious e; but the worst is, that there's at least one half of wanting. Sancho could not forbear smiling to hear s master call the barber's bason a helmet, and had not s fear dash'd his mirth, he had certainly laugh'd outght. What does the fool grin at now? cry'd Don uixote. I laugh, said he, to think what a hugeous lt-head he must needs have had who was the owner of is same helmet, that looks for all the world like a barer's bason. I fancy, said Don Quixote, this inchanted elmet has fallen by some strange accident into the hands f some person, who, not knowing the value of it, for he lucre of a little money, finding it to be of pure gold, melted one half, and of the other made this head-piece, which, as thou say'st, has some resemblance of a barber's bason: but to me, who know the worth of it, the metamorphosis signifies little; for as soon as ever I come o some town where there's an armourer, I will have it lter'd so much for the better, that then even the helmet which the god of smiths made for the god of war shall not deserve to be compar'd with it. In the mean time I'll wear it as it is; 'tis better than nothing, and will erve at least to save part of my head from the violent encounter of a stone. Ay, that it will, quoth Sancho, so 'tis not hurl'd out of a sling, as were those at the battle between the two armies, when they hit you that confounded dowse o' the chops, that saluted your worship's cheek-teeth, and broke the pot about your ears in which you kept that blessed drench that made me bring up my guts. True, cry'd Don Quixote, there I lost my precious balsam indeed; but I do not much repine at it, for thou knowest I have the receipt in my memory. So have I too, quoth Sancho, and shall have while I have breath to draw; but if ever I make any of that stuff, or taste it again, may I give up the ghost with it: besides, I don't intend ever to do any thing that may give occasion for the use of it: for, my fix'd resolution is, with all my five senses, to preserve my self from hurting and from being hurt, by any body. As to being toss'd in a blanket again, I've nothing to say to that, for there's no

remedy

remedy for accidents but patience it seems: so if it ever be my lot to be serv'd so again, I'll e'en shrink up my shoulders, hold my breath, and shut my eyes, and then happy be lucky, let the blanket and fortune e'en toss on to the end o' the chapter.

Truly, said Don Quixote, I am afraid thou'rt no good Christian, Sancho, thou never forget'st injuries. Let me tell thee, 'tis the part of noble and generous spirits to pass by trifles. Where art thou lame? which of thy ribs is broken? or what part of thy skull is bruis'd? that thou can'st never think on that jest without malice: for after all, 'twas nothing but a jest, a harmless piece of pastime; had I look'd upon it otherwise, I had return'd to that place before this time, and had made more noble mischief in revenge of the abuse, than ever the incens'd Grecians did at Troy, for the detention of their Helen, that fam'd beauty of the ancient world, who however had she liv'd in our age, or had my Dulcinea adorn'd her's, would have found her charms out-rival'd by my mistress's perfections: and saying this, he heav'd up a deep sigh. Well then, quoth Sancho, I'll not rip up old sores; let it go for a jest, since there's no revenging it in earnest. But what shall we do with this dapple-grey steed that's so like a grey ass? You see that same poor devil errant has left it to shift for it self, poor thing, and by his haste to rub off, I don't think he means to come back for it, and, by my beard, the grey beast is a special one. 'Tis not my custom, reply'd Don Quixote, to plunder those whom I overcome; nor is it usual among us knights, for the victor to take the horse of his vanquish'd enemy and let him go afoot, unless his own steed be kill'd or disabled in the combat: therefore, Sancho, leave the horse, or the ass, whatever thou pleas-est to call it, the owner will be sure to come for't as soon as he sees us gone. I've a huge mind to take him along with us, quoth Sancho, or at least to exchange him for my own, which is not so good. What, are the laws of knight-errantry so strict, that a man must not exchange one ass for another? At least I hope they'll give me leave to swop one harness for another,

Truly,

Truly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, I am not so very certain as to this last particular, and therefore, till I am better inform'd, I give thee leave to exchange the furniture, if thou hast absolutely occasion for't. I've so much occasion for't, quoth Sancho, that tho' 'twere for my own very self I cou'd not need it more. So without any more ado, being authoriz'd by his master's leave, he made *mutatio caparum*, (a change of caparisons) and made his own beast three parts in four better * for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted upon what they left at supper, and quench'd their thirst at the stream that turn'd the fulling-mills, towards which they took care not to cast an eye, for they abominated the very thoughts of 'em. Thus their spleen being eas'd, their cholerick and melancholick humours asswag'd, up they got again, and never minding their way, were all guided by Rozinante's discretion, the depositary of his master's will, and also of the ass's, that kindly and sociably always follow'd his steps where-ever he went. Their guide soon brought 'em again into the high road, where they kept on a slow pace, not caring which way they went.

As they jogg'd on thus, quoth Sancho to his master, Pray Sir, will you give me leave to talk to you a little? For since you have laid that bitter command upon me, to hold my tongue, I've had four or five quaint conceits that have rotted in my gizzard, and now I've another at my tongue's end that I would not for any thing should miscarry. Say it, cry'd Don Quixote, but be short, for no discourse can please when too long.

Well then, quoth Sancho, I've been thinking to my self of late how little is to be got by hunting up and down those barren woods and strange places, where, tho' you compass the hardest and most dangerous jobbs of knight-errantry, yet no living soul sees or hears on't, and

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* *Literally leaving him better by a* Tierce *and* Quint: *alluding to the game of* Piquet, *in which a* Tierce *or a* Quint *may be gain'd by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.*

so 'tis every bit as good as loſt; and therefore methinks 'twere better (with ſubmiſſion to your worſhip's better judgment be it ſpoken) that we e'en went to ſerve ſome emperor, or other great prince that's at war; for there you might ſhew how ſtout, and how wond'rous ſtrong and wiſe you be; which, being perceiv'd by the Lord we ſhall ſerve, he muſt needs reward each of us according to his deſerts; and there you'll not want a learned ſcholar to ſet down all your high deeds, that they may never be forgotten: as for mine I ſay nothing, ſince they are not to be nam'd the ſame day with your worſhip's; and yet I dare avouch, that if any notice be taken in knight-errantry of the feats of ſquires, mine will be ſure to come in for a ſhare. Truly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, there is ſome reaſon in what thou ſay'ſt; but firſt of all 'tis requiſite that a knight-errant ſhould ſpend ſome time in various parts of the world, as a probationer in queſt of adventures, that by atchieving ſome extraordinary exploits, his renown may diffuſe it ſelf through neighbouring climes and diſtant nations: ſo when he goes to the court of ſome great monarch, his fame flying before him as his harbinger, ſecures him ſuch a reception, that the knight has ſcarce reach'd the gates of the metropolis of the kingdom, when he finds himſelf attended and ſurrounded by admiring crouds, pointing and crying out, There, there rides the knight of the ſun, or of the ſerpent, or whatever other title the knight takes upon him: that's he, they'll cry, who vanquiſh'd in ſingle combat the huge giant Brocabruno, ſir-nam'd Of the invincible ſtrength: this is he that freed the great Mamaluco of Perſia from the inchantment that had kept him confin'd for almoſt nine hundred years together. Thus, as they relate his atchievements with loud acclamations, the ſpreading rumour at laſt reaches the king's palace, and the monarch of that country being deſirous to be inform'd with his own eyes, will not fail to look out of his window. As ſoon as he ſees the knight, knowing him by his arms, or the device on his ſhield, he'll be oblig'd to ſay to his attendants, My lords and gentlemen, haſte all of you, as many as are knights, go and receive the flower of

of chivalry that's coming to our court. At the king's command, away they all run to introduce him; the king himself meets him half way on the stairs, where he embraces his valorous guest, and kisses his cheek: then taking him by the hand, he leads him directly to the queen's apartment; where the knight finds her attended by the princess her daughter, who must be one of the most beautiful and most accomplish'd damsels in the whole compass of the universe. At the same time fate will so dispose of every thing, that the princess shall gaze on the knight, and the knight on the princess, and each shall admire one another as persons rather angelical than human; and then by an unaccountable charm they shall both find themselves caught and entangl'd in the inextricable net of love, and wond'rously perplex'd for want of an opportunity to discover their amorous anguish to one another. After this, doubtless, the knight is conducted by the king to one of the richest apartments in the palace; where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet vestment lin'd with ermins; and if he look'd so graceful cas'd in steel, how lovely will he appear in all the heightning ornaments of courtiers! Night being come, he shall sup with the king, the queen, and the princess; and shall all the while be feasting his eyes with the sight of the charmer, yet so as nobody shall perceive it; and she will repay him his glances with as much discretion; for, as I have said, she is a most accomplish'd person. After supper a surprizing scene is unexpectedly to appear: enter first an ill-favour'd little dwarf, and after him a fair damsel between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure so contriv'd by an ancient necromancer, and so difficult to be perform'd, that he who shall undertake and end it with success, shall be esteem'd the best knight in the world. Presently 'tis the king's pleasure that all his courtiers should attempt it; which they do, but all of them unsuccessfully; for the honour is reserv'd for the valorous stranger, who effects that with ease which the rest essay'd in vain; and then the princess shall be overjoy'd, and esteem her self the most happy creature in the world,

for having beſtow'd her affections on ſo deſerving an object. Now by the happy appointment of fate, this king, or this emperor, is at war with one of his neighbours as powerful as himſelf; and the knight being inform'd of this, after he has been ſome few days at court, offers the king his ſervice; which is accepted with joy, and the knight courteouſly kiſſes the king's hand in acknowledgment of ſo great a favour. That night the lover takes his leave of the princeſs at the iron grate before her chamber-window looking into the garden, where he and ſhe have already had ſeveral interviews, by means of the princeſs's confident, a damſel who carries on the intrigue between them. The knight ſighs, the princeſs ſwoons, the damſel runs for cold water to bring her to life again, very uneaſy alſo becauſe the morning-light approaches, and ſhe would not have them diſcover'd, leſt it ſhould reflect on her lady's honour. At laſt the princeſs revives, and gives the knight her lovely hand to kiſs thro' the iron grate; which he does a thouſand and a thouſand times, bathing it all the while with his tears. Then they agree how to tranſmit their thoughts with ſecrecy to each other, with a mutual intercourſe of letters, during this fatal abſence. The princeſs prays him to return with all the ſpeed of a lover; the knight promiſes it with repeated vows, and a thouſand kind proteſtations. At laſt, the fatal moment being come that muſt tear him from all he loves, and from his very ſelf, he ſeals once more his love on her ſoft ſnowy hand, almoſt breathing out his ſoul, which mounts to his lips, and even would leave its body to dwell there; and then he is hurry'd away by the fearful confident. After this cruel ſeparation he retires to his chamber, throws himſelf on his bed; but grief will not ſuffer ſleep to cloſe his eyes. Then riſing with the ſun, he goes to take his leave of the king and the queen: he deſires to pay his compliments of leave to the princeſs, but he is told ſhe is indiſpos'd; and as he has reaſon to believe that his departing is the cauſe of her diſorder, he is ſo griev'd at the news, that he is ready to betray the ſecret of his heart; which the princeſs's confident obſerving, ſhe goes and acquaints her

with

with it, and finds the lovely mourner bath'd in tears, who tells her, that the greateſt affliction of her ſoul is her not knowing whether her charming knight be of royal blood: but the damſel pacifies her, aſſuring her that ſo much gallantry, and ſuch noble qualifications, were unqueſtionably deriv'd from an illuſtrious and royal original. This comforts the afflicted fair, who does all ſhe can to compoſe her looks, leſt the king or the queen ſhould ſuſpect the cauſe of their alteration; and ſo ſome days after ſhe appears in publick as before. And now the knight having been abſent for ſome time, meets, fights, and overcomes the king's enemies, takes I don't know how many cities, wins I don't know how many battles, returns to court, and appears before his miſtreſs laden with honour. He viſits her privately as before, and they agree that he ſhall demand her of the king her father in marriage, as the reward of all his ſervices; but the king will not grant his ſuit, as being unacquainted with his birth: however, whether it be that the princeſs ſuffers her ſelf to be privately carry'd away, or that ſome other means are us'd, the knight marries her, and in a little time the king is very well pleas'd with the match; for now the knight appears to be the ſon of a mighty king of I can't tell you what country, for I think 'tis not in the map. Some time after the father dies, the princeſs is heireſs, and thus in a trice our knight comes to be king. Having thus compleated his happineſs, his next thoughts are to gratify his ſquire, and all thoſe who have been inſtrumental in his advancement to the throne: thus he marries his ſquire to one of the princeſs's damſels, and moſt probably to her favourite, who had been privy to the amours, and who is daughter to one of the moſt conſiderable dukes in the kingdom.

That's what I've been looking for all this while, quoth Sancho; give me but that, and let the world rub, there I'll ſtick; for every tittle o' this will come to paſs, and be your worſhip's caſe as ſure as a gun, if you'll take upon you that ſame nick-name of The night of the woeful figure. Moſt certainly, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote; for by the ſame ſteps, and in that very manner, knights-errant have always proceeded to aſcend to the throne:

therefore our chief buſineſs is to find out ſome great potentate, either among the Chriſtians or the Pagans, that is at war with his neighbours, and has a fair daughter. But we ſhall have time enough to enquire after that; for, as I have told thee, we muſt firſt purchaſe fame in other places, before we preſume to go to court. Another thing makes me more uneaſy: Suppoſe we have found out a king and a princeſs, and I have fill'd the world with the fame of my unparallel'd atchievements, yet cannot I tell how to find out that I am of royal blood, though it were but ſecond couſin to an emperor: for, 'tis not to be expected that the king will ever conſent that I ſhall wed his daughter 'till I have made this out by authentick proofs, tho' my ſervice deſerve it never ſo much; and thus for want of a punctilio, I am in danger of loſing what my valour ſo juſtly merits. 'Tis true, indeed, I am a gentleman, and of a noted antient family, and poſſeſs'd of an eſtate of a hundred and twenty crowns a year; nay, perhaps the learned hiſtoriographer who is to write the hiſtor of my life, will ſo improve and beautify my genealogy, that he will find me to be the fifth, or ſixth at leaſt, in deſcent from a king: for, Sancho, there are two ſorts of originals in the world; ſome who ſprung from mighty kings and princes, by little and little have been ſo leſſen'd and obſcur'd, that the eſtates and titles of the following generations have dwindled to nothing, and ended in a point like a pyramid; others, who from mean and low beginnings ſtill riſe and riſe, till at laſt they are rais'd to the very top of human greatneſs: ſo vaſt the difference is, that thoſe who were ſomething are now nothing, and thoſe that were nothing are now ſomething. And therefore who knows but that I may be one of thoſe whoſe original is ſo illuſtrious; which being handſomely made out, after due examination, ought undoubtedly to ſatisfy the king, my father-in-law. But even ſuppoſing he were ſtill refractory, the princeſs is to be ſo deſperately in love with me, that ſhe will marry me without his conſent, tho' I were a ſon of the meaneſt water-carrier; and if her tender honour ſcruples to bleſs me againſt her father's will, then it may not be amiſs to put a pleaſing conſtraint upon her,

her, by conveying her by force out of the reach of her father, to whose persecutions either time or death will be sure to put a period.

Ay, quoth Sancho, your rake-helly fellows have a saying that's pat to your purpose, *Ne'er cringe nor creep, for what you by force may reap*; tho' I think 'twere better said, *A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man* *. No more to be said, if the king your father-in-law won't let you have his daughter by fair means, ne'er stand shall I, shall I, but fairly and squarely run away with her. All the mischief that I fear is only, that while you're making your peace with him, and waiting after a dead man's shoes, as the saying is, the poor dog of a squire is like to go long bare-foot, and may go hang himself for any good you'll be able to do him, unless the damsel, Go-between, who's to be his wife, run away too with the princess, and he solace himself with her till a better time comes; for I don't see but that the knight may clap up the match between us without any more ado. That's most certain, answer'd Don Quixote. Why then, quoth Sancho, let's e'en take our chance, and let the world rub. May fortune crown our wishes, cry'd Don Quixote, and let him be a wretch who thinks himself one. Amen, say I, quoth Sancho; for I'm one of your old Christians, and that's enough to qualify me to be an earl. And more than enough, said Don Quixote; for tho' thou wer't not so well descended, being a king I could bestow nobility on thee, without putting thee to the trouble of buying it, or doing me the least service; and making thee an earl, men must call thee my lord, tho' it grieves 'em never so much. And do you think, quoth Sancho, I would not become my equality main well? Thou should'st say Quality, said Don Quixote, and not Equality. Ev'n as you will, return'd Sancho: but, as I was saying, I should become an earldom rarely; for I was once beadle to a brotherhood, and the beadle's gown did so become me, that every body said I had the presence

* *Better to rob than to ask charity.*

of a warden. Then how do you think I ſhall look with a duke's robes on my back, all bedawb'd with gold and pearl like any foreign count? I believe we ſhall have folks come a hundred leagues to ſee me. Thou wilt look well enough, ſaid Don Quixote; but then thou muſt ſhave that rough buſhy beard of thine at leaſt ev'ry other day, or people will read thy beginning in thy face as ſoon as they ſee thee. Why then, quoth Sancho, 'tis but keeping a barber in my houſe; and if needs be, he ſhall trot after me where-ever I go, like a grandee's maſter of the horſe. How cam'ſt thou to know, ſaid Don Quixote, that grandees have their maſters of the horſe to ride after 'em? I'll tell you, quoth Sancho: ſome years ago I happen'd to be about a month among your court-folks, and there I ſaw a little dandiprat riding about, who, they ſaid, was a hugeous great lord: there was a man a horſe-back that follow'd him cloſe where-ever he went, turning and ſtopping as he did, you'd have thought he had been ty'd to his horſe's tail. With that I aſk'd why that hind-man did not ride by the other, but ſtill came after after him thus? And they told me he was maſter of his horſes, and that the grandees have always ſuch kind of men at their tail; and I mark'd this ſo well, that I han't forgot it ſince. Thou art in the right, ſaid Don Quixote; and thou may'ſt as reaſonably have thy barber attend thee in this manner. Cuſtoms did not come up all at once, but rather ſtarted up and were improv'd by degrees; ſo thou may'ſt be the firſt earl that rode in ſtate with his barber behind him; and this may be ſaid to juſtify thy conduct, that 'tis an office of more truſt to ſhave a man's beard than to ſaddle a horſe. Well, quoth Sancho, leave the buſineſs of the cut-beard to me, and do but take care you be a king and I an earl. Never doubt it, reply'd Don Quixote; and with that looking about, he diſcover'd ——— what the next chapter will tell you.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How Don Quixote *set free many miserable creatures, who were carrying, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.*

CID Hamet Benangeli, an Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, soft and humorous history, That after this discourse between the renown'd Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Pança, which we have laid down at the end of the seventh chapter, the knight lifting up his eyes, saw about twelve men a-foot, trudging in the road, all in a row, one behind another, like beads upon a string, being link'd together by the neck to a huge iron chain, and manacl'd besides. They were guarded by two horsemen, arm'd with carbines, and two men afoot, with swords and javelins. As soon as Sancho spy'd 'em, Look ye, Sir, cry'd he, here's a gang of wretches hurried away by main force to serve the king in the gallies. How, reply'd Don Quixote! Is it possible the king will force any body? I don't say so, answer'd Sancho; I mean these are rogues whom the law has sentenc'd for their misdeeds, to row in the king's gallies. However, reply'd Don Quixote, they are forc'd, because they do not go of their own free will. Sure enough, quoth Sancho. If it be so, said Don Quixote, they come within the verge of my office, which is to hinder violence and oppression, and succour all people in misery. Ay, Sir, quoth Sancho, but neither the king nor law offer any violence to such wicked wretches, they have but their deserts. By this the chain of slaves came up, when Don Quixote, in very civil terms, desir'd the guards to inform him why these poor people were led along in that manner? Sir, answer'd one of the horsemen, they are criminals condemn'd to serve the king in his

gallies:

gallies: that's all I've to say to you, and you need enquire no further. Nevertheless, Sir, reply'd Don Quixote, I have a great desire to know in few words the cause of their misfortune, and I will esteem it an extraordinary favour, if you will let me have that satisfaction. We've here the copies and certificates of their several sentences, said the other horsemen, but we can't stand to pull 'em out and read 'em now; you may draw near and examine the men yourself: I suppose they themselves will tell you why they are condemn'd; for they are such honest people, they are not asham'd to boast of their rogueries. With this permission, which Don Quixote wou'd have taken of himself had they deny'd it him, he rode up to the chain, and ask'd the first, For what crimes he was in these miserable circumstances? The gally-slave answer'd him, That 'twas for being in love. What, only for being in love, cry'd Don Quixote! Were all those that are in love to be thus us'd, I myself might have been long since in the gallies. Ay, but reply'd the slave, my love was not of that sort which you conjecture: I was so desperately in love with a basket of linen, and embrac'd it so close, that had not the judge taken it from me by force, I wou'd not have parted with it willingly. In short, I was taken in the fact, and so there was no need to put me to the rack, 'twas prov'd so plain upon me. So I was committed, try'd, condemn'd, had the gentle lash; and besides that, was sent, for three years, to be an element-dasher, and there's an end of the business. An element-dasher, cry'd Don Quixote, what do you mean by that? A gally-slave, answer'd the criminal, who was a young fellow, about four and twenty years old, and said he was born at Piedra Hita.

Then Don Quixote examined the second, but he was so sad and desponding, that he would make no answer; however, the first rogue inform'd the knight of his affairs: Sir, said he, this Canary-bird keeps us company for having sung too much. Is't possible, cry'd Don Quixote! Are men sent to the gallies for singing? Ay, marry, are they, quoth the arch rogue; for there's nothing worse than to sing in anguish. How, cry'd Don Quixote!

That

That contradicts the saying, *Sing away sorrow, cast away care.* Ay, but with us the case is different, reply'd the slave, He that sings in disaster, weeps all his life after. This is a riddle which I cannot unfold, cry'd Don Quixote. Sir, said one of the guards, *Singing in anguish*, among these jail birds, means to confess upon the rack: this fellow was put to the torture, and confess'd his crime, which was stealing of cattle; and because he squeak'd, or sung, as they call it, he was condemn'd to the gallies for six years, besides an hundred jirks with a cat of nine tails that have whisk'd and powder'd his shoulders already. Now the reason why he goes thus mopish and out o'sorts, is only because his comrogues jeer and laugh at him continually for not having had the courage to deny: as if it had not been as easy for him to have said No as Yes; or as if a fellow, taken up on suspicion, were not a lucky rogue, when there is no positive evidence can come in against him but his own tongue; and in my opinion they're somewhat in the right. I think so too, said Don Quixote.

Thence addressing himself to the third, And you, said he, what have you done? Sir, answer'd the fellow, readily and pleasantly enough, I must mow the great meadow for five years together, for want of twice five ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, said Don Quixote, to deliver thee from that misery. Thank you for nothing, quoth the slave; 'tis just like the proverb, *After meat comes mustard*; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it: had I had the twenty ducats you offer me before I was try'd, to have greas'd the clerk's [or recorder's] fist, and have whetted my lawyer's wit, I might have been now at Toledo in the market-place of Zocodover, and not have been thus led along like a dog in a string. But heaven is powerful, Basta; I say no more.

Then passing to the fourth, who was a venerable old Don, with a grey beard that reach'd to his bosom, he put the same question to him; whereupon the poor creature fell a weeping, and was not able to give him an answer: so the next behind him lent him a tongue. Sir, said

ſaid he, this honeſt perſon goes to the gallies for four years, having taken his progreſs through the town in ſtate, and reſted at the uſual ſtations. That is, quoth Sancho, as I take it, after he had been expoſed to publick ſhame *. Right, reply'd the ſlave; and all this he's condemn'd to for being a broker of human fleſh: for, to tell you the truth, the gentleman is a pimp, and, beſides that, he has a ſmack of conjuring. If it were not for that addition of conjuring, cry'd Don Quixote, he ought not to have been ſent to the gallies, purely for being a pimp, unleſs it were to be general of the gallies: for, the profeſſion of a bawd, pimp, or meſſenger of love, is not like other common employments, but an office that requires a great deal of prudence and ſagacity; on office of truſt and weight, and moſt highly neceſſary in a well regulated common-wealth; nor ſhould it be executed but by civil well-deſcended perſons of good natural parts, and of a liberal education. Nay, 'twere requiſite there ſhould be a comptroller and ſurveyor of the profeſſion, as there are of others; and a certain and ſettled number of 'em, as there are of exchange-brokers. This wou'd be a means to prevent an infinite number of miſchiefs that happen ev'ry day, becauſe the trade or profeſſion is follow'd by poor ignorant pretenders, ſilly waiting women, young giddy-brain'd pages, ſhallow footmen, and ſuch raw unexperienc'd ſort of people, who in unexpected turns and emergences ſtand with their fingers in their mouths, know not their right hand from their left, but ſuffer themſelves to be ſurpriz'd, and ſpoil all for want of quickneſs of invention either to conceal, carry on, or bring off a thing artificially. Had I but time I would point out what ſort of perſons are beſt qualified to be choſen profeſſors of this moſt neceſſary employment in the common-wealth; however, at ſome fitter ſeaſon I will inform thoſe of it who may remedy this diſorder. All I have to

* *Inſtead of the pillory, in Spain, they carry that ſort of malefactors on an aſs, and in a particular habit, along the ſtreets, the crier going before, and proclaiming their crime.*

ſay

ſay now, is, That the grief I had to ſee theſe venerable grey hairs in ſuch diſtreſs, for having follow'd that no leſs uſeful than ingenious vocation of pimping, is now loſt in my abhorrence of his additional character of a conjurer; tho' I very well know that no ſorcery in the world can effect or force the will, as ſome ignorant credulous perſons fondly imagine: for our will is a free faculty, and no herb nor charms can conſtrain it. As for philtres and ſuch-like compoſitions which ſome ſilly women and deſigning pretenders make, they are nothing but certain mixtures and poiſonous preparations, that make thoſe who take them run mad; tho' the deceivers labour to perſuade us they can make one perſon love another; which, as I've ſaid, is an impoſſible thing, our will being a free, uncontroulable power. You ſay very well, Sir, cry'd the old coupler; and, upon my honour, I proteſt I am wholly innocent, as to the imputation of witchcraft. As for the buſineſs of pimping, I cannot deny it, but I never took it to be a criminal function; for my intention was, that all the world ſhould taſte the ſweets of love, and enjoy each other's ſociety, living together in friendſhip and in peace, free from thoſe griefs and jars that unpeople the earth. But my harmleſs deſign has not been ſo happy as to prevent my being ſent now to a place whence I never expect to return, ſtooping as I do under the heavy burden of old age, and being grievouſly afflicted with the ſtrangury, which ſcarce affords me a moment's reſpite from pain. This ſaid, the reverend procurer burſt out afreſh into tears and lamentations, which melted Sancho's heart ſo much, that he pull'd a piece of money out of his boſom and gave it to him as an alms.

Then Don Quixote turn'd to the fifth, who ſeem'd to be nothing at all concern'd. I go to ſerve his majeſty, ſaid he, for having been ſomewhat too familiar with two of my couſin-germans, and two other kind-hearted virgins that were ſiſters; by which means I have multiply'd my kind, and begot ſo odd and intricate a medly of kindred, that 'twould puzzle a convocation of caſuiſts to reſolve their degrees of conſanguinity. All this was prov'd upon me. I had no friends, and what was worſe, no money,

and ſo was like to have ſwung for't: however, I was only condemn'd to the gallies for ſix years, and patiently ſubmitted to't. I feel myſelf yet young, to my comfort; ſo if my life does but hold out, all will be well in time. If you will be pleas'd to beſtow ſomething upon poor ſinners, heaven will reward you; and when we pray, we will be ſure to remember you, that your life may be as long and proſperous, as your preſence is goodly and noble. This briſk ſpark appear'd to be a ſtudent by his habit, and ſome of the guards ſaid he was a fine ſpeaker, and a good latiniſt.

After him came a man about thirty years old, a clever, well-ſet, handſome fellow, only he ſquinted horribly with one eye: he was ſtrangely loaded with irons; a heavy chain clogg'd his leg, and was ſo long, that he twiſted it about his waiſt like a girdle: he had a couple of collars about his neck, the one to link him to the reſt of the ſlaves, and the other, one of thoſe iron-ruffs which they call a keep-friend, or a friend's foot; from whence two irons went down to his middle, and to their two bars were rivetted a pair of manacles that grip'd him by the fiſts, and were ſecur'd with a large padlock; ſo that he could neither liſt his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head towards his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why he was worſe hamper'd with irons than the reſt? Becauſe he alone has done more rogueries than all the reſt, anſwer'd one of the guards. This is ſuch a reprobate, ſuch a devil of a fellow, that no goal nor fetters will hold him; we are not ſure he's faſt enough, for all he's chain'd ſo. What ſort of crimes then has he been guilty of, aſk'd Don Quixote, that he is only ſent to the gallies? Why, anſwer'd the keeper, he is condemn'd to ten years ſlavery, which is no better than a civil death: but I need not ſtand to tell you any more of him, but that he is that notorious rogue Gines de Paſſamonte, alias Gineſillo de Parapilla. Hark you, Sir, cry'd the ſlave, fair and ſoftly; what a pox makes you give a gentleman more names than he has? Gines is my Chriſtian-name, and Paſſamonte my ſir-name, and not Gineſillo, nor Parapilla, as you ſay. Blood! let every man mind what he ſays, or it may

prove the worſe for him. Don't you be ſo ſaucy, Mr. Crack-rope, cry'd the officer to him, or I may chance to make you keep a better tongue in your head. 'Tis a ſign, cry'd the ſlave, that a man's faſt, and under the laſh; but one day or other ſome body ſhall know whether I'm call'd Parapilla or no. Why, Mr. Slip-ſtring, reply'd the officer, do not people call you by that name? They do, anſwer'd Gines, but I'll make 'em call me otherwiſe, or I'll fleece and bite them worſe than I care to tell you now. But you, Sir, who are ſo inquiſitive, added he, turning to Don Quixote, if you've a mind to give us any thing, pray do it quickly, and go your ways; for I don't like to ſtand here anſwering Queſtions; broil me! I am Gines de Paſſamonte, I am not aſham'd of my name. As for my life and converſation, there's an account of 'em in black and white, written with this numerical hand of mine. There he tells you true, ſaid the officer, for he has written his own hiſtory himſelf, without omitting a tittle of his roguiſh pranks; and he has left the manuſcript in pawn in the priſon for two hundred reals: Ay, ſaid Gines, and will redeem it, burn me! tho' it lay there for as many ducats. Then it muſt be an extraordinary piece, cry'd Don Quixote. So extraordinary, reply'd Gines, that it far out-does not only Lazarillo de Tormes, but whatever has been, and ſhall be written in that kind: for mine's true every word, and no invented ſtories can compare with it for variety of tricks and accidents. What's the title of the book, aſk'd Don Quixote? The life of Gines de Paſſamonte, anſwer'd t'other. Is it quite finiſh'd, aſk'd the knight? How the devil can it be finiſh'd and I yet living? reply'd the ſlave. There's in it every material point from my cradle, to this my laſt going to the gallies. Then it ſeems you have been there before, ſaid Don Quixote. To ſerve God and the king I was ſome four years there once before, reply'd Gines: I already know how the biſcuit and the bulls-pizzle agree with my carcaſe: it does not grieve me much to go there again, for there I ſhall have leiſure to give a finiſhing ſtroke to my book. I have the devil knows what to add; and in our Spaniſh gallies there is always

leisure and idle time enough o' conscience: neither shall I want so much for what I've to insert, for I know it all by heart.

Thou seem'st to be a witty fellow, said Don Quixote. You should have said unfortunate too, reply'd the slave; for the bitch fortune is still unkind to men of wit. You mean to such wicked wretches as your self, cry'd the officer. Look you, Mr. Commissary, said Gines, I have already desir'd you to use good language; the law did not give us to your keeping for you to abuse us, but only to conduct us where the king has occasion for us. Let every man mind his own business, and give good words, or hold his tongue; for by the blood——I'll say no more, murder will out; there will be a time when some people's rogueries may come to light, as well as those of other folks. With that the officer, provok'd by the slave's threats, held up his staff to strike him; but Don Quixote stepp'd between 'em, and desir'd him not to do it, and to consider, that the slave was the more to be excus'd for being too free of his tongue, since he had ne'er another member at liberty. Then addressing himself to all the slaves, My dearest brethren, cry'd he, I find, by what I gather from your own words, that tho' you deserve punishment for the several crimes of which you stand convicted, yet you suffer execution of the sentence by constraint, and merely because you cannot help it. Besides, 'tis not unlikely but that this man's want of resolution upon the rack, the other's want of money, the third's want of friends and favour, and, in short, the judges perverting and wresting the law to your great prejudice, may have been the cause of your misery. Now, as heaven has sent me into the world to relieve the distress'd, and free suffering weakness from the tyranny of oppression, according to the duty of my profession of knight-errantry, these considerations induce me to take you under my protection——But because 'tis the part of a prudent man not to use violence where fair means may be effectual, I desire you, gentlemen of the guard, to release these poor men, there being people enough to serve his Majesty in their places; for 'tis a hard case to make

slaves

ſlaves of men whom God and nature made free; and you have the leſs reaſon to uſe theſe wretches with ſeverity, ſeeing they never did you any wrong. Let 'em anſwer for their ſins in the other world; heaven is juſt, you know, and will be ſure to puniſh the wicked, as 'twill certainly reward the good. Conſider beſides, gentlemen, that 'tis neither a Chriſtian-like, nor an honourable action, for men to be the butchers and tormenters of one another; principally, when no advantage can ariſe from it. I chuſe to deſire this of you, with ſo much mildneſs, and in ſo peaceable a manner, gentlemen, that I may have occaſion to pay you a thankful acknowledgment, if you will be pleas'd to grant ſo reaſonable a requeſt: but if you provoke me by refuſal, I muſt be oblig'd to tell ye, that this lance, and this ſword, guided by this invincible arm, ſhall force you to yield that to my valour which you deny to my civil intreaties.

A very good jeſt indeed, cry'd the officer, what a devil makes you dote at ſuch a rate? would you have us ſet at liberty the king's priſoners, as if we had authority to do it, or you to command it? Go, go about your buſineſs, good Sir errant, and ſet your baſon right upon your empty pate; and pray don't meddle any further in what does not concern you, for thoſe who'll play with cats muſt expect to be ſcratch'd.

Thou art a cat, and rat, and a coward to boot, cry'd Don Quixote; and with that he attack'd the officer with ſuch a ſudden and ſurprizing fury, that before he had any time to put himſelf into a poſture of defence, he ſtruck him down dangerouſly wounded with his lance, and as fortune had order'd it, this happen'd to be the horſe-man who was arm'd with a carbine. His companions ſtood aſtoniſh'd at ſuch a bold action, but at laſt fell upon the champion with their ſwords and darts, which might have prov'd fatal to him, had not the ſlaves laid hold of this opportunity to break the chain, in order to regain their liberty: for, the guards perceiving their endeavours to get looſe, thought it more material to prevent 'em, than to be fighting a mad-man: but, as he preſs'd them vigorouſly on one ſide, and the ſlaves were oppoſing them

and freeing themſelves on the other, the hurly-burly was ſo great, and the guards ſo perplex'd, that they did nothing to the purpoſe In the mean time Sancho was helping Gines de Paſſamonte to get off his gives, which he did ſooner than can be imagin'd; and then that active deſperado having ſeiz'd the wounded officer's ſword and carbine, he join'd with Don Quixote, and ſometimes aiming at one, and ſometimes at the other, as if he had been ready to ſhoot 'em, yet ſtill without letting off the piece, the other ſlaves at the ſame time pouring vollies of ſtone-ſhot at the guards, they betook themſelves to their heels, leaving Don Quixote and the criminals maſters of the field. Sancho, who was always for taking care of the main chance, was not at all pleas'd with this victory; for he gueſs'd that the guards who were fled, would raiſe a hue and cry, and ſoon be at their heels with the whole poſſe of the holy brotherhood, and lay 'em up for a reſcue and rebellion. This made him adviſe his maſter to get out of the way as faſt as he could, and hide himſelf in the neighbouring mountains. I hear you, anſwer'd Don Quixote to this motion of his ſquire, and I know what I have to do. Then calling to him all the ſlaves, who by this time had uncas'd the keeper to his ſkin, they gather'd about him to know his pleaſure, and he ſpoke to them in this manner: 'Tis the part of generous ſpirits to have a grateful ſenſe of the benefits they receive, no crime being more odious than ingratitude. You ſee, gentlemen, what I have done for your ſakes, and you cannot but be ſenſible how highly you're oblig'd to me. Now all the recompence I require is only, that every one of you, loaden with that chain from which I have freed your necks, do inſtantly repair to the city of Toboſo; and there preſenting your ſelves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, tell her, that her faithful votary, the knight of the woeful countenance, commanded you to wait on her, and aſſure her of his profound veneration. Then you ſhall give her an exact account of every particular relating to this famous atchievement, by which you once more taſte the ſweets of liberty; which

which done, I give you leave to ſeek your fortunes where you pleaſe.

To this the ring-leader and maſter-thief, Gines de Paſſamonte, made anſwer for all the reſt, What you would have us to do, ſaid he, our noble deliverer, is abſolutely impracticable and impoſſible; for we dare not be ſeen all together for the world. We muſt rather part and ſculk ſome one way, ſome another, and lie ſnug in creeks and corners under ground, for fear of thoſe damn'd man-hounds that will be after us with a hue and cry; therefore all we can, and ought to do in this caſe, is to change this compliment and homage which you'd have us pay to the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, into a certain number of Ave Maries and Creeds, which we will ſay for your worſhip's benefit; and this may be done by night or by day, walking or ſtanding, and in war as well as in peace: but to imagine we will return to our fleſh-pots of Egypt, that is to ſay, take up our chains again, and lug 'em the devil knows whither, is as unreaſonable as to think 'tis night now at ten a-clock in the morning. 'Sdeath, to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. Now, by my ſword, reply'd Don Quixote, Sir ſon of a whore, Sir Gineſello de Parapilla, or whatever be your name, you your ſelf, alone, ſhall go to Toboſo, like a dog that has ſcalded his tail, with the whole chain about your ſhoulders. Gines, who was naturally very cholerick, judging by Don Quixote's extravagance in freeing them, that he was not very wiſe, wink'd on his companions, who, like men that underſtood ſigns, preſently fell back to the right and left, and pelted Don Quixote with ſuch a ſhower of ſtones, that all his dexterity to cover himſelf with his ſhield was now ineffectual, and poor Rozinante no more obey'd the ſpur, than if he had been only the ſtatue of a horſe. As for Sancho, he got behind his aſs, and there ſhelter'd himſelf from the vollies of flints that threaten'd his bones, while his maſter was ſo batter'd, that in a little time he was thrown out of his ſaddle to the ground. He was no ſooner down, but the ſtudent leap'd on him, took off the baſon from his head, gave him three or four thumps

o' the ſhoulders with it, and then gave it ſo many knocks againſt the ſtones, that he almoſt broke it to pieces. After this, they ſtripp'd him of his upper coat, and had robb'd him of his hoſe too, but that his greaves hinder'd them. They alſo eas'd Sancho of his upper coat, and left him in his doublet *; then having divided the ſpoils, they ſhifted every one for himſelf, thinking more how to avoid being taken up, and link'd again in the chain, than of trudging with it to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo. Thus the aſs, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote, remain'd indeed maſters of the field, but in an ill condition: the aſs hanging his head, and penſive, ſhaking his ears now and then, as if the vollies of ſtones had ſtill whizz'd about 'em; Rozinante lying in a deſponding manner, for he had been knock'd down as well as his unhappy rider; Sancho uncas'd to his doublet, and trembling for fear of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote fill'd with ſullen regret, to find himſelf ſo barbarouſly us'd by thoſe whom he had ſo highly oblig'd.

CHAP. IX.

What befell the renown'd Don Quixote *in the* Sierra Morena (black mountain) *being one of the rareſt adventures in this authentick hiſtory.*

DON Quixote finding himſelf ſo ill treated, ſaid to his ſquire; Sancho, I have always heard it ſaid, That to do a kindneſs to clowns, is like throwing water

* En pelota, *which really ſignifies* ſtark-naked, *as Sobrino explains it in French,* tout nud. *But it can hardly mean ſo here, as the reader will ſoon ſee, eſpecially if, according to* Stevens's *dictionary,* Pelota *was a ſort of garment us'd in former times in Spain, not known at preſent.*

into

into the ſea *. Had I given ear to thy advice, I had prevented this misfortune; but ſince the thing is done, it is needleſs to repine; this ſhall be a warning to me for the future. That is, quoth Sancho, when the devil's blind: but ſince you ſay, you had 'ſcap'd this miſchief had you believ'd me, good Sir, believe me now, and you'll 'ſcape a greater; for I muſt tell you, that thoſe of the holy brotherhood don't ſtand in awe of your chivalry, nor do they care a ſtraw for all the knights-errant in the world. Methinks I already hear their arrows whizzing about my ears †. Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote; nevertheleſs, that thou may'ſt not ſay I am obſtinate, and never follow thy advice, I will take thy counſel, and for once convey my ſelf out of the reach of this dreadful brotherhood, that ſo ſtrangely alarms thee; but upon this condition, that thou never tell any mortal creature, neither while I live, nor after my death, that I withdrew my ſelf from this danger through fear, but merely to comply with thy intreaties: for if thou ever preſume to ſay otherwiſe, thou wilt belye me; and from this time to that time, and from that time to the world's end, I give thee the lye, and thou lyeſt, and ſhalt lye in thy throat, as often as thou ſay'ſt, or but think'ſt to the contrary. Therefore do not offer to reply; for ſhould'ſt thou but ſurmiſe, that I would avoid any danger, and eſpecially this which ſeems to give ſome occaſion or colour for fear, I would certainly ſtay here, though unattended and alone, and expect and face not only the holy brotherhood, which thou dread'ſt ſo much, but alſo the fraternity or twelve heads of the tribes of Iſrael, the ſeven Maccabees, Caſtor and Pollux, and all the brothers and brotherhoods in the univerſe. An't pleaſe your worſhip, quoth Sancho, to withdraw is not to run away, and to ſtay is no wiſe action, when there's more reaſon to fear than to hope; 'tis the part

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* *It is labour loſt, becauſe they are ungrateful.*

† *The troopers of the holy brotherhood ride with bows, and ſhoot arrows.*

of

of a wise man to keep himself to day for to morrow, and not venture all his eggs in one basket. And for all I'm but a clown, or a bumpkin, as you may say, yet I'd have you to know I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance; therefore don't be asham'd of being rul'd by me, but e'en get o' horseback an you're able: come, I'll help you, and then follow me; for my mind plaguily misgives me, that now one pair of heels will stand us in more stead than two pair of hands.

Don Quixote, without any reply, made shift to mount Rozinante, and Sancho on his ass led the way to the neighbouring mountainous desart called Sierra Morena *, which the crafty squire had a design to cross over, and get out at the fartheſt end, either at Viso, or Almadovar del Campo, and in the mean time to lurk in the craggy and almost inaccessible retreats of that vast mountain, for fear of falling into the hands of the holy brotherhood. He was the more eager to steer this course, finding that the provision which he had laid on his ass had escap'd plundering, which was a kind of miracle, considering how narrowly the gally-slaves had search'd every where for booty. 'Twas night before our two travellers got to the middle and most desart part of the mountain; where Sancho advis'd his master to stay some days, at least as long as their provisions lasted; and accordingly that night they took up their lodging between two rocks, among a great number of cork-trees: but fortune, which, according to the opinion of those that have not the light of true faith, guides, appoints, and contrives all things as it pleases, directed Gines de Passamonte (that master-rogue, who, thanks be to Don Quixote's force and folly, had been put in a condition to do him a mischief) to

* Sierra, *tho' Spanish for a* mountain, *properly means (not a* chain, *but) a* saw *from Latin* Serra, *because of its ridges rising and falling like the teeth of a saw. This mountain (call'd Morena from its moorish or swarthy colour) parts the kingdom of Castile from the province of Andaluzia.*

this

ancho's Ass Stole from under him.

this very part of the mountain, in order to hide himself till the heat of the purſuit, which he had juſt cauſe to to fear, were over. He diſcover'd our adventurers much about the time that they fell aſleep; and as wicked men are always ungrateful, and urgent neceſſity prompts many to do things, at the very thoughts of which they perhaps would ſtart at other times. Gines, who was a ſtranger both to gratitude and humanity, reſolv'd to ride away with Sancho's aſs; for as for Rozinante, he look'd upon him as a thing that would neither ſell nor pawn: ſo while poor Sancho lay ſnoring, he ſpirited away his darling beaſt, and made ſuch haſte, that before day he thought himſelf and his prize ſecure from the unhappy owner's purſuit.

Now Aurora with her ſmiling face return'd to enliven and cheer the earth, but alas! to grieve and affright Sancho with a diſmal diſcovery: for he had no ſooner open'd his eyes, but he miſs'd his aſs; and finding himſelf depriv'd of that dear partner of his fortunes, and beſt comfort in his peregrinations, he broke out into the moſt pitiful and ſad lamentations in the world; inſomuch that he wak'd Don Quixote with his moans. O dear child of my bowels, cry'd he, born and bred under my roof, my childrens play-fellow, the comfort of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the eaſe of my burdens, the ſtaff of my life, and in a word, half my maintenance; for with ſix and twenty maravedis, which were daily earn'd by thee, I made ſhift to keep half my family. Don Quixote, who eaſily gueſs'd the cauſe of theſe complaints, ſtrove to comfort him with kind condoling words, and learn'd diſcourſes upon the uncertainty of human happineſs: but nothing prov'd ſo effectual to aſſwage his ſorrow, as the promiſe which his maſter made him of drawing a bill of exchange on his niece for three aſſes out of five which he had at home, payable to Sancho Pança, or his order; which prevailing argument ſoon dry'd up his tears, huſh'd his ſighs and moans, and turn'd his complaints into thanks to his generous maſter for ſo unexpected a favour.

And

And now, as they wander'd further in these mountains, Don Quixote was transported with joy to find himself where he might flatter his ambition with the hopes of fresh adventures to signalize his valour; for these vast desarts made him call to mind the wonderful exploits of other knights-errant, perform'd in such solitudes. Fill'd with those airy notions, he thought on nothing else: but Sancho was for more substantial food; and now thinking himself quite out of the reach of the holy brotherhood, his only care was to fill his belly with the relicks of the clerical booty; and thus sitting sideling, as women do, upon his beast *, he slily took out now one piece of meat, then another, and kept his grinders going faster than his feet. Thus plodding on, he would not have given a rush to have met with any other adventure.

While he was thus employ'd, he observ'd, that his master endeavour'd to take up something that lay on the ground with the end of his lance: this made him run to

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* *It is scarce twenty lines since Sancho lost his ass, as Mr. Jarvis observes, and here he is upon his back again. The best excuse for this evident blunder, adds that gentleman, is Horace's* aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. *Upon which occasion the same gentleman, in his preface, asks, But what if Cervantes made this seeming slip on purpose for a bait to tempt the minor criticks; in the same manner as, in another place, he makes the princess of Micomicon land at Ossuna, which is no sea-port? As by that he introduc'd a fine satire on an eminent Spanish historian of his time, who had describ'd it as such in his history; so by this he might have only taken occasion to reflect on a parallel incident in Ariosto, where Brunelo at the siege of Albraca, steals a horse from between the legs of Sacripante king of Circassia. It is, adds this judicious critick, the very defence the author makes for it himself, in the fourth chapter of the second part, where, by the way, both the Italian and old English translators have preserv'd the excuse, tho by their altering the text they had taken away the occasion of it.*

he

help him to lift up the bundle, which prov'd to be a portmanteau, and the ſeat of a ſaddle, that were half, or rather quite rotted with lying expos'd to the weather. The portmanteau was ſomewhat heavy; and Don Quixote having order'd Sancho to ſee what it contain'd, though it was ſhut with a chain and a padlock, he eaſily ſaw what was in it through the cracks, and pull'd out four fine holland ſhirts, and other clean and faſhionable linnen, beſides a conſiderable quantity of gold ty'd up in a handkerchief. Bleſs my eye-ſight, quoth Sancho; and now heaven I thank thee for ſending us ſuch a lucky adventure once in our lives: with that, groping further in the portmanteau, he found a table-book richly bound. Give me that, ſaid Don Quixote, and do thou keep the gold. Heaven reward your worſhip, quoth Sancho, kiſſing his maſter's hand, and at the ſame time clapping up the linnen and the other things into the bag where he kept the victuals. I fancy, ſaid Don Quixote, that ſome perſon, having loſt his way in theſe mountains, has been met by robbers, who have murder'd him, and bury'd his body ſomewhere hereabouts. Sure your worſhip's miſtaken, anſwer'd Sancho; for had they been highwaymen, they would never have left ſuch a booty behind them. Thou art in the right, reply'd Don Quixote; and therefore I cannot imagine what it muſt be. But ſtay, I will examine the table-book, perhaps we ſhall find ſomething written in that, which will help us to diſcover what I would know. With that he open'd it, and the firſt thing he found was the following rough draught of a ſonnet, fairly enough written to be read with eaſe; ſo he read it aloud, that Sancho might know what was in it as well as himſelf:

THE

THE RESOLVE.

A SONNET.

LOVE is a god ne'er knows our pain,
Or cruelty's his darling attribute;
Else he'd ne'er force me to complain,
And to his spite my raging pain impute.

But sure if love's a god, he must
Have knowledge equal to his pow'r;
And 'tis a crime to think a god unjust:
Whence then the pains that now my heart devour?

From Phyllis? No: Why do I pause?
Such cruel ills ne'er boast so sweet a cause;
Nor from the gods such torments we do bear,
Let death then quickly be my cure:
When thus we ills unknown endure,
'Tis shortest to despair.

The de'il of any thing can be pick'd out o' this, quoth Sancho, unless you can tell who that same Phyll is. I did not read Phyll, but Phyllis, said Don Quixote. O then, mayhap, the man has lost his filly-foal. Phyllis, said Don Quixote, is the name of a lady that's belov'd by the author of this sonnet, who truly seems to a tolerable poet *, or I've but little judgment. Why then, quoth Sancho, belike your worship understands how to make verses too? That I do, answer'd Don Quixote, and better than thou imagin'st, as thou shalt see, when I shall give thee a letter written all in verse to carry to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso: for, I must tell thee, friend Sancho, all the knights-errant, or at least the greatest part of 'em, in former times were great poets, and as great musicians; those qualifications, or to speak

* Cervantes *himself*.

better,

better, those two gifts, or accomplishments, being almost inseparable from amorous adventures: though I must confess the verses of the knights in former ages are not altogether so polite, nor so adorn'd with words, as with thoughts and inventions.

Good Sir, quoth Sancho, look again into the pocket-book, mayhap you will find somewhat that will inform you of what you'd know. With that Don Quixote turning over the leaf, Here's some prose, cry'd he, and I think 'tis the sketch of a love-letter. O! good your worship, quoth Sancho, read it out by all means; for I mightily delight in hearing of love-stories.

Don Quixote read it aloud, and found what follows:

"THE falshood of your promises, and my despair, "hurry me from you for ever; and you shall "sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of "my complaints. You have forsaken me, ungrateful "fair, for one more wealthy indeed, but not more de-"serving than your abandon'd slave. Were virtue "esteem'd a treasure equal to its worth by your unthink-"ing sex, I must presume to say, I should have no rea-"son to envy the wealth of others, and no misfortune to "bewail. What your beauty has rais'd, your actions "have destroy'd; the first made me mistake you for an "angel, but the last convince me you're a very woman. "However, O! too lovely disturber of my peace, may "uninterrupted rest and downy ease engross your happy "hours; and may forgiving heav'n still keep your hus-"band's perfidiousness conceal'd, lest it should cost your "repenting heart a sigh for the injustice you have done "to so faithful a lover, and so I should be prompted to "a revenge which I do not desire to take. Farewel.

This letter, quoth Don Quixote, does not give us any further insight into the things we would know; all I can infer from it is, that the person who wrote it was a betray'd lover: and so turning over the remaining leaves, he found several other letters and verses, some of which were legible, and some so scribbl'd, that he could make

nothing of them. As for those he read, he could meet with nothing in 'em but accusations, complaints and expostulations, distrusts and jealousies, pleasures and discontents, favours and disdain, the one highly valu'd, the other as mournfully resented. And while the knight was poring on the table-book, Sancho was rummaging the portmanteau, and the seat of the saddle, with that exactness, that he did not leave a corner unsearch'd, nor a seam unripp'd, nor a single lock of wool unpick'd; for the gold he had found, which was above an hundred ducats, had but whetted his greedy appetite, and made him wild for more. Yet though this was all he could find, he thought himself well paid for the more than Herculean labours he had undergone; nor could he now repine at his being toss'd in a blanket, the straining and griping operation of the balsam, the benedictions of the packstaves and leavers, the fisticuffs of the lewd carrier, the loss of his cloak, his dear wallet, and of his dearer ass, and all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue which he had suffer'd in his kind master's service. On the other side, the knight of the woeful figure strangely desir'd to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, guessing by the verses, the letter, the linen, and the gold, that he was a person of worth, whom the disdain and unkindness of his mistress had driven to despair. At length, however, he gave over the thoughts of it, discovering no body through that vast desert; and so he rode on, wholly guided by Rozinante's discretion, which always made the grave sagacious creature chuse the plainest and smoothest way; the master still firmly believing, that in those woody uncultivated forests he should infallibly start some wonderful adventure.

And indeed, while these hopes possess'd him, he spy'd upon the top of a stony crag just before him a man that skipp'd from rock to rock, over briars and bushes, with wonderful agility. He seem'd to him naked from the waist upwards, with a thick black beard, his hair long, and strangely tangled, his head, legs, and feet bare; on his hips a pair of breeches, that appear'd to be of sad colour'd velvet, but so tatter'd and torn, that they dis-

cover'

cover'd his ſkin in many places. Theſe particulars were obſerv'd by Don Quixote while he paſs'd by; and he follow'd him, endeavouring to overtake him, for he preſently gueſs'd this was the owner of the portmanteau. But Rozinante, who was naturally ſlow and phlegmatick, was in too weak a caſe beſides to run races with ſo ſwift an apparition: yet the knight of the woeful figure reſolv'd to find out that unhappy creature, though he were to beſtow a whole year in the ſearch; and to that intent he order'd Sancho to beat one ſide of the mountain, while he hunted the other. In good ſooth, quoth Sancho, your worſhip muſt excuſe me as to that; for if I but offer to ſtir an inch from you I'm almoſt frighted out of my ſeven ſenſes: and let this ſerve you hereafter for a warning, that you may not ſend me a nail's breadth from your preſence. Well, ſaid the knight, I will take thy caſe into conſideration; and it does not diſpleaſe me, Sancho, to ſee thee thus rely upon my valour, which I dare aſſure thee ſhall never fail thee, though thy very ſoul ſhould be ſcar'd out of thy body. Follow me therefore ſtep by ſtep, with as much haſte as is conſiſtent with good ſpeed; and let thy eyes pry every where while we ſearch every part of this rock, where 'tis probable we may meet with that wretched mortal, who doubtleſs is the owner of the portmanteau.

Odſnigs, Sir, quoth Sancho, I had rather get out of his way; for ſhould we chance to meet him, and he lay claim to the portmanteau, 'tis a plain caſe I ſhall be forc'd to part with the money: and therefore I think it much better, without making ſo much ado, to let me keep it *bona fide*, till we can light on the right owner ſome more eaſy way, and without dancing after him; which mayn't happen 'till we have ſpent all the money; and in that caſe I'm free from the law, and he may go whiſtle for't. Thou art miſtaken, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, for ſeeing we have ſome reaſon to think, that we know who is the owner, we are bound in conſcience to endeavour to find him out, and reſtore it to him; the rather, becauſe ſhould we not now ſtrive to meet him, yet the ſtrong preſumption we have that the goods belong to

him, would make us poſſeſſors of 'em *mala fide*, and render us as guilty as if the party whom we ſuſpect to have loſt the things were really the right owner: therefore, friend Sancho, do not think much of ſearching for him, ſince if we find him out, 'twill extremely eaſe my mind. With that he ſpurr'd Rozinante; and Sancho, not very well pleas'd, follow'd him, comforting himſelf however, with the hopes of the three aſſes which his maſter had promis'd him. So when they had rode over the greateſt part of the mountain, they came to a brook, where they found a mule lying dead, with her ſaddle and bridle about her, and herſelf half devour'd by beaſts and birds of prey; which diſcovery further confirm'd them in their ſuſpicion, that the man who fled ſo nimbly from them, was the owner of the mule and portmantua. Now as they paus'd and ponder'd upon this, they heard a whiſtling like that of ſome ſhepherd keeping his flocks; and preſently after, upon their left hand, they ſpy'd a great number of goats with an old herdſman after them, on the top of the mountain. Don Quixote call'd out to him, and deſir'd him to come down; but the goat-herd, inſtead of anſwering him, aſk'd 'em in as loud a tone how they came thither in thoſe deſarts, where ſcarce any living creatures reſorted except goats, wolves, and other wild beaſts? Sancho told him, they would ſatisfy him as to that point if he would come where they were. With that the goat-herd came down to 'em; and ſeeing them look upon the dead mule, That dead mule, ſaid the old fellow, has lain in that very place this ſix months; but pray tell me, good people, have you not met the maſter of it by the way? We have met no body, anſwer'd Don Quixote; but we found a portmanteau and a ſaddle-cuſhion not far from this place. I have ſeen it too, quoth the goat-herd, but I never durſt meddle with it, nor ſo much as come near it, for fear of ſome miſdemeanour, leſt I ſhould be charg'd with having ſtol'n ſomewhat out of it: for who knows what might happen? The devil is ſubtle, and ſometimes lays baits in our way to tempt us, or blocks to make us ſtumble. 'Tis juſt ſo with me, gaffer, quoth Sancho, for I ſaw the portmanteau too, d'ye ſee, but the devil a

bid

bid would I come within a ſtone's throw of it; no, there I found it, and there I left it, i'faith, it ſhall e'en lie there ſtill for me. He that ſteals a bellweather ſhall be diſcover'd by the bell. Tell me, honeſt friend, aſk'd Don Quixote, do'ſt thou know who is the owner of thoſe things? All I know of the matter, anſwer'd the goat-herd, is, that 'tis now ſix months, little more or leſs, ſince to a certain ſheepfold, ſome three leagues off, there came a young well-featur'd proper gentleman in good cloaths, and under him this ſame mule that now lies dead here, with the cuſhion and cloak-bag, which you ſay you met, but touch'd not. He aſk'd us which was the moſt deſart and leaſt frequented part of theſe mountains? and we told him this where we are now; and in that we ſpoke the plain truth, for ſhould you venture to go but half a league further, you would hardly be able to get back again in haſte; and I marvel how you could get even thus far; for there's neither high-way nor foot-path that may direct a man this way. Now as ſoon as the young gentleman had heard our anſwer, he turn'd about his mule, and made to the place we ſhew'd him, leaving us all with a hugeous liking to his comelineſs, and ſtrangely marvelling at his demand, and the haſte he made towards the middle of the mountain. After that we heard no more of him in a great while, till one day by chance one of the ſhepherds coming by, he fell upon him without ſaying why or wherefore, and beat him without mercy: after that he went to the aſs that carry'd our victuals, and taking away all the bread and cheeſe that was there, he tripp'd back again to the mountain with wond'rous ſpeed. Hearing this, a good number of us together reſolv'd to find him out; and when we had ſpent the beſt part of two days in the thickeſt of the foreſt, we found him at laſt lurking in the hollow of a huge cork-tree, from whence he came forth to meet us as mild as could be. But then he was ſo alter'd, his face was ſo diſfigur'd, wan, and ſun-burnt, that had it not been for his attire, which we made ſhift to know again, tho' 'twas all in rags and tatters, we could not have thought it had been the ſame man. He ſaluted us courteouſly, and told us in few words, mighty handſomly put together, that

we were not to marvel to ſee him in that manner, for that it behov'd him ſo to be, that he might fulfil a certain penance enjoin'd him for the great ſins he had committed. We pray'd him to tell us who he was, but he would by no means do it: we likewiſe deſir'd him to let us know where we might find him, that whenſoever he wanted victuals we might bring him ſome, which we told him we would be ſure to do, for otherwiſe he would be ſtarv'd in that barren place; requeſting him, that if he did not like that motion neither, he would at leaſtwiſe come and aſk us for what he wanted, and not take it by force as he had done. He thank'd us heartily for our offer, and begg'd pardon for that injury, and promis'd to aſk it henceforwards as an alms, without ſetting upon any one. As for his place of abode, he told us he had none certain, but wherever night caught him, there he lay: and he ended his diſcourſe with ſuch bitter moans, thas we muſt have had hearts of flint, had we not had a feeling of 'em, and kept him company therein; chiefly conſidering we beheld him ſo ſtrangely alter'd from what we had ſeen him before; for, as I ſaid, he was a very fine comely young man, and by his ſpeech and behaviour we could gueſs him to be well born, and a court-like ſort of a body: for tho' we were but clowns, yet ſuch was his genteel behaviour, that we could not help being taken with it. Now as he was talking to us, he ſtopped of a ſudden as if he had been ſtruck dumb, fixing his eyes ſtedfaſtly on the ground; whereat we all ſtood in a maze. After he had thus ſtar'd a good while, he ſhut his eyes, then open'd 'em again, bit his lips, knit his brows, clutch'd his fiſts; and then riſing from the ground, whereon he had thrown himſelf a little before, he flew at the man that ſtood next to him with ſuch a fury, that if we had not pull'd him off by main force, he would have bit and thump'd him to death; and all the while he cry'd out, "Ah! traitor Ferdinand, "here, here thou ſhalt pay for the wrong thou haſt "done me; I muſt rip up that falſe heart of thine;" and a deal more he added, all in diſpraiſe of that ſame Ferdinand. After that he flung from us without ſaying

a word

a word, leaping over the bushes and brambles at such a strange rate, that 'twas impossible for us to come at him; from which we gather'd, that his madness comes on him by fits, and that same one call'd Ferdinand had done him an ill turn, that hath brought the poor young man to this pass. And this hath been confirm'd since that many and many times; for when he's in his right senses he'll come and beg for victuals, and thank us for it with tears: but when he is in his mad fit, he will beat us though we proffer him meat civilly: and to tell you the truth, Sirs, added the goat-herd, I and four others, of whom two are my men, and the other two my friends, yesterday agreed to look for him till we should find him out, either by fair means or by force to carry him to Almodover town, that's but eight leagues off; and there we'll have him cur'd if possible, or at least we shall learn what he is when he comes to his wits, and whether he has any friends to whom he may be sent back. This is all I know of the matter; and I dare assure you, that the owner of those things which you saw in the way is the self same body that went so nimbly by you, for Don Quixote had by this time acquainted the goat-herd of his having seen that man skipping among the rocks.

The knight was wonderfully concern'd when he had heard the goat-herd's story, and renew'd his resolution of finding out that distracted wretch, whatever time and pains it might cost him. But fortune was more propitious to his desires than he could reasonably have expected: for just as they were speaking they spy'd him right against the place where they stood, coming towards 'em out of the cleft of a rock, muttering somewhat to himself, which they could not well have understood had they stood close by him, much less could they guess his meaning at that distance. His apparel was such as has already been said, only Don Quixote observ'd when he drew nearer, that he had on a shamoy waistcoat torn in many places, which yet the knight found to be perfum'd with amber; and by this, as also by the rest of his cloaths, and other conjectures, he judg'd him to be a man of some quality. As soon as the unhappy creature came near 'em, he saluted 'em very civilly, but with a hoarse

hoarſe voice. Don Quixote return'd his civilities, and alighting from Rozinante, accoſted him in a very graceful manner, and hugg'd him cloſe in his arms, as if he had been one of his intimate acquaintance. The other, whom we may venture to call The knight of the ragged figure, as well as Don Quixote The knight of the woful figure, having got looſe from that embrace, could not forbear ſtepping back a little, and laying his hands on the companion's ſhoulders, he ſtood ſtaring in his face, as if he had been ſtriving to call to mind whether he had known him before, probably wondring as much to behold Don Quixote's countenance, armour, and ſtrange figure, as Don Quixote did to ſee his tatter'd condition: but the firſt that open'd his mouth after this pauſe was the ragged knight, as you ſhall find by the ſequel of the ſtory.

CHAP. X.

The adventure in the Sierra-Morena continued.

THE hiſtory relates, that Don Quixote liſten'd with great attention to the diſaſt'rous knight of the mountain, who made him the following compliment. Truly, Sir, whoever you be (for I have not the honour to know you) I'm much oblig'd to you for your expreſſions of civility and friendſhip; and I cou'd wiſh I were in a condition to convince you otherwiſe than by words of the deep ſenſe I have of 'em: but my bad fortune leaves me nothing to return for ſo many favours, but unprofitable wiſhes. Sir, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I've ſo hearty a deſire to ſerve you, that I was fully reſolv'd not to depart theſe mountains till I had found you out, that I might know from yourſelf, whether the diſcontents that have urg'd you to make choice of this unuſual courſe of life, might not admit of a remedy; for if they do, aſſure yourſelf I will leave no means untry'd, till I have

purchas'd

purchas'd you that eaſe which I heartily wiſh you: or if your diſaſters are of that fatal kind, that exclude you for ever from the hopes of comfort or relief, then will I mingle ſorrows with you, and by ſharing your load of grief, help you to bear the oppreſſing weight of affliction: for 'tis the only comfort of the miſerable to have partners in their woes. If then good intentions may plead merit, or a grateful requital, let me intreat you, Sir, by that generous nature that ſhoots through the gloom with which adverſity has clouded your graceful outſide; nay, let me conjure you by the darling object of your wiſhes, to let me know who you are, and what ſtrange misfortunes have urg'd you to withdraw from the converſe of your fellow-creatures, to bury yourſelf alive in this horrid ſolitude, where you linger out a wretched being, a ſtranger to eaſe, to all mankind, and even to your very ſelf. And I ſolemnly ſwear, added Don Quixote, by the order of knighthood, of which I am an unworthy profeſſor, that if you ſo far gratify my deſires, I will aſſiſt you to the utmoſt of my capacity, either by remedying your diſaſter, if 'tis not paſt redreſs; or, at leaſt, I will become your partner in ſorrow, and ſtrive to eaſe it by a ſociety in ſadneſs.

The knight of the wood hearing the knight of the woeful figure talk at that rate, look'd upon him ſtedfaſtly for a long time, and view'd and review'd him from head to foot; and when he had gaz'd a great while upon him, Sir, cry'd he, if you have any thing to eat, for heaven's ſake give it me, and when my hunger is abated, I ſhall be better able to comply with your deſires, which your great civilities and undeſerved offers oblige me to ſatisfy. Sancho and the goat-herd hearing this, preſently took out ſome victuals, the one out of his bag, the other out of his ſcrip, and gave it to the ragged knight to allay his hunger, who immediately fell on with that greedy haſte, that he ſeem'd rather to devour than feed; for he us'd no intermiſſion between bit and bit, ſo greedlily he chopped them up: and all the time he was eating, neither he, nor the by-ſtanders, ſpoke the leaſt word. When he had aſſwag'd his voracious appetite, he beckon'd to Don Quixote and the reſt to follow him; and, after he had brought

brought 'em to a neighbouring meadow, he laid himself at his ease on the grass, where the rest of the company sitting down by him, neither he nor they having yet spoke a word since he fell to eating, he began in this manner:

Gentlemen, said he, if you intend to be informed of my misfortunes, you must promise me beforehand not to cut off the thread of my doleful narration with any questions, or any other interruption; for in the very instant that any of you does it, I shall leave off abruptly; and will not afterwards go on with the story. This preamble put Don Quixote in mind of Sancho's ridiculous tale, which by his neglect in not telling the goats, was brought to an untimely conclusion. I only use this precaution, added the ragged knight, because I would be quick in my relation; for the very remembrance of my former misfortune proves a new one to me, and yet I promise you I'll endeavour to omit nothing that's material, that you may have as full an account of my disasters as I am sensible you desire. Thereupon Don Quixote, for himself and the rest, having promis'd him uninterrupted attention, he proceeded in this manner: My name is Cardenio, the place of my birth one of the best cities in Andalusia; my descent noble *, my parents wealthy: but my misfortunes are so great, that they have doubtless fill'd my relations with the deepest of sorrows; nor are they to be remedy'd with wealth, for goods of fortune avail but little against the anger of heaven. In the same town dwelt the charming Lucinda, the most beautiful creature that ever nature fram'd, equal in descent and fortune to myself, but more happy and less constant. I lov'd, nay ador'd her almost from her infancy; and from her tender years she bless'd me with as kind a return as is suitable with the innocent freedom of that age. Our parents were conscious of that early friendship; nor did they oppose the growth of this inoffensive passion, which they perceiv'd could have no other consequences than a happy union of our families by marriage; a thing which the equality

* *In Spain all the gentry are call'd noble.*

of

of our births and fortunes did indeed of itself almost invite us to. Afterwards our loves so grew up with our years, that Lucinda's father, either judging our usual familiarity prejudicial to his daughter's honour, or for some other reasons, sent to desire me to discontinue my frequent visits to his house: but this restraint prov'd but like that which was us'd by the parents of that loving Thisbe, so celebrated by the poets, and but added flames to flames, and impatience to desires. As our tongues were now debarr'd their former privilege, we had recourse to our pens, which assum'd the greater freedom to disclose the most hidden secrets of our hearts; for the presence of the beloved object often heightens a certain awe and bashfulness, that disorders, confounds and strikes dumb even the most passionate lover. How many letters have I writ to that lovely charmer! How many soft moving verses have I address'd to her! What kind, yet honourable returns have I receiv'd from her! the mutual pledges of our secret love, and the innocent consolations of a violent passion. At length, languishing and wasting with desire, depriv'd of that reviving comfort of my soul, I resolv'd to remove those bars with which her father's care and decent caution obstructed my only happiness, by demanding her of him in marriage: he very civilly told me, that he thank'd me for the honour I did him, but that I had a father alive, whose consent was to be obtain'd as well as his, and who was the most proper person to make such a proposal. I thank'd him for his civil answer, and thought it carry'd some shew of reason, not doubting but my father would readily consent to the proposal. I therefore immediately went to wait on him, with a design to beg his approbation and assistance. I found him in his chamber with a letter open'd before him, which, as soon as he saw me, he put into my hand, before I could have time to acquaint him with my business. Cardenio, said he, you'll see by this letter the extraordinary kindness that duke Ricardo has for you. I suppose I need not tell you, gentlemen, that this duke Ricardo is a grandee of Spain, most of whose estate lies in the best part of Andalusia. I read the letter, and found it contain'd so kind

and

and advantageous an offer, that my father could not but accept of it with thankfulness: for the duke intreated him to send me to him with all speed, that I might be the companion of his eldest son, promising withal to advance me to a post answerable to the good opinion he had of me. This unexpected news struck me dumb; but my surprize and disappointment were much greater, when I heard my father say to me, Cardenio, you must get ready to be gone in two days: In the mean time give heaven thanks for opening you a way to that preferment which I am so sensible you deserve. After this he gave me several wise admonitions both as a father and a man of business, and then he left me. The day fix'd for my Journey quickly came; however, the night that preceded it, I spoke to Lucinda at her window, and told her what had happen'd. I also gave her father a visit, and inform'd him of it too, beseeching him to preserve his good opinion of me, and defer the bestowing of his daughter till I had been with duke Ricardo, which he kindly promis'd me: and then Lucinda and I, after an exchange of vows and protestations of eternal fidelity, took our leaves of each other with all the grief which two tender and passionate lovers can feel at a separation.

I left the town, and went to wait upon the duke, who receiv'd and entertain'd me with that extraordinary kindness and civility that soon rais'd the envy of his greatest favourites. But he that most endearingly caress'd me, was Don Ferdinand, the duke's second son, a young, airy, handsome, generous gentleman, and of a very amorous disposition; he seem'd to be overjoy'd at my coming, and in a most obliging manner told me, he would have me one of his most intimate friends. In short, he so really convinc'd me of his affection, that tho' his elder brother gave me many testimonies of love and esteem, yet could I easily distinguish between their favours. Now, as 'tis common for bosom friends to keep nothing secret from each other, Don Ferdinand relying as much on my fidelity, as I had reason to depend on his, reveal'd to me his most private thoughts; and among the rest, his being in love with the daughter of a very rich farmer, who was his

his father's vassal. The beauty of that lovely country-maid, her virtue, her discretion, and the other graces of her mind, gain'd her the admiration of all those who approach'd her: and those uncommon endowments had so charm'd the soul of Don Ferdinand, that finding it absolutely impossible to corrupt her chastity, since she would not yield to his embraces as a mistress, he resolv'd to marry her. I thought myself oblig'd by all the ties of gratitude and friendship, to dissuade him from so unsuitable a match; and therefore I made use of such arguments as might have diverted any one but so confirm'd a lover from such an unequal choice. At last, finding 'em all ineffectual, I resolv'd to inform the duke his father with his intentions: but Don Ferdinand was too clear-sighted not to read my design in my great dislike of his resolutions, and dreading such a discovery, which he knew my duty to his father might well warrant, in spite of our intimacy, since I look'd upon such a marriage as highly prejudicial to them both, he made it his business to hinder me from betraying his passion to his father, assuring me, there would be no need to reveal it to him. To blind me the more effectually, he told me he was willing to try the power of absence, that common cure of love, thereby to wear out and lose his unhappy passion; and that in order to this, he would take a journey with me to my father's house, pretending to buy horses in our town, where the best in the world are bred. No sooner had I heard this plausible proposal but I approv'd it, sway'd by the interest of my own love, that made me fond of an opportunity to see my absent Lucinda. I have heard since, that Don Ferdinand had already been bless'd by his mistress, with all the liberty of boundless love, upon a promise of marriage, and that he only waited an opportunity to discover it with safety, being afraid of incurring his father's indignation. But as what we call love in young men, is too often only an irregular passion, and boiling desire, that has no other object than sensual pleasure, and vanishes with enjoyment, while real love, fixing itself on the perfections of the mind, is still improving and permanent; as soon as Don Ferdinand had accomplish'd his lawless desires, his

ſtrong affection ſlacken'd, and his hot love grew cold; ſo that if at firſt his propoſing to try the power of abſence was only a pretence, that he might get rid of his paſſion, there was nothing now which he more heartily coveted, that he might thereby avoid fulfilling his promiſe. And therefore having obtain'd the duke's leave, away we poſted to my father's houſe, where Don Ferdinand was entertain'd according to his quality; and I went to viſit my Lucinda, who, by a thouſand innocent endearments, made me ſenſible, that her love, like mine, was rather heighten'd than weaken'd by abſence, if any thing could heighten a love ſo great and ſo perfect. I then thought myſelf oblig'd by the laws of friendſhip, not to conceal the ſecrets of my heart from ſo kind and intimate a friend, who had ſo generouſly entruſted me with his; and therefore, to my eternal ruin, I unhappily diſcover'd to him my paſſion. I prais'd Lucinda's beauty, her wit, her virtue, and prais'd 'em ſo like a lover, ſo often, and ſo highly, that I rais'd in him a great deſire to ſee ſo accompliſh'd a lady; and, to gratify his curioſity, I ſhew'd her to him by the help of a light, one evening, at a low window, where we us'd to have our amorous interviews. She prov'd but too charming, and too ſtrong a temptation to Don Ferdinand; and her prevailing image made ſo deep an impreſſion on his ſoul, that 'twas ſufficient to blot out of his mind all thoſe beauties that had till then employ'd his wanton thoughts: he was ſtruck dumb with wonder and delight, at the ſight of the raviſhing apparition; and, in ſhort, to ſee her, and to love her, prov'd with him the ſame thing: and when I ſay to love her, I need not add to deſperation, for there's no loving her but to an extreme. If her face made him ſo ſoon take fire, her wit quickly ſet him all in a flame. He often importun'd me to communicate to him ſome of her letters, which I indeed would ne'er expoſe to any eyes but my own; but unhappily one day he found one, wherein ſhe deſired me to demand her of her father, and to haſten the marriage. It was penn'd with that tenderneſs and diſcretion, that when he had read it, he preſently cry'd out, that the amorous charms which were ſcatter'd and

divided

divided among other beauties, were all divinely center'd in Lucinda, and in Lucinda alone. Shall I confess a shameful truth? Lucinda's praises, tho' never so deserv'd, did not sound pleasantly to my ears out of Don Ferdinand's mouth. I began to entertain I know not what distrusts and jealous fears, the rather, because he would be still improving the least opportunity of talking of her, and insensibly turning the discourse he held of other matters, to make her the subject, tho' never so far fetch'd, of our constant talk. Not that I was apprehensive of the least infidelity from Lucinda: far from it; she gave me daily fresh assurances of her inviolable affection: but I fear'd every thing from my malignant stars, and lovers are commonly industrious to make themselves uneasy.

It happen'd one day, that Lucinda, who took great delight in reading books of knight-errantry, desir'd me to lend her the romance of Amadis de Gaul ———

Scarce had Cardenio mention'd knight-errantry, when Don Quixote interrupted him: Sir, said he, had you but told me, when you first mention'd the lady Lucinda, that she was an admirer of books of knight-errantry, there had been no need of using any amplification to convince me of her being a person of uncommon sense: yet, Sir, had she not us'd those mighty helps, those infallible guides to sense, tho' indulgent nature had strove to bless her with the richest gifts she can bestow, I might justly enough have doubted whether her perfections could have gain'd her the love of a person of your merit: but now you need not employ your eloquence to set forth the greatness of her beauty, the excellence of her worth, or the depth of her sense: for, from this account which I have of her taking great delight in reading books of chivalry, I dare pronounce her to be the most beautiful, nay, the most accomplish'd lady in the universe: and I heartily could have wish'd that with Amadis de Gaul you had sent her the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I am certain the lady Lucinda would have been extreamly delighted with Daryda and Garaya, as also with the discreet shepherd Darinel, and those admirable verses of his bucolicks, which he sung and repeated with so good a grace:

but a time may yet be found to give her the satisfaction of reading those master-pieces, if you will do me the honour to come to my house; for there I may supply you with above three hundred volumes, which are my soul's greatest delight, and the darling comfort of my life; though now I remember my self, I have just reason to fear there's not one of 'em left in my study, thanks to the malicious envy of wicked inchanters. I beg your pardon for giving you this interruption, contrary to my promise; but when I hear the least mention made of knight-errantry, it is no more in my power to forbear speaking, than 'tis in the sun-beams not to warm, or in those of the moon not to impart her natural humidity; and therefore, Sir, I beseech you to go on.

While Don Quixote was running on with this impertinent digression, Cardenio hung down his head on his breast with all the signs of a man lost in sorrow: nor could Don Quixote with repeated intreaties perswade him to look up, or answer a word. At last, after he had stood thus a considerable while, he rais'd his head, and suddenly breaking silence, "I am positively convinc'd, "cry'd he, nor shall any man in the world ever perswade "me to the contrary; and he's a blockhead who says, "that great villain Mr. Elisabat *, never lay with queen "Madasima.

'Tis false, cry'd Don Quixote, in a mighty heat; by all the powers above, 'tis all scandal and base detraction to say this of queen Madasima. She was a most noble and virtuous lady; nor is it to be presum'd that so great a princess would ever debase her self so far as to fall in love with a quack. Whoever dares to say she did, lyes like an arrant villain; and I'll make him acknowledge it either a-foot or a-horseback, arm'd or unarm'd, by night

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* *Elisabat is a skilful surgeon in Amadis de Gaul, who performs wonderful cures; and queen Madasima is wife to Gantasis, and makes a great figure in the aforesaid romance. They travel and lie together in woods and deserts, without any imputation on her honour.*

or

or by day, or how he pleases. Cardenio very earnestly fix'd his eyes on Don Quixote, while he was thus defying him, and taking queen Madasima's part, as if she had been his true and lawful princess; and being provok'd by these abuses into one of his mad fits, he took up a great stone that lay by him, and hit Don Quixote such a blow on his breast with it, that it beat him down backwards. Sancho seeing his lord and master so roughly handled, fell upon the mad knight with his clench'd fists; but he beat him off at the first onset, and laid him at his feet with a single blow, and then fell a trampling on his guts, like a baker in a dough-trough. Nay, the goat-herd, who was offering to take Sancho's part, had like to have been serv'd in the same manner. So the ragged knight having tumbled 'em one over another, and beaten 'em handsomely, left 'em, and ran into the wood without the least opposition.

Sancho got up when he saw him gone; and being very much out of humour to find himself so roughly handled without any manner of reason, began to pick a quarrel with the goat-herd, railing at him for not fore-warning them of the ragged knight's mad fits, that they might have stood upon their guard. The goat-herd answer'd, he had given 'em warning at first, and if he could not hear, 'twas no fault of his. To this Sancho reply'd, and the goat herd made a rejoinder, till from *Pro's* and *Cons* they fell to a warmer way of disputing, and went to fisty-cuffs together, catching one another by the beards, and tugging, haling, and belabouring one another so unmercifully, that had not Don Quixote parted 'em, they would have pull'd one another's chins off. Sancho, in great wrath, still keeping his hold, cry'd to his master, Let me alone, Sir knight of the woeful figure: this is no dubb'd knight, but an ordinary fellow like my self; I may be reveng'd on him for the wrong he has done me; let me box it out, and fight him fairly hand to fist like a man. Thou may'st fight him as he's thy equal, answer'd Don Quixote, but thou oughtest not to do it, since he has done us no wrong. After this he pacify'd 'em, and then addressing himself to the goat-herd, he ask'd

him whether it were possible to find out Cardenio again, that he might hear the end of his story? The goat-herd answer'd, that, as he already told him, he knew of no settled place he us'd, but that if they made any stay thereabouts, he might be sure to meet with him, mad or sober, some time or other.

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange things that happen'd to the valiant knight of La Mancha *in the black mountain; and of the penance he did there, in imitation of* Beltenebros, *or the lovely obscure.*

DON Quixote took leave of the goat-herd, and having mounted Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did, but with no very good will, his master leading him into the roughest and most craggy part of the mountain. Thus they travell'd for a while without speaking a word to each other. Sancho, almost dead, and ready to burst for want of a little chat, waited with great impatience till his master should begin, not daring to speak first, since his strict injunction of silence. But at last, not being able to keep his word any longer, Good your worship, quoth he, give me your blessing and leave to be gone, I beseech you, that I may go home to my wife and children, where I may talk till I am weary, and no body can hinder me; for I must needs tell you, that for you to think to lead me a jaunt through hedge and ditch, over hills and dales, by night and by day, without daring to open my lips, is to bury me alive. Could beasts speak, as they did in Æsop's time, 'twould not have been half so bad with me; for then might I have communed with my ass as I pleas'd, and have forgot

my

my ill fortune * : but to trot on in this fashion, all the days of my life, after adventures, and to light of nothing but thumps, kicks, cuffs, and be toss'd in a blanket, and after all, forsooth, to have a man's mouth sew'd up, without daring to speak one's mind, I say't again, no living soul can endure it. I understand thee, Sancho, answer'd Don Quixote, thou lingerest with impatience to exercise thy talking faculty. Well, I am willing to free thy tongue from this restraint that so cruelly pains thee, upon condition, that the time of this licence shall not extend beyond that of our continuance in these mountains. A match, quoth Sancho, let's make hay while the sun shines, I'll talk whilst I may ; what I may do hereafter heaven knows best! And so beginning to take the benefit of his privilege, Pray Sir, quoth he, what occasion had you to take so hotly the part of queen Magimasa, or what d'ye call her ? What a devil was it to you, whether that same master Abbot † were her friend in a corner, or no ? Had you taken no notice of what was said, as you might well have done, seeing 'twas no business of yours, the madman wou'd have gone on with his story, you had miss'd a good thump on the breast, and I had 'scap'd some five or six good dowses on the chaps, besides the trampling of my puddings. Upon my honour, friend Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, didst thou but know, as well as I do, what a virtuous and eminent lady queen Madasima was, thou would'st say I had a great deal of patience, seeing I did not strike that profane wretch on the mouth, out of which such blasphemies proceeded : for, in short, 'twas the highest piece of de-

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* *See note on the preceding chapter but one. The Spaniards vulgarly call Æsop Giosopete, as Cervantes does here. The French too, according to Oudin, commonly call Æsop Isopet.*

† *Sancho, remembring only the latter part of master Elisabat's name, pleasantly calls him Abad, which is Spanish for an Abbot. Abad, as Oudin observes, sounds like the end of Elisabat.*

traction

traction to say, that a queen was scandalously familiar with a barber-surgeon: for the truth of the story is, that this master Elisabat, of whom the madman spoke, was a person of extraordinary prudence and sagacity, and physician to that queen, who also made use of his advice in matters of importance; but to say she gave him up her honour, and prostituted her self to the embraces of a man of such an inferior degree, was an impudent, groundless, and slanderous accusation, worthy the severest punishment: neither can I believe that Cardenio knew what he said, when he charg'd the queen with that debasing guilt: for, 'tis plain, that his raving fit had disorder'd the seat of his understanding. Why, there it is, quoth Sancho; who but a madman wou'd have minded what a madman said? What if the flint that hit you on the breast had dash'd out your brains? We had been in a dainty pickle for taking the part of that same lady, with a pease-cod in her. Nay, and Cardenio wou'd have come off too had he knock'd you on the head; for the law has nothing to do with madmen. Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, we knights-errant are oblig'd to vindicate the honour of women of what quality soever, as well against madmen as against men in their senses; much more queens of that magnitude and extraordinary worth, as queen Madasima, for whose rare endowments I have a peculiar veneration; for she was a most beautiful lady, discreet and prudent to admiration, and behaved her self with an exemplary patience in all her misfortunes. 'Twas then that the company and wholsome counsels of master Elisabat prov'd very useful to alleviate the burden of her afflictions: from which the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occasion to suspect and rumour, that she was guilty of an unlawful commerce with him. But I say once more, they lye, and lye a thousand times, whoever they be, that shall presumptuously report, or hint, or so much as think or surmise so base a calumny.

Why, quoth Sancho, I neither say, nor think, one way, nor the t'other, not I: let them that say it, eat the lye, and swallow it with their bread. If they lay together, they have answer'd for it before now. I never

thrust

thrust my nose into other mens porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine: every man for himself, and God for us all, say I; for he that buys and lyes, finds it in his purse. Let him that owns the cow, take her by the tail. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out. Many think to find flitches of bacon, and find not so much as the racks to lay 'em on: but who can hedge in a cuckow? Little said is soon amended. It's a sin to belye the devil: but misunderstanding brings lyes to town, and there's no padlocking of peoples mouths; for a close mouth catches no flies.

Bless me! cry'd Don Quixote, what a catalogue of musty proverbs hast thou run through! What a heap of frippery ware hast thou threaded together, and how wide from the purpose! Pr'ythee have done, and for the future let thy whole study be to spur thy ass; nor do thou concern thy self with things that are out of thy sphere; and with all thy five senses remember this, That whatsoever I do, have done, and shall do, is no more than what is the result of mature consideration, and strictly conformable to the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than all the knights that ever profess'd knight-errantry. Ay, ay, Sir, quoth Sancho, but pray, is't a good law of chivalry that says we shall wander up and down over bushes and briers, in this rocky wilderness, where there's neither foot-path nor horse-way; running after a madman, who, if we may light on him again, may chance to make an end of what he has begun, not of his tale of a roasted horse, I mean, but of belabouring you and me thoroughly, and squeezing out my guts at both ends? Once more I pr'ythee have done, said Don Quixote: I have business of greater moment than the finding this frantick man; it is not so much that business that detains me in this barren and desolate wild, as a desire I have to perform a certain heroick deed that shall immortalize my fame, and make it fly to the remotest regions of the habitable globe; nay, it shall seal and confirm the most compleat and absolute knight-errant in the world. But is not this same adventure very dangerous, ask'd Sancho? Not at all, reply'd Don Quixote, tho' as fortune may

order

order it, our expectations may be baffled by disappointing accidents: but the main thing consists in thy diligence. My diligence, quoth Sancho? I mean, said Don Quixote, that if thou return'st with all the speed imaginable from the place whither I design to send thee, my pain will soon be at an end, and my glory begin. And because I do not doubt thy zeal for advancing thy master's interest, I will no longer conceal my design from thee: Know then, my most faithful squire, that Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplish'd knights-errant, nay, I should not have said, he was one of them, but the most perfect, the chief, and prince of them all. And let not the Belianises, nor any others, pretend to stand in competition with him for the honour of priority; for, to my knowledge, should they attempt it, they would be egregiously in the wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a painter studies to excel and grow famous in his art, he takes care to imitate the best originals; which rule ought likewise to be observ'd in all other arts and sciences that serve for the ornament of well-regulated commonwealths. Thus he that is ambitious of gaining the reputation of a prudent and patient man, ought to propose to himself to imitate Ulysses, in whose person and troubles Homer has admirably delineated a perfect pattern and prototype of wisdom and heroick patience. So Virgil, in his Æneas, has given the world a rare example of filial piety, and of the sagacity of a valiant and experienc'd general; both the Greek and Roman poets representing their heroes not such as they really were, but such as they should be, to remain examples of virtue to ensuing ages. In the same manner, Amadis having been the polar star and sun of valorous and amorous knights, 'tis him we ought to set before our eyes as our great exemplar, all of us that fight under the banner of love and chivalry; for 'tis certain that the adventurer who shall emulate him best, shall consequently arrive nearest to the perfection of knight-errantry. Now, Sancho, I find that among the things which most display'd that champion's prudence and fortitude, his constancy and love, and his other heroick virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdain-

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ful Oriana, to do penance on the Poor Rock, changing his name into that of Beltenebros, or The lovely obscure, a title certainly most significant, and adapted to the life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolv'd to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easy task than it would be to copy after his other atchievements, such as cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing dreadful monsters, routing whole armies, dispersing navies, and breaking the force of magick spells. And since these mountainous wilds offer me so fair an opportunity, I see no reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I'll lay hold on it now. Very well, quoth Sancho; but pray, Sir, what is it that you mean to do in this fag-end of the world? Have I not already told thee, answer'd Don Quixote, that I intend to copy Amadis in his madness, despair and fury? Nay, at the same time I will imitate the valiant Orlando Furioso's extravagance, when he ran mad, after he had found the unhappy tokens of the fair Angelica's dishonourable commerce with Medoro at the fountain; at which time, in his frantick despair, he tore up trees by the roots, troubled the waters of the clear fountains, slew the shepherds, destroy'd their flocks, fir'd their huts, demolish'd houses, drove their horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other extravagances worthy to be recorded in the eternal register of fame. Not that I intend however in all things to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotoland, (for he had all those names) but only to make choice of such frantick effects of his amorous despair, as I shall think most essential and worthy imitation. Nay, perhaps I shall wholly follow Amadis, who, without launching out into such destructive and fatal ravings, and only expressing his anguish in complaints and lamentations, gain'd nevertheless a renown equal, if not superior to that of the greatest heroes. Sir, quoth Sancho, I dare say the knights who did these penances had some reason to be mad; but what need have you to be mad too? What lady has sent you a packing, or so mnch as slighted you? When did you ever find that my lady Dulcinea del Tobose did otherwise than she

should

ſhould do, with either Moor * or Chriſtian? Why, there's the point, cry'd Don Quixote; in this conſiſts the ſingular perfection of my undertaking: for, mark me, Sancho, for a knight-errant to run mad upon any juſt occaſion, is neither ſtrange nor meritorious; no, the rarity is to run mad without a cauſe, without the leaſt conſtraint or neceſſity: there's a refin'd and exquiſite paſſion for you, Sancho! for thus my miſtreſs muſt needs have a vaſt idea of my love, ſince ſhe may gueſs what I ſhou'd perform in the Wet, if I do ſo much in the Dry †. But beſides, I have but too juſt a motive to give a looſe to my raving grief, conſidering the long date of my abſence from my ever ſupreme lady Dulcinea del Toboſo; for as the ſhepherd in Matthias Ambroſio has it,

Poor lovers, abſent from the darling fair,
All ills not only dread, but bear.

Then do not laviſh any more time in ſtriving to divert me from ſo rare, ſo happy, and ſo ſingular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, 'till thy return with an anſwer to the letter which thou muſt carry from me to the lady Dulcinea; and if it be as favourable as my unſhaken conſtancy deſerves, then my madneſs and my penance ſhall end; but if I find ſhe repays my vows and ſervices with ungrateful diſdain, then will I be emphatically mad, and ſcrew up my thoughts to ſuch an exceſs of diſtraction, that I ſhall be inſenſible of the rigour of my relentleſs fair. Thus what return ſoever ſhe makes to my paſſion, I ſhall be eas'd one way or other of the anxious thoughts that

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* *Sancho ſays Moro for Medoro, in his blundering way.*

† *A profane alluſion to a text in ſcripture, Luke* xxiii. 31. *For if* they do theſe thing in a green tree, what ſhall be done in the dry? *So here* Don Quixote's *meaning is* — *My miſtreſs may gueſs what I wou'd do where occaſion ſhou'd be given me, ſince I can do ſo much without any.*

now

now divide my ſoul; either entertaining the welcome news of her reviving pity with demonſtrations of ſenſe, or elſe ſhewing my inſenſibility of her cruelty by the height of my diſtraction. But in the mean time, Sancho, tell me, haſt thou carefully preſerved Mambrino's helmet? I ſaw thee take it up t'other day, after that monſter of ingratitude had ſpent his rage in vain endeavours to break it; which by the way argues the moſt excellent temper of the metal. Body of me, quoth Sancho, Sir knight of the woeful figure, I can no longer bear to hear you run on at this rate: Why, this were enough to make any man believe that all your bragging and bouncing of your knight-errantry, your winning of kingdoms, and beſtowing of iſlands, and heaven knows what, upon your ſquire, are mere flim-flam ſtories, and nothing but ſhams and lies: for who the devil can hear a man call a barber's baſon a helmet, nay, and ſtand to't, and vouch it four days together, and not think him that ſays it, to be ſtark mad, or without brains? I have the baſon ſafe enough here in my pouch, and I'll get it mended for my own uſe, if ever I have the luck to get home to my wife and children. Now as I love bright arms, cry'd Don Quixote, I ſwear thou art the ſhalloweſt, ſillieſt, and moſt ſtupid fellow of a ſquire that ever I heard or read of in my life. How is it poſſible for thee to be ſo dull of apprehenſion, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou haſt been in my ſervice, that all the actions and adventures of us knights-errant ſeem to be mere chimera's, follies and impertinences? Not that they are ſo indeed, but either thro' the officious care, or elſe thro' the malice and envy of thoſe enchanters that always haunt and perſecute us unſeen, and by their facinations change the appearance of our actions into what they pleaſe, according to their love or hate. This is the very reaſon why that which I plainly perceive to be Mambrino's helmet, ſeems to thee to be only a barber's baſon, and perhaps another man may take it to be ſomething elſe. And in this I can never too much admire the prudence of the ſage who eſpouſes my intereſts, in making that ineſtimable helmet ſeem a baſon; for did it appear in

its proper ſhape, its tempting value would raiſe me as many enemies as there are men in the univerſe, all eager to ſnatch from me ſo deſirable a prize: but ſo long as it ſhall ſeem to be nothing elſe but a barber's baſon, men will not value it; as is manifeſt from the fellow's leaving it behind him on the ground; for had he known what it really was, he would ſooner have parted with his life. Keep it ſafe then, Sancho, for I have no need of it at preſent; far from it, I think to put off my armour, and ſtrip myſelf as naked as I came out of my mother's womb, in caſe I determine to imitate Orlando's fury, rather than the penance of Amadis.

This diſcourſe brought 'em to the foot of a high rock that ſtood by itſelf, as if it had been hewn out, and divided from the reſt; by the ſkirt of it glided a purling ſtream, that ſoftly took its winding courſe through an adjacent meadow. The verdant freſhneſs of the graſs, the number of wild trees, plants, and flowers, that feaſted the eyes in that pleaſant ſolitude, invited the knight of the woeful figure to make choice of it to perform his amorous penance; and therefore as ſoon as he had let raviſh'd ſight rove a while o'er the ſcatter'd beauties of the place, he took poſſeſſion of it with the following ſpeech, as if he utterly loſt the ſmall ſhare of reaſon he had left. Behold, O heavens! cry'd he, the place which an unhappy lover has choſen to bemoan the deplorable ſtate to which you have reduc'd him: here ſhall my flowing tears ſwell the liquid veins of this cryſtal rill, and my deep ſighs perpetually move the leaves of theſe ſhady trees, in teſtimony of the anguiſh and pain that harrows up my ſoul. Ye rural deities, whoever ye be, that make theſe unfrequented deſarts your abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover, whom a tedious abſence, and ſome ſlight impreſſions of a jealous miſtruſt, have driven to theſe regions of deſpair, to bewail his rigorous deſtiny, and deplore the diſtracting cruelty of that ungrateful fair, who is the perfection of all human beauty. Ye pitying Napæan nymphs and Dryades, ſilent inhabitants of the woods and groves, aſſiſt me to lament my fate, or at leaſt attend the mournful ſtory of my woes; ſo may no de-

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ſigning beaſtly ſatyrs, thoſe juſt objects of your hate, ever have power to interrupt your reſt——Oh Dulcinea del Toboſo! thou ſun that turn'ſt my gloomy night to day! glory of my pain! north-ſtar of my travels, and reigning planet that controll'ſt my heart! pity, I conjure thee, the unparallel'd diſtreſs to which thy abſence has reduc'd the faithfulleſt of lovers, and grant to my fidelity that kind return which it ſo juſtly claims! ſo may indulgent fate ſhower on thee all the bleſſings thou ever canſt deſire, or heavens grant! ——Ye loneſome trees, under whoſe ſpreading branches I come to linger out the gloomy ſhadow of a tedious being; let the ſoft language of your ruſtling leaves, and the kind nodding of your ſpringing boughs, ſatisfy me that I am welcome to your ſhady harbours. O thou my truſty ſquire, the inſeparable companion of my adventures, diligently obſerve what thou ſhalt ſee me do in this lonely retreat, that thou may'ſt inform the dear cauſe of my ruin with every particular. As he ſaid this, he alighted, and preſently taking off his horſe's bridle and ſaddle, Go, Roſinante, ſaith he, giving the horſe a clap on the poſteriors, he that has loſt his freedom gives thee thine, thou ſteed as renown'd for thy extraordinary actions, as for thy misfortunes; go rear thy awful front where-e'er thou pleaſeſt, ſecure that neither the Hippogryphon of Aſtolpho, nor the renown'd Frontino, which Bradamante purchas'd at ſo high a price, could ever be thought thy equals.

Well fare him, cry'd Sancho, that ſav'd me the trouble of ſending my aſs to graſs too: poor thing, had I him here, he ſhould not want two or three claps on the buttocks, nor a fine ſpeech in his praiſe neither, while I took off his pannel. But ſtay, were he here, what need wou'd there be to ſtrip him of his harneſs? Alas, he never had any thing to do with theſe mad pranks of love, no more than myſelf, who was his maſter when fortune pleas'd. But d'ye hear me, now I think on't, Sir Knight of the woeful figure, if your worſhip is reſolv'd to be mad, and ſend me away in good earneſt, we muſt e'en clap the ſaddle again on Rozinante's back;

for to tell you the truth, I'm but a ſorry foot-man, and if I don't ride home, I don't know when I ſhall be able to come back again. Do as thou think'ſt fit for that, Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, for I deſign thou ſhalt ſet forward about three days hence. In the mean while thou ſhalt be a witneſs of what I will do for my lady's ſake, that thou may'ſt give her an account of it. Bleſs my eye-ſight, quoth Sancho, what can I ſee more than I've ſeen already? Thou haſt ſeen nothing yet, anſwer'd Don Quixote; thou muſt ſee me throw away my armour, tear my cloaths, knock my head againſt the rocks, and do a thouſand other things of that kind, that will fill thee with aſtoniſhment. For goodneſs-ſake, Sir, quoth Sancho, take heed how you quarrel with thoſe ungracious rocks; you may chance to get ſuch a crack o' the crown at the very firſt rap, as may ſpoil your penance at one daſh. No, I don't like that way by no means; if you muſt needs be knocking your noddle, to go through-ſtitch with this ugly jobb, ſeeing 'tis all but a mockery, or as it were between jeſt and earneſt, why can't you as well play your tricks on ſomething that's ſofter than theſe unconſcionable ſtones: you may run your head againſt water, or rather againſt cotton, or the ſtuffing of Rozinante's ſaddle; and then let me alone with the reſt: I'll be ſure to tell my lady Dulcinea, that you bebump'd your poll againſt the point of a rock that's harder than a diamond.

I thank thee for thy good-will, dear Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: But I aſſure thee, that all theſe ſeeming extravagancies that I muſt run through, are no jeſts: far from it, they muſt all be perform'd ſeriouſly and ſolemnly; for otherwiſe we ſhould tranſgreſs the laws of chivalry, that forbid us to tell lyes upon pain of degradation; now to pretend to do one thing, and effect another, is an evaſion, which I eſteem to be as bad as lying. Therefore the blows which I muſt give myſelf on the head, ought to be real, ſubſtantial, ſound ones, without any trick, or mental reſervation; for which reaſon I would have thee leave me ſome lint and ſalve, ſince fortune has depriv'd us of the ſovereign balſom

which

which we loſt. 'Twas a worſe loſs to loſe the aſs, quoth Sancho, for with him we've loſt bag and baggage, lint and all: but no more of your damn'd drench, if you love me; the very thoughts on't are enough not only to turn my ſtomach, but my ſoul, ſuch a rumbling I feel in my wem at the name on't. Then as for the three days you'd have me loiter here to mind your mad tricks, you had as good make account they're already over; for I hold them for done, unſight unſeen, and will tell wonders to my lady: wherefore write you your letter, and ſend me going with all haſte; for let me be hang'd if I don't long already to be back, to take you out of this purgatory wherein I leave you.

Doſt thou only call it purgatory, Sancho? cry'd Don Quixote; call it hell rather, or ſomething worſe, if there be in nature a term expreſſive of a more wretched ſtate. Nay, not ſo neither, quoth Sancho, I would not call it hell; becauſe, as I heard our parſon ſay, 'There's no retention * out of hell.' Retention, cry'd Don Quixote! what doſt thou mean by that word? Why, quoth Sancho, Retention is Retention; it is, that whoſoever is in hell never comes, nor can come out of it: which ſhan't be your caſe this bout, if I can ſtir my heels, and have but ſpurs to tickle Rozinante's flanks, till I come to my lady Dulcinea; for I will tell her ſuch ſtrange things of your magotty tricks, your folly and your madneſs, for indeed they are no better, that I'll lay my head to a hazle-nut, I'll make her as ſupple as a glove, tho' I found her at firſt as tough-hearted as a cork; and when I've wheedled an anſwer out of her, all full of ſweet honey words, away will I whiſk it back to you, cutting the air as ſwift as a witch upon a broomſtick, and free you out of your purgatory; for a purgatory I will have it to be in ſpight of hell, nor ſhall you gainſay me in that fancy; for, as I've told you before, there's ſome hopes of your retention out of this place.

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* *No Redemption he means.*

Well, be it ſo, ſaid the Knight of the woeful figure: but how ſhall I do to write this letter? And the order for the three aſſes, added Sancho? I'll not forget it, anſwer'd Don Quixote; but ſince we have here no paper, I muſt be obliged to write on the leaves or bark of trees, or on wax, as they did in antient times; yet now I conſider on't, we are here as ill provided with wax as with paper: but ſtay, now I remember, I have Cardenio's pocket-book, which will ſupply that want in this exigence, and then thou ſhalt get the letter fairly tranſcrib'd at the firſt village where thou canſt meet with a ſchool maſter; or for want of a ſchool-maſter, thou may'ſt get the clerk of the pariſh to do it; but by no means give it to any notary or ſcrivener to be written out; for they commonly write ſuch confounded hands, that the devil himſelf would ſcarce be able to read it. Well, quoth Sancho, but what ſhall I do for want of your name to it? Why, anſwer'd Don Quixote, Amadis never us'd to ſubſcribe his letters. Ay, reply'd Sancho, but the bill of exchange for the three aſſes muſt be ſigned; for ſhould I get it copy'd out afterwards, they'd ſay it is not your hand, and ſo I ſhall go without the aſſes. I'll write and ſign the order for 'em in the table-book, anſwer'd Don Quixote; and as ſoon as my niece ſees the hand, ſhe'll never ſcruple the delivery of the aſſes: and as for the love-letter, when thou get'ſt it tranſcrib'd, thou muſt get it thus under-written, 'Your till death, the Knight of the woeful figure.' 'Tis no matter whether the letter and ſubſcription be written by the ſame hand or no; for, as I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor did ſhe ever ſee any of my letters, nay, not ſo much as any of my writing in her life: for my love and her's have always been purely platonick, never extending beyond the lawful bounds of a modeſt look; and that too ſo very ſeldom, that I dare ſafely ſwear, that tho' for theſe twelve years ſhe has been dearer to my ſoul than light to my eyes, yet I never ſaw her four times in my life; and perhaps of thoſe few times that I have ſeen her, ſhe has ſcarce perceiv'd once that I beheld her: ſo ſtrictly and ſo diſcreetly Lorenzo Corchuel

Corchuelo her father, and Aldonza Nogales her mother, have kept and educated her. Heigh-day, quoth Sancho! did you ever hear the like! and is my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, at last the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, she that's otherwise call'd Aldonza Lorenzo? The same, answer'd Don Quixote; and 'tis she that merits to be the sovereign mistress of the universe. Udsdiggers, quoth Sancho, I know her full well; 'tis a strapping wench, I'faith, and pitches the bar with e'er a lusty young fellow in our parish. By the mass, 'tis a notable, strong-built, sizable, sturdy, manly lass, and one that will keep her chin out of the mire, I warrant her; nay, and hold the best knight-errant to't that wears a head, if ever he venture upon her. Body o'me, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has when she sets up her throat! I saw her one day pearch'd up o' top of our steeple to call to some plough-men that were at work in a fallow-field; and tho' they were half a league off, they heard her as plain as if they had been in the church-yard under her. The best of her is, that she's neither coy nor frumpish, she's a tractable lass, and fit for a courtier, for she'll play with you like a kitten, and jibes and jokes at every body. And now in good truth, Sir knight of the woeful figure, you may e'en play at your gambols as you please; you may run mad, you may hang yourself for her sake; there's no body but will say you e'en took the wisest course, tho' the devil himself should carry you away a pick-apack. Now am I e'en wild to be gone, tho' 'twere for nothing else but to see her, for I have not seen her this many a day: I fancy I shall hardly know her again, for a woman's face strangely alters by her being always in the sun, and drudging and moiling in the open fields. Well, I must needs own I've been mightily mistaken all along: for I durst have sworn this lady Dulcinea had been some great princess with whom you were in love, and such a one as deserved those rare gifts you bestowed on her, as the Biscayan, the galley-slaves, and many others that for ought I know, you may have sent her before I was your squire. I can't chuse but laugh to think how my lady Aldonza

Lorenzo

Lorenzo (my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo I ſhould have ſaid) would behave herſelf ſhould any of thoſe men which you have ſent, or may ſend to her, chance to go and fall down o' their marrow-bones before her : for 'tis ten to one they may happen to find her a carding of flax, or threſhing in the barn, and then how finely balk'd they'll be ! as ſure as I'm alive they muſt needs think the devil ow'd 'em a ſhame ; and ſhe herſelf will but flout 'em, and mayhap be ſomewhat nettl'd at it.

I have often told thee, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, and I tell thee again, that thou ought'ſt to bridle or immure thy ſawcy prating tongue ; for tho' thou art but a dull-headed dunce, yet now and then thy ill-manner'd jeſts bite too ſharp. But that I may at once make thee ſenſible of thy folly and my diſcretion, I will tell thee a ſhort ſtory. A handſome, briſk, young, rich widow, and withal no prude, happen'd to fall in love with a well-ſet, luſty * Lay-Brother. His Superiour hearing of it, took occaſion to go to her, and ſaid to her, by way of charitable admonition, I mightily wonder, Madam, how a lady of your merit, ſo admir'd for beauty and for ſenſe, and withal ſo rich, could make ſo ill a choice, and dote on a mean, ſilly, deſpicable fellow, as I hear you do, while we have in our houſe ſo many maſters of art, batchelors, and doctors of divinity, among whom your ladyſhip may pick and chuſe, as you wou'd among pears, and ſay, This I like, That I don't like. But ſhe ſoon anſwer'd the officious grave gentleman : Sir, ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile, you are much miſtaken, and think altogether after the old out-of-faſhion way, if you imagine I have made ſo ill a choice ; for tho' you fancy the man's a fool, yet as to what I take him for, he knows as much, or rather more philoſophy than Ariſtotle himſelf. So, Sancho, as to the uſe which

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* *Motillon, a lay-brother, or ſervant in the Convent or college, ſo call'd from Motila, a cropp'd head ; his hair being cropp'd ſhort, he has no crown like thoſe in orders.*

I make of the lady Dulcinea, ſhe is equal to the greateſt princeſſes in the world. Pr'ythee tell me, doſt thou think the poets, who every one of 'em celebrate the praiſes of ſome lady or other, had all real miſtreſſes? Or that the Amaryllis's, the Phyllis's, the Sylvia's, the Diana's, the Galatea's, the Alida's, and the like, which you ſhall find in ſo many poems, romances, ſongs and ballads, upon every ſtage, and even in every barber's ſhop, were creatures of fleſh and blood, and miſtreſſes to thoſe that did and do celebrate 'em? No, no, never think it; for I dare aſſure thee, the greateſt part of 'em were nothing but the meer imaginations of the poets, for a ground-work to exerciſe their wits upon, and give to the world occaſion to look on the authors as men of an amorous and gallant diſpoſition: and ſo 'tis ſufficient for me to imagine, that Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and chaſte; as for her birth and parentage, they concern me but little; for there's no need to make an enquiry about a woman's pedigree, as there is of us men, when ſome badge of honour is beſtowed on us; and ſo ſhe's to me the greateſt princeſs in the world: for thou ought'ſt to know, Sancho, if thou know'ſt it not already, that there are but two things that chiefly excite us to love a woman, an attractive beauty, and unſpotted fame. Now theſe two endowments are happily reconcil'd in Dulcinea; for as for the one, ſhe has not her equal, and few can vie with her in the other: but to cut off all objections at once, I imagine, that all I ſay of her is really ſo, without the leaſt addition or diminution: I fancy her to be juſt ſuch as I would have her for beauty and quality. Helen cannot ſtand in competition with her; Lucretia cannot rival her; and all the heroines which antiquity has to boaſt, whether Greeks, Romans or Barbarians, are at once out-done by her incomparable perfections. Therefore let the world ſay what it will; ſhould the ignorant vulgar fooliſhly cenſure me, I pleaſe myſelf with the aſſurances I have of the approbation of men of the ſtricteſt morals, and the niceſt judgment. Sir, quoth Sancho, I knock under: you've reaſon o' your ſide in all you ſay, and I own

own myſelf an aſs. Nay, I'm an aſs to talk of an aſs; for 'tis ill talking of halters i'th' houſe of a man that was hang'd. But where's the letter all this while, that I may be jogging? With that Don Quixote pull'd out the table-book, and retiring a little aſide, he very ſeriouſly began to write the letter; which he had no ſooner finiſh'd, but he call'd Sancho, and order'd him to liſten while he read it over to him, that he might carry it as well in his memory as in his pocket-book, in caſe he ſhould have the ill luck to loſe it by the way; for ſo croſs was fortune to him, that he fear'd every accident. But, Sir, ſaid Sancho, write it over twice or thrice there in the book, and give it me, and then I'll be ſure to deliver the meſſage ſafe enough I warrant ye: for 'tis a folly to think I can get it by heart; alas, my memory is ſo bad, that many times I forget my own name! but yet for all that read it out to me, I beſeech you, for I've a hugeous mind to hear it. I dare ſay, 'tis as fine as tho' 'twere in print. Well then, liſten, ſaid Don Quixote.

Don *Quixote de la Mancha*

TO

Dulcinea del Toboſo.

High and Sovereign Lady!

'HE that is ſtabb'd to the quick with the ponyard of 'abſence, and wounded to the heart with love's 'moſt piercing darts, ſends you that health which he 'wants himſelf, * ſweeteſt Dulcinea del Toboſo. If 'your beauty reject me, if your virtue refuſe to raiſe 'my fainting hopes, if your diſdain exclude me from re'lief, I muſt at laſt ſink under the preſſure of my woes,

* *Dulciſſima Dulcinea.*

'the'

'tho' much inur'd to sufferings: for my pains are not 'only too violent, but too lasting. My trusty Squire 'Sancho will give you an exact account of the condi- 'tion to which love and you have reduc'd me, too beau- 'tiful ingrate! If you relent at last, and pity my dis- 'tress, then I may say I live, and you preserve what's 'yours. But if you abandon me to despair, I must pa- 'tiently submit, and by ceasing to breathe, satisfy your 'cruelty and my passion.

'Your's till death,

'The Knight of the Woeful Figure.'

By the life of my father, quoth Sancho, if I ever saw a finer thing in my born days! How neatly and roundly you tell her your mind, and how cleverly you bring in at last, 'The Knight of the Woeful Figure!' Well, I say't again in good earnest, you're a Devil at every thing; and there's no kind of thing in the versal world but what you can turn your hand to. A man ought to have some knowledge of every thing, answer'd Don Quixote, if he would be duly qualify'd for the employment I profess. Well then, quoth Sancho, do so much as write the warrant for the three asses on the other side of that leaf; and pray write it mighty plain, that they may know 'tis your hand at first sight. I will, said Don Quixote, and with that he wrote it accordingly, and then read it in this form:

'My dear Niece,

'UPON sight of this my first bill of asses, be pleas'd 'to deliver three of the five which I left at home in 'your custody to Sancho Pança, my Squire, for the 'like number receiv'd of him here in tale; and this, 'together with his receipt, shall be your discharge. '* Given in the very bowels of Sierra Morena, the 22d 'of August, in the present year.'

* *In the original it is* Fecha, *i. e.* Done; *for the king of Spain writes,* Done at our court, *&c. as the king of England does,* Given, *&c.*

'Tis

'Tis as it ſhould be, quoth Sancho; there only wants your name at the bottom. There's no need to ſet my name, anſwered Don Quixote; I'll only ſet the two firſt letters of it, and 'twill be as valid as if 'twere written at length, tho' 'twere not only for three aſſes, but for three hundred. I dare take your worſhip's word, quoth Sancho; and now I'm going to ſaddle Rozinante, and then you ſhall give me your bleſſing; for I intend to ſet out preſently, without ſeeing any of your mad tricks; and I will relate, that I ſaw you perform ſo many, that ſhe can deſire no more. Nay, ſaid Don Quixote, I will have thee ſtay a while, Sancho, and ſee me ſtark naked; 'tis alſo abſolutely neceſſary thou ſhouldſt ſee me practiſe ſome twenty or thirty mad gamboles; I ſhall have diſpatch'd 'em in leſs than half an hour: And when thou haſt been an eye-witneſs of that eſſay, thou may'ſt with a ſafe conſcience ſwear thou haſt ſeen me play a thouſand more; for I dare aſſure thee, for thy encouragement, thou never canſt exceed the number of thoſe I ſhall perform. Good Sir, quoth Sancho, as you love me don't let me ſtay to ſee you naked; 'twill grieve me ſo to the heart, that I ſhall cry my eyes out; and I have blubber'd and howl'd but too much ſince yeſternight for the loſs of my aſs; my head's ſo ſore with it, I a'n't able to cry any longer: But if you'll needs have me ſee ſome of your anticks, pray do 'em in your cloaths out of hand, and let 'em be ſuch as are moſt to the purpoſe; for the ſooner I go, the ſooner I ſhall come back; and the way to be gone, is not to ſtay here. I long to bring you an anſwer to your heart's content: And I'll be ſure to do't, or let the lady Dulcinea look to't; for if ſhe does not anſwer as ſhe ſhould do, I proteſt ſolemnly I'll force an anſwer out of her guts by dint of good kicks and fiſticuffs: For 'tis not to be endured, that ſuch a notable knight-errant as your worſhip is, ſhould thus run out of his wits without knowing why or wherefore, for ſuch a——Odſbobs, I know what I know; ſhe had not beſt provoke me to ſpeak it out; for, by the Lord,

I ſhall let fly, and out with it by wholeſale, tho' it ſpoil the market *.

I proteſt, Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, I think thou art as mad as my ſelf. Nay, not ſo mad neither, reply'd Sancho, but ſomewhat more cholerick. But talk no more of that: Let's ſee, How will you do for victuals when I'm gone? Do you mean to do like t'other mad-man yonder, rob upon the high-way, and ſnatch the goat-herds victuals from 'em by main force? Never let that trouble thy head, reply'd Don Quixote; for tho' I had all the dainties that can feaſt a luxurious palate, I would feed upon nothing but the herbs and fruits which this wilderneſs will afford me; for the ſingularity of my preſent taſk conſiſts in faſting, and half ſtarving my ſelf, and in the performance of other auſterities. But there's another thing come into my head, quoth Sancho; How ſhall I do to find the way hither again, 'tis ſuch a by-place? Take good notice of it beforehand, ſaid Don Quixote, and I'll endeavour to keep hereabouts till thy return: Beſides, about the time when I may reaſonably expect thee back, I'll be ſure to watch on the top of yonder high rock for thy coming. But now I bethink my ſelf of a better expedient; thou ſhalt cut down a good number of boughs, and ſtrew 'em in the way as thou rideſt along, till thou get'ſt to the plains, and this will ſerve thee to find me again at thy return, like Perſeus's clue to the labyrinth in Crete.

I'll go about it out of hand, quoth Sancho. With that he went and cut down a bundle of boughs, then came and aſk'd his maſter's bleſſing, and, after a ſhower of tears ſhed on both ſides, mounted Rozinante, which Don Quixote, very ſeriouſly recommended to his care,

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* *Sancho here, by threatning to blurt out ſomething, gives a kind of ſly prophecy of the Dulcinea he intended to palm upon his maſter's folly, and prepares the reader for that groſs impoſition, of enchanting the three princeſſes and their palfries, into three country wenches upon aſſes.*

charging him to be as tender of that excellent ſteed as of his own perſon. After that he ſet forward towards the plains, ſtrewing ſeveral boughs as he rid, according to order. His maſter importun'd him to ſtay and ſee him do two or three of his antick poſtures before he went, but he could not prevail with him: however, before he was got out of ſight he conſider'd of it, and rode back. Sir, quoth he, I've thought better of it and believe I had beſt take your advice, that I may ſwear with a ſafe conſcience I have ſeen you play your mad tricks; therefore I would ſee you do one of 'em at leaſt, tho' I think I've ſeen you do a very great one already, I mean your ſtaying by yourſelf in this deſart.

I had advis'd thee right, ſaid Don Quixote; and therefore ſtay but while a man may repeat the Creed *, and I will ſhew thee what thou would'ſt ſee. With that, ſlipping off his breeches, and ſtripping himſelf naked to the waiſt, he gave two or three friſks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he fetch'd his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft, diſcover'd ſuch rarities, that Sancho e'en made haſte to turn his horſe's head, that he might no longer ſee 'em, and rode away full ſatisfy'd, that he might ſwear his maſter was mad; and ſo we will leave him to make the beſt of his way till his return, which will be more ſpeedy than might be imagin'd.

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* *A proverb to expreſs brevity in Romiſh countries, where they huddle the* Credo *over ſo faſt, that they have done before one would think they were got half through.*

CHA

CHAP. XII.

A Continuation of the refin'd Extravagancies by which the gallant Knight of La Mancha *chose to express his Love in the* Sierra Morena.

THE history relates, that as soon as the knight of the woful figure saw himself alone, after he had taken his frisks and leaps naked as he was, the prelude to his amorous penance, he ascended the top of a high rock, and there began seriously to consider with himself what resolution to take in that nice dilemma, which had already so perplex'd his mind; that is, whether he should imitate Orlando in his wild ungovernable fury, or Amadis in his melancholy mood. To which purpose, reasoning with himself, I do not much wonder, said he, at Orlando's being so very valiant, considering he was inchanted in such a manner, that he could not be slain but by the thrust of a long pin through the bottom of his foot, which he sufficiently secur'd, always wearing seven iron soles to his shoes; and yet this avail'd him nothing against Bernardo del Carpio, who understanding what he depended upon, squeez'd him to death between his arms at Roncevalles. But setting aside his valour, let us examine his madness; for that he was mad, is an unquestionable truth; nor is it less certain, that his frenzy was occasion'd by the assurances he had that the fair Angelica had resign'd herself up to the unlawful embraces of Medor, that young Moor with curl'd locks, who was page to Agramont. Now, after all, seeing he was too well convinc'd of his lady's infidelity, 'tis not to be admir'd he should run mad: But how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? For I dare swear my Dulcinea del Toboso never saw a downright Moor in his own garb since she first be-

held light, and that ſhe is at this preſent ſpeaking as right as the mother that bore her: So that I ſhould do her a great injury, ſhould I entertain any diſhonourable thoughts of her behaviour, and fall into ſuch a kind of madneſs as that of Orlando Furioſo. On the other ſide I find, that Amadis de Gaul, without puniſhing himſelf with ſuch a diſtraction, or expreſſing his reſentments in ſo boiſterous and raving a manner, got as great a reputation for being a lover as any one whatſoever: For what I find in hiſtory as to his abandoning himſelf to ſorrow, is only this: He found himſelf diſdain'd, his lady Oriana having charg'd him to get out of her ſight, and not to preſume to appear in her preſence till ſhe gave him leave; and this was the true reaſon why he retir'd to the poor Rock with the hermit, where he gave up himſelf wholly to grief, and wept a deluge of tears, till pitying heaven at laſt commiſerating his affliction, ſent him relief in the height of his anguiſh. Now then, ſince this is true, as I know it is, what need have I to rear off my cloaths, to rend and root up theſe harmleſs trees, or trouble the clear water of theſe brooks, that muſt give me drink when I am thirſty? No, long live the memory of Amadis de Gaul, and let him be the great exemplar which Don Quixote de la Mancha chuſes to imitate in all things that will admit of a parallel. So may it be ſaid of the living copy, as was ſaid of the dead original, That if he did not perform great things, yet no man was more ambitious of undertaking 'em than he; and tho' I am not diſdain'd nor diſcarded by Dulcinea, yet 'tis ſufficient that I am abſent from her. Then 'tis reſolv'd! And now ye famous actions of the great Amadis occur to my remembrance, and be my truſty guides to follow his example. This ſaid, he call'd to mind, that the chief exerciſe of that heroe in his retreat was prayer: To which purpoſe, our modern Amadis preſently went and made himſelf a roſary of galls or acorns inſtead of beads; but he was extremely troubled for want of an hermit to hear his confeſſion, and comfort him in his affliction. However, he entertain'd himſelf with his amorous contemplations,

walking

walking up and down the meadow, and writing ſome poetical conceptions in the ſmooth ſand, and upon the barks of trees, all of 'em expreſſive of his ſorrows, and the praiſes of Dulcinea; but unhappily none were found entire and legible but theſe ſtanzas that follow.

YE lofty trees with ſpreading arms,
The pride and ſhelter of the plain;
Ye humbler ſhrubs, and flow'ry charms,
Which here in ſpringing glory reign!
If my complaints may pity move,
Hear the ſad ſtory of my love!
While with me here you paſs your hours,
Should you grow faded with my cares,
I'll bribe you with refreſhing ſhow'rs,
You ſhall be water'd with my tears.
Diſtant, tho' preſent in idea,
I mourn my abſent Dulcinea

Del Toboſo.

Love's trueſt ſlave deſpairing choſe
This lonely wild, this deſart plain,
The ſilent witneſs of the woes
Which he, tho' guiltleſs, muſt ſuſtain.
Unknowing why thoſe pains he bears,
He groans, he raves, and he deſpairs:
With ling'ring fires love racks my ſoul,
In vain I grieve, in vain lament;
Like tortur'd fiends I weep, I howl,
And burn, yet never can repent.
Diſtant, tho' preſent in idea,
I mourn my abſent Dulcinea

Del Toboſo.

While I thro' honour's thorny ways,
In ſearch of diſtant glory rove,
Malignant fate my toil repays
With endleſs woes, and hopeleſs love.
Thus I on barren rocks deſpair,
And curſe my ſtars, yet bleſs my fair.

Love arm'd with ſnakes has left his dart,
And now does like a fury rave,
And ſcourge and ſting in every part,
And into madneſs laſh his ſlave.
Diſtant, tho' preſent in idea,
I mourn my abſent Dulcinea

Del Toboſo.

This addition of Del Toboſo to the name of Dulcinea, made thoſe who found theſe verſes laugh heartily; and they imagin'd, that when Don Quixote made them, he was afraid thoſe who ſhould happen to read 'em would not underſtand on whom they were made, ſhould he omit to mention the place of his miſtreſs's birth and reſidence: And this was indeed the true reaſon, as he himſelf afterwards confeſs'd. With this employment did our diſconſolate knight beguile the tedious hours; ſometimes alſo he expreſs'd his ſorrows in proſe, ſigh'd to the winds, and call'd upon the Sylvan gods, the Fauns, the Naïdes, the nymphs of the adjoining groves, and the mournful Echo, imploring their attention and condolement with repeated ſupplications: At other times he employ'd himſelf in gathering herbs for the ſupport of languiſhing nature, which decay'd ſo faſt, what with his ſlender diet, and what with his ſtudied anxiety and intenſeneſs of thinking, that had Sancho ſtaid but three weeks from him, whereas by good fortune he ſtaid but three days, the knight of the woeful figure would have been ſo diſfigur'd, that his mother would never have known the child of her own womb.

But now 'tis neceſſary we ſhould leave him a while to his ſighs, his ſobs, and his amourous expoſtulations and ſee how Sancho Pança behav'd himſelf in his embaſſy. He made all the haſte he could to get out of the mountain; and then taking the direct road to Toboſo the next day he arriv'd near the inn where he had been toſs'd in a blanket. Scarce had he deſcry'd the fatal walls, but a ſudden ſhivering ſeiz'd his bones, and he fancy'd himſelf to be again dancing in the air; ſo that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he baited

tho' it was dinner-time, and his mouth water'd ſtrangely at the thoughts of a hot bit of meat, the rather, becauſe he had liv'd altogether upon cold victuals for a long while. This greedy longing drew him near the inn, in ſpite of his averſion to the place; but yet when he came to the gate he had not the courage to go in, but ſtopp'd there, not knowing whether he bad beſt enter or no. While he ſat muſing, two men happen'd to come out, and believing they knew him, Look, maſter Doctor, cry'd one to the other, is not that Sancho Pança, whom the houſe-keeper told us her maſter had inveigl'd to go along with him? The ſame, anſwer'd the other; and more than that, he rides on Don Quixote's horſe. Now theſe two happen'd to be the curate and the barber, who had brought his books to a trial, and paſs'd ſentence on 'em; therefore they had no ſooner ſaid this, but they call'd to Sancho, and aſk'd him where he had left his maſter? The truſty Squire preſently knew 'em, and having no mind to diſcover the place and condition he left his maſter in, told 'em, he was taken up with certain buſineſs of great conſequence at a certain place, which he durſt not diſcover for his life. How! Sancho, cry'd the barber, you muſt not think to put us off with a flim-flam ſtory; if you won't tell us where he is, we ſhall believe you have murther'd him, and robb'd him of his horſe; therefore either ſatisfy us where you've left him, or we'll have you laid by the heels. Look you, neighbour, quoth Sancho, I a'n't afraid of words, d'ye ſee: I am neither a thief nor a man-ſlayer; I kill no body, ſo no body kill me; I leave every man to fall by his own fortune, or by the hand of him that made him. As for my maſter, I left him friſking and doing penance in the midſt of yon mountain, to his heart's content. After this, without any further intreaty, he gave 'em a full account of that buſineſs, and of all their adventures; how he was then going from his maſter to carry a letter to my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom he was up to the ears in love. The curate and barber ſtood amaz'd, hearing all theſe particulars; and

though

though they already knew Don Quixote's madneſs but too well, they wonder'd more and more at the increaſe of it, and at ſo ſtrange a caſt and variety of extravagance. Then they deſir'd Sancho to ſhew them the letter. He told 'em 'twas written in a pocket-book, and that his maſter had order'd him to get it fairly tranſcrib'd upon paper at the next village he ſhould come at. Whereupon the curate promiſing to write it out very fairly himſelf, Sancho put his hand into his boſom to give him the table-book; but though he fumbl'd a great while for it, he could find none of it; he ſearch'd and ſearch'd again, but it had been in vain tho' he had ſearch'd till dooms-day, for he came away from Don Quixote without it. This put him into a cold ſweat, and made him turn as pale as death: he fell a ſearching all his cloaths, turn'd his pockets inſide outwards, fumbled in his boſom again: but being at laſt convinc'd he had it not about him, he fell a raving and ſtamping, and curſing himſelf like a madman; he rent his beard from his chin with both hands; beſiſted his own forgetful ſkull, and his blubber cheeks, and gave himſelf a bloody noſe in a moment. The curate and the barber aſk'd him what was the matter with him, and why he puniſh'd himſelf at that ſtrange rate? I deſerve it all, quoth Sancho, like a blockhead as I am, for loſing at one caſt no leſs than three aſſes, of which the leaſt was worth a caſtle. How ſo, quoth the barber? Why, cry'd Sancho, I've loſt that ſame table-book, wherein was written Dulcinea's letter, and a bill of exchange drawn by my maſter upon his niece for three of the five aſſes which he has at home; and with that he told 'em how he had loſt his own aſs. But the curate cheer'd him up, and promis'd him to get another bill of exchange from his maſter written upon paper, whereas that in the table-book not being in due form, would not have been accepted. With that Sancho took courage, and told 'em, if it were ſo, he car'd not a ſtraw for Dulcinea's letter; for he knew it almoſt all by rote. Then pr'ythee let's hear it, ſaid the barber, and we'll ſee and write it. In order to this Sancho paus'd, and began

began to ſtudy for the words; preſently he fell a ſcratching his head, ſtood firſt upon one leg, and then upon another, gaped ſometimes upon the ſkies, ſometimes upon the ground; at length, after he had gnaw'd away the top of his thumb, and quite tir'd out the curate and barber's patience: Before George, cry'd he, Mr. Doctor, I believe the devil's in't; for may I be choak'd if I can remember a word of this confounded letter, but only, that there was at the beginning, High and Subterrane Lady: Sovereign, or Superhumane Lady, you would ſay, quoth the barber. Ay, ay, quoth Sancho, you're in the right——But ſtay, now I think, I can remember ſome of that which follow'd: Ho! I have it, I ha't now——'He that is wounded, and wants 'ſleep, ſends you the dagger——which he wants him-'ſelf——that ſtabb'd him to the heart——and the hurt 'man does kiſs your ladyſhip's hand——' and at laſt, after a hundred hums and haws, Sweeteſt Dulcinea del Toboſo: and thus he went on rambling a good while with I don't know what more of Fainting, and Relief, and Sinking, till at laſt he ended with 'Yours till 'death, The Knight of the woeful Figure.' The curate and the barber were mightily pleas'd with Sancho's excellent memory; inſomuch, that they deſir'd him to repeat the letter twice or thrice more, that they might alſo get it by heart, and write it down; which Sancho did very freely, but every time he made many odd alterations and additions as pleaſant as the firſt. Then he told 'em many other things of his maſter, but ſpoke not a word of his own being toſs'd in a blanket at that very inn. He alſo told 'em, that if he brought a kind anſwer from the lady Dulcinea, his maſter would forthwith ſet out to ſee and make himſelf an emperor, or at leaſt a king; for ſo they two had agreed between themſelves, he ſaid; and that after all, 'twas a mighty eaſy matter for his maſter to become one, ſuch was his proweſs, and the ſtrength of his arm: which being done, his maſter would marry him to one of the empreſs's damſels; and that fine lady was to be heireſs to a large country on the main land, but not to any iſland, or iſlands,

for

for he was out of conceit with them. Poor Sancho ſpoke all this ſo ſeriouſly, and ſo feelingly, ever and anon wiping his noſe, and ſtroaking his beard, that now the curate and the barber were more ſurpriz'd than they were before, conſidering the prevalent influences of Don Quixote's folly upon that ſilly credulous fellow. However, they did not think it worth their while to undeceive him yet, ſeeing this was only a harmleſs deluſion, that might divert them a while; and therefore they exhorted him to pray for his maſter's health, and long life, ſeeing it was no impoſſible thing, but that he might in time become an emperor as he ſaid, or at leaſt an archbiſhop, or ſomewhat elſe equivalent to it.

But pray, good Mr. Doctor, aſk'd Sancho, ſhould my maſter have no mind to be an emperor, and take a fancy to be an archbiſhop, I would fain know what your archbiſhops-errant are wont to give their ſquires? Why, anſwer'd the curate, they uſe to give 'em ſome parſonage, or fine-cure, or ſome ſuch other benefice, or church-living, which, with the profits of the altar, and other fees, brings them in a handſome revenue. Ay, but, ſays Sancho, to put in for that, the ſquire muſt be a ſingle man, and know how to anſwer, and aſſiſt at maſs at leaſt; and how ſhall I do then, ſeeing I have the ill luck to be marry'd? Nay, and beſides I don't ſo much as know the firſt letter of my Chriſt-Croſs-Row. What will become of me, ſhould it come into my maſter's head to make himſelf an archbiſhop, and not an emperor, as 'tis the cuſtom of knights-errant? Don't let that trouble thee, friend Sancho, ſaid the barber, we'll talk to him about it, and adviſe him, nay, urge him to it as a point of conſcience to be an emperor, and not an archbiſhop, which will be better for him, by reaſon he has more courage than learning.

Troth, I'm of your mind, quoth Sancho, though he's ſuch a head-piece, that I dare ſay he can turn himſelf to any thing: nevertheleſs, I mean to make it the burden of my prayers, that heaven may direct him to that which is beſt for him, and what may enable him to reward

ward me moſt. You ſpeak like a wiſe man, and a good chriſtian, ſaid the curate: but all we have to do at preſent, is to ſee how we ſhall get your maſter to give over that ſevere unprofitable penance which he has undertaken; and therefore let's go in to conſider about it, and alſo to eat our dinner, for I fancy 'tis ready by this time. Do you two go in if you pleaſe, quoth Sancho, but as for me, I had rather ſtay without; and anon I'll tell you why I don't care to go in a-doors: however, pray ſend me out a piece of hot victuals to eat here, and ſome provender for Rozinante. With that they went in, and a while after the barber brought him out ſome meat; and returning to the curate, they conſulted how to compaſs their deſign. At laſt the latter luckily bethought himſelf of an expedient that ſeem'd moſt likely to take, as exactly fitting Don Quixote's humour; which was, that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf in the habit of a damſel-errant, and the barber ſhould alter his dreſs as well as he could, ſo as to paſs for his ſquire, or gentleman-uſher. In that equipage, added he, we will go to Don Quixote, and feigning my ſelf to be a diſtreſs'd damſel, I'll beg a boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, will not fail to promiſe me. By this means I will engage him to go with me to redreſs a very great injury done me by a falſe and diſcourteous knight, beſeeching him not to deſire to ſee my face, nor aſk me any thing about my circumſtances, till he has revenged me of that wicked knight. This bait will take, I dare engage, and by this ſtratagem we'll decoy him back to his own houſe, where we'll try to cure him of his romantick frenzy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Curate and barber put their design in execution; with other things worthy to be recorded in this important history.

THE curate's project was so well lik'd by the barber, that they instantly put it into practice. First they borrowed a complete woman's apparel of the hostess, leaving her in pawn a new cassock of the curate's; and the barber made himself a long beard with a grizzled ox's tail, in which the inn-keeper us'd to hang his combs. The hostess being desirous to know what they intended to do with those things, the curate gave her a short account of Don Quixote's distraction, and their design. Whereupon the inn-keeper and his wife presently guess'd this was their romantick knight, that made the precious balsam; and accordingly they told 'em the whole story of Don Quixote's lodging there, and of Sancho's being toss'd in a blanket. Which done, the hostess readily fitted out the curate at such a rate, that 'twould have pleas'd any one to have seen him; for she dress'd him up in a cloth gown trimm'd with borders of black velvet, the breadth of a a span, all pink'd and jagg'd; and a pair of green velvet bodice, with sleeves of the same, and fac'd with white sattin; which accoutrements probably had been in fashion in old king Bamba's * days. The curate would not let her encumber his head with a woman's

* *An ancient Gothick king of Spain, concerning whom several fables are written; wherefore the Spaniards, to express any thing exceeding old, say it was in being in his time; as in England we say a thing is as old as Paul's, and the like.*

head-gear,

head-geer, but only clapp'd upon his crown a white quilted cap which he us'd to wear a-nights, and bound his forehead with one of his garters, that was of black taffety, making himself a kind of muffler and vizard mask with the other: then he half bury'd his head under his hat, pulling it down to squeeze in his ears; and as the broad brim flapp'd down over his eyes, it seem'd a kind of umbrella. This done, he wrapp'd his cloak about him, and seated himself on his mule, side-ways like a woman: then the barber clapp'd on his ox-tail beard, half red and half grizzl'd, which hung from his chin down to his waist; and having mounted his mule, they took leave of their host and hostess, as also of the good-condition'd Maritornes, who vow'd, tho' she was a sinner, to tumble her beads, and say a rosary to the good success of so arduous and truly Christian an undertaking.

But scarce were they got out of the inn, when the curate began to be troubled with a scruple of conscience about his putting on woman's apparel, being apprehensive of the indecency of the disguise in a priest, though the goodness of his intention might well warrant a dispensation from the strictness of decorum: therefore he desired the barber to change dresses, for that in his habit of a squire he should less profane his own dignity and character, to which he ought to have a greater regard than to Don Quixote; withal assuring the barber, that unless he consented to this exchange, he was absolutely resolv'd to go no further, though 'twere to save Don Quixote's soul from hell. Sancho came up with 'em just upon their demur, and was ready to split his sides with laughing at the sight of these strange masqueraders. In short, the barber consented to be the damsel, and to let the curate be the squire. Now while they were thus changing sexes, the curate offer'd to tutor him how to behave himself in that female attire, so as to be able to wheedle Don Quixote out of his penance: but the barber desir'd him not to trouble himself about that matter, assuring him, that he was well enough vers'd in female affairs to be able to act a dam-

ſel without any directions: however, he ſaid he would not now ſtand fiddling and managing his pins to prink himſelf up, ſeeing it would be time enough to do that when they came near Don Quixote's hermitage; and therefore having folded up his cloaths, and the curate his beard, they ſpurr'd on, while their guide Sancho entertain'd 'em with a relation of the mad tatter'd gentleman whom they had met in the mountain; however, without mentioning a word of the portmanteau or the gold; for, as much a fool as he was, he lov'd money, and knew how to keep it when he had it, and was wiſe enough to keep his own counſel.

They got the next day to the place where Sancho had ſtrew'd the boughs to direct him to Don Quixote; and therefore he advis'd them to put on their diſguiſes, if 'twere, as they told him, that their deſign was only to make his maſter leave that wretched kind of life, in order to become an emperor. Thereupon they charg'd him on his life not to take the leaſt notice who they were. As for Dulcinea's letter, if Don Quixote aſk'd him about it, they order'd him to ſay he had deliver'd it; but that by reaſon ſhe could neither write nor read, ſhe had ſent him her anſwer by word of mouth; which was, That on pain of her indignation, he ſhould immediately put an end to his ſevere penance, and repair to her preſence. This, they told Sancho, together with what they themſelves deſign'd to ſay, was the only way to oblige his maſter to leave the deſert, that he might proſecute his deſign of making himſelf an emperor; aſſuring him they would take care he ſhould not entertain the leaſt thought of an archbiſhoprick.

Sancho liſten'd with great attention to all theſe inſtructions, and treaſur'd 'em up in his mind, giving the curate and the barber a world of thanks for their good intention of adviſing his maſter to become an emperor, and not an archbiſhop; for, as he ſaid, he imagin'd in his ſimple judgment, that an emperor errant was ten times better than an archbiſhop-errant, and would reward his ſquire a great deal better.

He

He likewiſe added, that he thought it would be proper for him to go to his maſter ſomewhat before them, and give him an account of his lady's kind anſwer; for, perhaps, that alone would be ſufficient to fetch him out of that place, without putting 'em to any further trouble. They lik'd this propoſal very well, and therefore agreed to let him go, and wait there till he came back to give them an account of his ſucceſs. With that Sancho rode away, and ſtruck into the clefts of the rock, in order to find out his maſter, leaving the curate and the barber by the ſide of a brook, where the neighbouring hills, and ſome trees that grew along its banks, combin'd to make a cool and pleaſant ſhade. There they ſhelter'd themſelves from the ſcorching beams of the ſun, that commonly ſhines intolerably hot in thoſe parts at that time, being about the middle of Auguſt, and hardly three o' clock in the afternoon. While they quietly refreſh'd themſelves in that delightful place, where they agreed to ſtay till Sancho's return, they heard a voice, which though unattended with any inſtrument, raviſh'd their ears with its melodious ſound: and what increas'd their ſurprize, and their admiration, was to hear ſuch artful notes, and ſuch delicate muſick, in ſo unfrequented and wild a place, where ſcarce any ruſticks ever ſtraggl'd, much leſs ſuch ſkilful ſongſters, as the perſon whom they heard unqueſtionably was; for though the poets are pleas'd to fill the fields and woods with ſwains and ſhepherdeſſes, that ſing with all the ſweetneſs and delicacy imaginable, yet 'tis well enough known that thoſe gentlemen deal more in fiction than in truth, and love to embelliſh the deſcriptions they make, with things that have no exiſtence but in their own brain. Nor could our two liſt'ning travellers think it the voice of a peaſant, when they began to diſtinguiſh the words of the ſong, for they ſeem'd to reliſh more of a courtly ſtyle than a rural compoſition. Theſe were the verſes.

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT makes me languiſh and complain ?
O 'tis diſdain !
What yet more fiercely tortures me ?
'Tis jealouſy.
How have I my patience loſt ?
By abſence croſt.
Then hopes farewel, there's no relief ;
I ſink beneath oppreſſing grief ;
Nor can a wretch, without deſpair,
Scorn, jealouſy, and abſence bear.

II.

What in my breaſt this anguiſh drove ?
Intruding love.
Who cou'd ſuch mighty ills create ?
Blind fortune's hate.
What cruel pow'rs my fate approve ?
The powers above.
Then let me bear, and ceaſe to moan ;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone :
When theſe invade, who dares oppoſe ?
Heaven, love and fortune are my foes.

III.

Where ſhall I find a ſpeedy cure ?
Death is ſure.
No milder means to ſet me free ?
Inconſtancy.
Can nothing elſe my pains aſſwage?
Diſtracting rage.

What

What die or change ? Lucinda loſe ;
O let me rather madneſs chuſe !
But judge, ye gods, what we endure,
When death or madneſs are a cure !

The time, the hour, the ſolitarineſs of the place, the voice and agreeable manner with which the unſeen muſician ſung, ſo fill'd the hearers minds with wonder and delight, that they were all attention ; and when the voice was ſilent, they continu'd ſo too a pretty while, watching with liſt'ning ears to catch the expected ſounds, expreſſing their ſatisfaction beſt by that dumb applauſe. At laſt, concluding the perſon would ſing no more, they reſolv'd to find out the charming ſongſter ; but as they were going ſo to do, they heard the wiſh'd for voice begin another air, which fix'd 'em where they ſtood till it had ſung the following ſonnet :

A SONNET.

O Sacred friendſhip, heaven's delight,
Which tir'd with man's un-qual mind,
Took to thy native ſkies thy flight,
While ſcarce thy ſhadow's left behind !

From thee, diffuſive good below,
Peace and her train of joys we trace ;
But falſhood with diſſembl'd ſhow
Too oft uſurps thy ſacred face.

Bleſs'd Genius, then reſume thy ſeat !
Deſtroy impoſture and deceit,
Which in thy dreſs confound the ball !
Harmonious peace and truth renew,
Shew the falſe friendſhip from the true,
Or nature muſt to Chaos fall.

This ſonnet concluded with a deep ſigh, and ſuch doleful throbs, that the curate and the barber now out

of pity, as well as curiosity before, resolv'd instantly to find out who this mournful songster was. They had not gone far, when by the side of a rock they discover'd a man, whose shape and aspect answer'd exactly to the description Sancho had given 'em of Cardenio. They observ'd he stopp'd short as soon as he spy'd them, yet without any signs of fear; only he hung down his head, like one abandon'd to sorrow, never so much as lifting up his eyes to mind what they did. The curate, who was a good and a well-spoken man, presently guessing him to be the same of whom Sancho had given them an account, went towards him, and addressing himself to him with great civility and discretion, earnestly intreated him to forsake this desart, and a course of life so wretched and forlorn, which endanger'd his title to a better, and from a wilful misery might make him fall into greater and everlasting woes. Cardenio was then free from the distraction that so often disturb'd his senses; yet seeing two persons in a garb wholly different from that of those few rusticks who frequented those desarts, and hearing 'em talk as if they were no strangers to his concerns, he was somewhat surpriz'd at first; however, having look'd upon 'em earnestly for some time, Gentlemen, said he, whoever ye be, I find heaven, pitying my misfortunes, has brought ye to these solitary regions, to retrieve me from this frightful retirement, and recover me to the society of men: but because you do not know how unhappy a fate attends me, and that I never am free from one affliction but to fall into a greater, you perhaps take me for a man naturally endow'd with a very small stock of sense, and, what's worse, for one of those wretches who are altogether depriv'd of reason. And indeed I cannot blame any one that entertains such thoughts of me; for even I my self am convinc'd, that the bare remembrance of my disasters often distracts me to that degree, that losing all sense of reason and knowledge, I unman my self for the time, and launch into those extravagancies which nothing but height of frenzy and madness would commit: and I am the more sensible of my be-

ing

ing troubl'd with this diſtemper, when people tell me what I have done during the violence of that terrible accident, and give me too certain proofs of it. And after all, I can alledge no other excuſe but the cauſe of my misfortune, which occaſion'd that frantick rage, and therefore tell the ſtory of my hard fate to as many as have the patience to hear it; for men of ſenſe perceiving the cauſe, will not wonder at the effects; and though they can give me no relief, yet at leaſt they will ceaſe to condemn me; for a bare relation of my wrongs muſt needs make 'em loſe their reſentments of the effects of my diſorder into a compaſſion of my miſerable fate. Therefore, gentlemen, if you come here with that deſign, I beg that before you give your ſelves the trouble of reproving or adviſing me, you will be pleas'd to attend to the relation of my calamities; for perhaps when you have heard it, you will think 'em paſt redreſs, and ſo will ſave your ſelves the labour you would take. The curate and the barber, who deſir'd nothing more than to hear the ſtory from his own mouth, were extremely glad of his proffer; and having aſſur'd him they had no deſign to aggravate his miſeries with pretending to remedy 'em, nor would they croſs his inclinations in the leaſt, they intreated him to begin his relation.

The unfortunate Cardenio then began his ſtory, and went on with the firſt part of it, almoſt in the ſame words, as far as when he related it to Don Quixote and the goat-herd, when the knight, out of ſuperſtitious niceneſs to obſerve the decorum of chivalry, gave an interruption to the relation, by quarrelling about maſter Elizabat, as we have already ſaid. Then he went on with that paſſage concerning the letter ſent him by Lucinda, which Don Ferdinand had unluckily found, happening to be by, to open the book of Amadis de Gaul firſt, when Lucinda ſent it back to Cardenio with that letter in it between the leaves; which Cardenio told 'em was as follows;

Lucinda

Lucinda to Cardenio.

'I Diſcover in you every day ſo much merit, that I 'am oblig'd, or rather forc'd, to eſteem you more 'and more. If you think this acknowledgment to 'your advantage, make that uſe of it which is moſt 'conſiſtent with your honour and mine. I have a fa-'ther that knows you, and is too kind a parent ever 'to obſtruct my deſigns, when he ſhall be ſatisfy'd 'with their being juſt and honourable: ſo that 'tis 'now your part to ſhew you love me, as you pretend, 'and I believe.

This letter, continu'd Cardenio, made me reſolve once more to demand Lucinda of her father in marriage, and was the ſame that increas'd Don Ferdinand's eſteem for her, by that diſcovery of her ſenſe and diſcretion, which ſo inflam'd his ſoul, that from that moment he ſecretly reſolv'd to deſtroy my hopes e'er I could be ſo happy as to crown them with ſucceſs. I told that perfidious friend what Lucinda's father had advis'd me to do, when I had raſhly aſk'd her for my wife before, and that I durſt not now impart this to my father, leſt he ſhould not readily conſent I ſhould marry yet. Not but that he knew, that her quality, beauty, and virtue were ſufficient to make her an ornament to the nobleſt houſe in Spain, but becauſe I was apprehenſive he would not let me marry till he ſaw what the duke would do for me. Don Ferdinand, with a pretended officiouſneſs, proffer'd me to ſpeak to my father, and perſwade him to treat with Lucinda's. Ungrateful man! deceitful friend! ambitious Marius! cruel Catiline! wicked Sylla! perfidious Galalon! faithleſs Vellido! malicious Julian * ! trea-

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* *Julian. Count Julian brought the Moors into Spain, becauſe king Rodrigo had raviſh'd his daughter. Galalon and Vellido are explain'd elſewhere. Marius, Catiline, &c. are well known.*

cherous,

cherous, covetous Judas! Thou all those fatal hated men in one, false Ferdinand! What wrongs had that fond confiding wretch done thee, who thus to thee unbosom'd all his cares, all the delights, and secrets of his soul? What injury did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, which were not all directed to advance thy honour and profit? But oh! I rave, unhappy wretch! I should rather accuse the cruelty of my stars, whose fatal influence pours mischiefs on me, which no earthly force can resist, or human art prevent. Who would have thought that Don Ferdinand, whose quality and merit entitl'd him to the lawful possession of beauties of the highest rank, and whom I had engag'd by a thousand endearing marks of friendship and services, should forfeit thus his honour and his truth, and lay such a treacherous design to deprive me of all the happiness of my life? But I must leave expostulating, to end my story. The traitor Ferdinand thinking his project impracticable, while I stay'd near Lucinda, bargain'd for six fine horses the same day he promis'd to speak to my father, and presently desired me to ride away to his brother for money to pay for 'em. Alas! I was so far from suspecting his treachery, that I was glad of doing him a piece of service. Accordingly I went that very evening to take my leave of Lucinda, and to tell her what Don Ferdinand had promised to do. She bid me return with all the haste of an expecting lover, not doubting but our lawful wishes might be crown'd, as soon as my father had spoke for me to be her's. When she had said this, I mark'd her trickling tears, and a sudden grief so obstructed her speech, that though she seem'd to strive to tell me something more, she could not give it utterance. This unusual scene of sorrow strangely amaz'd and mov'd me; yet because I would not murder hope, I chose to attribute this to the tenderness of her affection, and unwillingness to part with me. In short, away I went, bury'd in deep melancholy, and full of fears and imaginations, for which I could give no manner of reason. I deliver'd Don Ferdinand's letter to his brother, who receiv'd me

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with all the kindneſs imaginable, but did not diſpatch me as I expected. For, to my ſorrow, he enjoyn'd me to tarry a whole week, and to take care the duke might not ſee me, his brother having ſent for money unknown to his father: but this was only a deviſe of falſe Ferdinand's; for his brother did not want money, and might have diſpatch'd me immediately, had he not been privately deſir'd to delay my return.

This was ſo diſpleaſing an injunction, that I was ready to come away without the money, not being able to live ſo long abſent from my Lucinda, principally conſidering in what condition I had left her. Yet at laſt I forc'd my ſelf to ſtay, and my reſpect for my friend prevail'd over my impatience: but e'er four tedious days were expired, a meſſenger brought me a letter, which I preſently knew to be Lucinda's hand. I open'd it with trembling hands, and an aking heart, juſtly imagining it was no ordinary concern that could urge her to ſend thither to me: and before I read it, I aſk'd the meſſenger who had given it him? He anſwer'd me, 'That going by accidentally in the ſtreet 'about noon in our town, a very handſome lady, all 'in tears, had call'd him to her window, and with 'great precipitation, Friend, ſaid ſhe, if you be a Chri-'ſtian, as you ſeem to be, for heaven's ſake take this 'letter, and deliver it with all ſpeed into the perſon's 'own hand to whom 'tis directed: I aſſure you in this 'you'll do a very good action; and that you may not 'want means to do it, take what's wrapp'd up in 'this; and ſaying ſo, ſhe threw me a handkerchief, 'wherein I found a hundred reals, this gold ring which 'you ſee, and the letter which I now brought you: 'which done, I having made her ſigns to let her know 'I would do as ſhe deſir'd, without ſo much as ſtay-'ing for an anſwer, ſhe went from the grate. This 'reward, but much more that beautiful lady's tears, 'and earneſt prayers, made me poſt away to you that 'very minute, and ſo in ſixteen hours I have travell'd 'eighteen long leagues.' While the meſſenger ſpoke, I was ſeiz'd with ſad apprehenſions of ſome fatal news;

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and ſuch a trembling ſhook my limbs, that I could ſcarce ſupport my fainting body. However, taking courage, at laſt I read the letter; the contents of which were theſe:

'DON Ferdinand, according to his promiſe, has 'deſired your father to ſpeak to mine; but he 'has done that for himſelf which you had engag'd him 'to do for you: for he has demanded me for his wife; 'and my father, allur'd by the advantages which he 'expects from ſuch an alliance, has ſo far conſented, 'that two days hence the marriage is to be perform'd, 'and with ſuch privacy, that only heaven and ſome of 'the family are to be witneſſes. Judge of the affliction 'of my ſoul by that concern which I gueſs fills your 'own; and therefore haſte to me, my dear Cardenio. 'The iſſue of this buſineſs will ſhew how much I love 'you: and grant, propitious heaven, this may reach 'your hands e'er mine is in danger of being join'd 'with his who keeps his promiſes ſo ill.

I had no ſooner read the letter, added Cardenio, but away I flew, without waiting for my diſpatch; for then I too plainly diſcover'd Don Ferdinand's treachery, and that he had only ſent me to his brother to take the advantage of my abſence. Revenge, love, and impatience gave me wings, ſo that I got home privately the next day, juſt when it grew duſkiſh, in good time to ſpeak with Lucinda; and leaving my mule at the honeſt man's houſe who brought me the letter, I went to wait upon my miſtreſs, whom I luckily found at the * window, the only witneſs of our loves. She preſently knew me, and I her, but ſhe did not welcome me as I expected, nor did I find her in ſuch a dreſs as I thought ſuitable to our circumſtances. But what man has aſſurance enough but to pretend to know thorough-

* A la rexa, *at the iron grate. In Spain the lovers make their courtſhip at a low window that has a grate before it, having ſeldom admiſſion into the houſe till the parents on both ſides have agreed.*

ly the riddle of a woman's mind, and who could ever hope to fix her mutable nature? Cardenio, said Lucinda to me, my wedding-cloaths are on, and the perfidious Ferdinand, with my covetous father, and the rest, stay for me in the hall, to perform the marriage-rites; but they shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my dear Cardenio; but rather strive to be present at that sacrifice. I promise thee, if entreaties and words cannot prevent it, I have a dagger that shall do me justice; and my death, at least, shall give thee undeniable assurances of my love and fidelity. Do, Madam, cry'd I to her with precipitation, and so disorder'd that I did not know what I said, let your actions verify your words: let us leave nothing unattempted may serve our common interests; and I assure you, if my sword does not defend them well, I will turn it upon my own breast, rather than out-live my disappointment. I cannot tell whether Lucinda heard me, for she was call'd away in great haste, the bridegroom impatiently expecting her. My spirit forsook me when she left me, and my sorrows and confusion cannot be expressd. Methought I saw the sun set for ever; and my eyes and my senses partaking of my distraction, I could not so much as spy the door to go into the house, and seem'd rooted to the place where I stood. But at last, the consideration of my love having rous'd me out of this stupifying astonishment, I got into the house without being discover'd, every thing being there in a hurry; and going into the hall, I hid my self behind the hangings, where two pieces of tapestry met, and gave me liberty to see, without being seen. Who can describe the various thoughts, the doubts, the fears, the anguish that perplex'd and toss'd my soul while I stood waiting there! Don Ferdinand enter'd the hall, not like a bridegroom, but in his usual habit, with only a cousin-german of Lucinda's, the rest were the people of the house: some time after came Lucinda her self, with her mother, and two waiting-women. I perceiv'd she was as richly dress'd as was consistent

with her quality, and the ſolemnity of the ceremony; but the diſtraction that poſſeſs'd me, lent me no time to note particularly the apparel ſhe had on: I only mark'd the colours, that were carnation and white, and the ſplendor of the jewels that enrich'd her dreſs in many places; but nothing equall'd the luſtre of her beauty that adorn'd her perſon much more than all thoſe ornaments. Oh memory! thou fatal enemy of my eaſe, why doſt thou now ſo faithfully repreſent to the eyes of my mind Lucinda's incomparable charms? Why doſt thou not rather ſhew me what ſhe did then, that, mov'd by ſo provoking a wrong, I may endeavour to revenge it, or at leaſt to die. Forgive me theſe tedious digreſſions, gentlemen! Alas! my woes are not ſuch as can or ought to be related with brevity; for to me every circumſtance ſeems worthy to be enlarg'd upon.

The curate aſſured Cardenio, that they attended every word with a mournful pleaſure, that made them greedy of hearing the leaſt paſſage. With that Cardenio went on. All parties being met, ſaid he, the prieſt enter'd, and taking the young couple by the hands, he aſk'd Lucinda whether ſhe were willing to take Don Ferdinand for her wedded huſband? With that, I thruſt out my head from between the two pieces of tapeſtry, liſt'ning with anxious heart to hear her anſwer, upon which depended my life and happineſs. Dull, heartleſs wretch that I was! why did I not then ſhew myſelf? Why did I not call to her aloud? Conſider what thou doſt, Lucinda, thou art mine, and canſt not be another man's: nor canſt thou ſpeak now the fatal Yes, without injuring heaven, thyſelf, and me, and murdering thy Cardenio! And thou perfidious Ferdinand, who dareſt to violate all rights, both human and divine, to rob me of my treaſure; canſt thou hope to deprive me of the comfort of my life with impunity? Or think'ſt thou that any conſideration can ſtifle my reſentments, when my honour and my love lie at ſtake? Fool that I am! now that 'tis too late, and danger is far diſtant, I ſay what I ſhould have done, and not

what I did then: after I've suffer'd the treasure of my soul to be stolen, I exclaim against the thief whom I might have punish'd for the base attempt, had I had but so much resolution to revenge, as I have now to complain. Then let me rather accuse my faint heart that durst not do me right, and let me die here like a wretch, void both of sense and honour, the outcast of society and nature. The priest stood waiting for Lucinda's answer a good while before she gave it; and all that time I expected she would have pull'd out her dagger, or unloos'd her tongue to plead her former engagement to me. But, alas! to my eternal disappointment, I heard her at last, with a feeble voice, pronounce the fatal Yes; and then Don Ferdinand saying the same, and giving her the ring, the sacred knot was ty'd which death alone can dissolve. Then did the faithless bridegroom advance to embrace his bride; but she laying her hand upon her heart, in that very moment swoon'd away in her mother's arms. Oh what confusion seiz'd me, what pangs, what torments rack'd me, seeing the falshood of Lucinda's promises, all my hopes shipwrack'd, and the only thing that made me wish to live, for ever ravish'd from me! Confounded, and despairing, I look'd upon myself as abandon'd by heaven to the cruelty of my destiny; and the violence of my griefs stifling my sighs, and denying a passage to my tears, I felt myself transfix'd with killing anguish, and burning with jealous rage and vengeance! In the mean time the whole company was troubled at Lucinda's swooning; and as her mother unclasp'd her gown before, to give her air, a folded paper was found in her bosom, which Don Ferdinand immediately snatch'd; then stepping a little aside, he open'd it and read it by the light of one of the tapers: and as soon as he had done, he as it were let himself fall upon a chair, and there he sate with his hand upon the side of his face, with all the signs of melancholy and discontent, as unmindful of his bride as if he had been insensible of her accident. For my own part, seeing all the house thus in an uproar, I resolved to leave the hated place, without caring whether I were

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ſeen or not, and in caſe I were ſeen, I reſolv'd to act ſuch a deſperate part in puniſhing the traitor Ferdinand, that the world ſhould at once be inform'd of his perfidiouſneſs, and the ſeverity of my juſt reſentment: but my deſtiny, that preſerv'd me for greater woes (if greater can be) allow'd me then the uſe of that ſmall remainder of my ſenſes, which afterwards quite forſook me: ſo that I left the houſe, without revenging myſelf on my enemies, whom I could eaſily have ſacrific'd to my rage in this unexpected diſorder; and I choſe to inflict upon myſelf, for my credulity, the puniſhment which their infidelity deſerv'd. I went to the meſſenger's houſe where I had left my mule, and without ſo much as bidding him adieu, I mounted, and left the town like another Lot, without turning to give it a parting look; and as I rode along the fields, darkneſs and ſilence round me, I vented my paſſion in execrations againſt the treacherous Ferdinand, and in as loud complaints of Lucinda's breach of vows and ingratitude. I call'd her cruel, ungrateful, falſe, but above all, covetous and ſordid, ſince the wealth of my enemy was what had induc'd her to forgo her vows to me: but then again, ſaid I to myſelf, 'tis no ſtrange thing for a young lady, that was ſo ſtrictly educated, to yield herſelf up to the guidance of her father and mother who had provided her a huſband of that quality and fortune. But yet with truth and juſtice ſhe might have pleaded that ſhe was mine before. In fine, I concluded that ambition had got the better of her love, and made her forget her promiſes to Cardenio. Thus abandoning myſelf to theſe tempeſtuous thoughts, I rode on all that night, and about break of day I ſtruck into one of the paſſes that leads into theſe mountains; where I wander'd for three days together without keeping any road, till at laſt coming to a certain valley that lies ſomewhere hereabouts, I met ſome ſhepherds, of whom I enquir'd the way to the moſt craggy and inacceſſible part of theſe rocks. They directed me, and I made all the haſte I could to get thither, reſolv'd to linger out my hated life far from the converſe of falſe ungrateful mankind.

When I came among these desarts, my mule, through wearinesſ and hunger, or rather to get rid of ſo uſeleſs a load as I was, fell down dead, and I myſelf was ſo weak, ſo tir'd and dejected, being almoſt famiſh'd, and withal deſtitute and careleſs of relief, that I ſoon laid myſelf down, or rather fainted on the ground, where I lay a conſiderable while, I don't know how long, extended like a corpſe. When I came to myſelf again, I got up, and cou'd not perceive I had any appetite to eat: I found ſome goat-herbs by me, who, I ſuppoſe, had given me ſome ſuſtenance, tho' I was not ſenſible of their relief: for, they told me in what a wretched condition they found me, ſtaring, and talking ſo ſtrangely, that they judg'd I had quite loſt my ſenſes. I have indeed ſince that had but too much cauſe to think that my reaſon ſometimes leaves me, and that I commit thoſe extravagancies which are only the effects of ſenſeleſs rage and frenzy; tearing my cloaths, howling through theſe deſarts, filling the air with curſes and lamentations, and idly repeating a thouſand times Lucinda's name; all my wiſhes at that time being to breathe out my ſoul with the dear word upon my lips; and when I come to myſelf, I am commonly ſo weak, and ſo weary, that I am ſcarce able to ſtir. As for my place of abode, 'tis uſually ſome hollow cork-tree, into which I creep at night; and there ſome few goat-herds, whoſe cattle browſe on the neighbouring mountains, out of pity and chriſtian charity, ſometimes leave ſome victuals for the ſupport of my miſerable life: for, even when my reaſon is abſent, nature performs its animal functions, and inſtinct guides me to ſatisfy it. Sometimes theſe good people meet me in my lucid intervals, and chide me for taking that from 'em by force and ſurprize, which they are always ſo ready to give me willingly; for which violence I can make no other excuſe, but the extremity of my diſtraction. Thus muſt I drag a miſerable being, 'till heaven, pitying my afflictions, will either put a period to my life, or blot out of my memory perjur'd Lucinda's beauty and ingratitude, and Ferdinand's perfidiouſneſs. Could I but be ſo happy e'er

I die, I might then hope to be able, in time, to compose my frantick thoughts: but if I must despair of such a favour, I have no other way but to recommend my soul to heaven's mercy; for I am not able to extricate my body or my mind out of that misery in which I have unhappily plung'd myself.

Thus, gentlemen, I have given you a faithful account of my misfortunes. Judge now whether 'twas possible I should relate 'em with less concern. And pray do not lose time to prescribe remedies to a patient who will make use of none: I will, and can have no health without *Lucinda*; since she forsakes me, I must die: she has convinc'd me, by her infidelity, that she desires my ruin; and by my unparallel'd sufferings to the last, I will strive to convince her I deserv'd a better fate. Let me then suffer on, and may I be the only unhappy creature whom despair could not relieve, while the impossibility of receiving comfort brings cure to so many other wretches!

Here Cardenio made an end of his mournful story; and just as the curate was preparing to give him some proper consolation, he was prevented by the doleful accents of another complaint that engag'd 'em to new attention. But the account of that adventure is reserv'd for the fourth book of this history; for our wise and judicious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, puts here a period to the third.

The End of the Third Book.